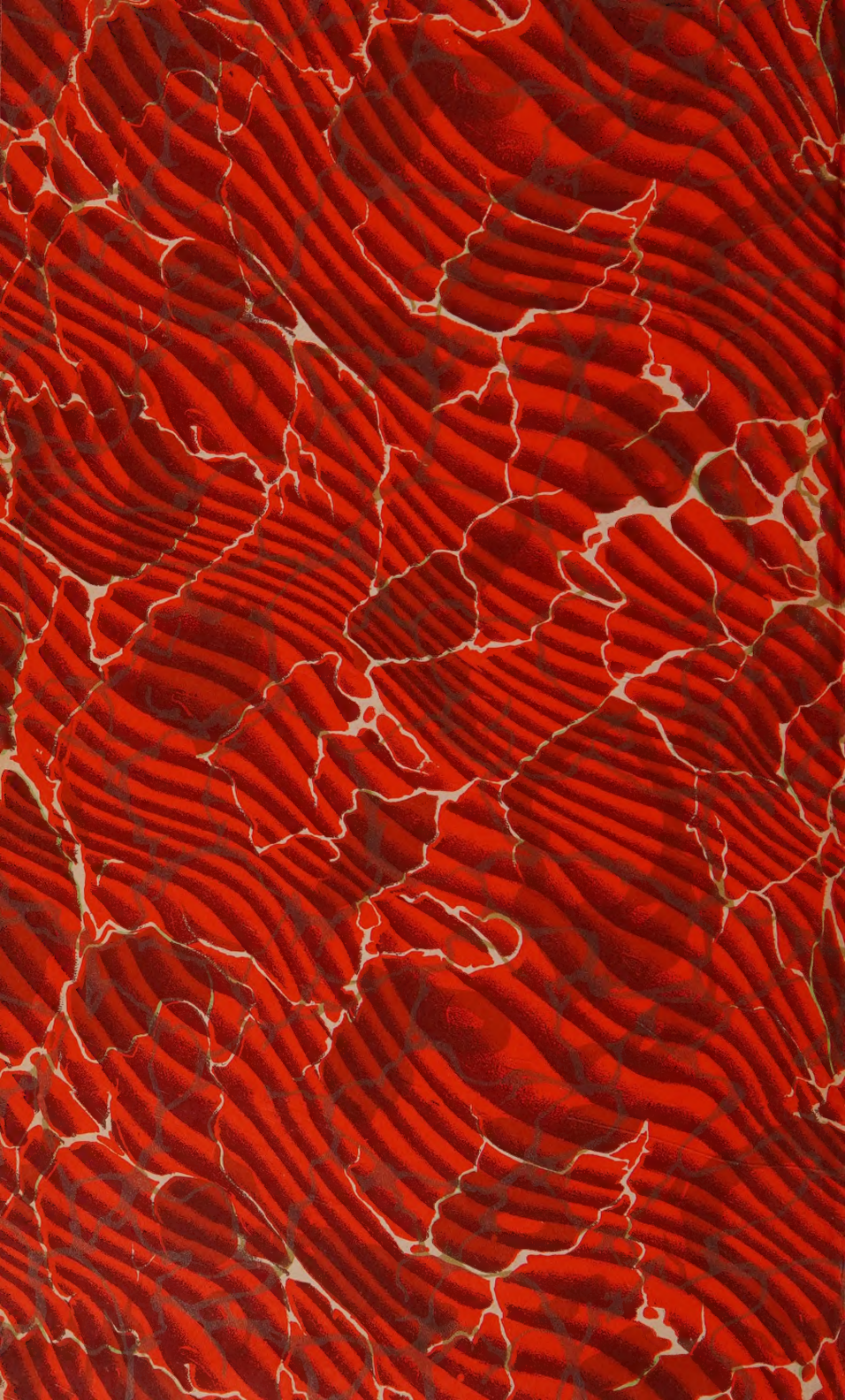

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SCOTCH DEER-HOUNDS

AND

THEIR MASTERS

Yours ever

George Cupples

SCOTCH DEER-HOUNDS

AND

THEIR MASTERS

BY

GEORGE CUPPLES

AUTHOR OF
'THE GREEN HAND,' 'RALPH WALDO EMERSON: A CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY,' 'MEMORIAL SKETCH OF PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH),' ETC.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

BY

JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING, LL.D.

FOREIGN MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF BERLIN; FIRST GIFFORD LECTURER, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, ETC.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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175 of 356

DEDICATED

MOST GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

BY

MRS GEORGE CUPPLES

TO

ROBERT BURNS, Esq., F.R.C.S. Edin.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND

WITHOUT WHOSE AID

THIS BOOK

WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE difficulties with which the editor of a posthumous work has to contend are necessarily many and serious. It is therefore with a peculiar sense of pleasure and gratitude that I acknowledge the generous encouragement and assistance with which the publication of this book has been attended.

Especial thanks are due to Dr Hutchison Stirling, whose scholarly and sympathetic Memoir of Mr Cupples appears at the end of the volume. These pages are of interest and value, not only as the expression of a long-bestowed and much-valued friendship, but as containing the impressions of one to whose breadth of culture and soundness of judgment the literary and philosophic world has long and justly paid tribute.

The labour of publication has been materially lightened by the careful and intelligent treatment which the MS. has received at the hands of the publishers, Messrs William Blackwood & Sons. Of their painstaking and assiduity, hearty acknowledgment is hereby made.

Thanks are also tendered to the many subscribers whose co-operation has rendered publication possible; and to Dr Alexander, of Blenheim Place, Edinburgh, whose oil-painting of *Bran*, by the late Mr Gourlay Steell, is reproduced in this volume.

Special mention must also be made of the many gentlemen in Scotland who not only supplied information while the work was progressing, but who from time to time sent letters to cheer Mr Cupples in his undertaking, and to encourage him to complete it. The only survivor, alas! of that distinguished company is now Donald Cameron, Esq. of Lochiel, whom my husband held in grateful esteem.

Readers of this work will easily understand how many and important were the problems by which Mr Cupples was confronted in his investigations as to the origin and history of Scotch deer-hounds and their masters. The concluding chapters of the book are a sufficient indication of the questions which grew out of his original studies, and which during his later years principally engaged his attention. A quotation from the obituary notice of the 'Scotsman' may not inappropriately be inserted here, as giving at once a true description of the history of this work and an indication of the lines of study which its composition initiated in Mr Cupples' mind: "In preparing a work upon the deer-hound, whose domestic history he traced with the utmost care, he was led into a special study of Celtic philology and ethnology, and through years of careful work he elaborated many novel and striking views regarding the Berbers, Basques, and other kindred questions. . . . He was thus also able to identify the primitive Celts as the first masters of this race of dogs, and to show that they first tamed and used it in hunting. In this connection he also determined the original habitat of the undivided Celts, and followed their migrations into their several settlements, accompanied everywhere by the footsteps of their faithful canine attendants."

The gratification which is naturally excited by the fulfilment of my husband's long-cherished purpose in the publication of this work is therefore tempered with regret that it has been impossible to in-

clude in it the conclusions at which Mr Cupples arrived through his study of primitive European races and languages. Chapters devoted to the discussion of such subjects as "The Etrurii," "The Picts," "The Scoti and their Dogs," "The Prehistoric Inhabitants of Britain," "The Relation of the Basque and Celtic Languages," still remain in manuscript. It is not impossible, however, that further consideration and expert assistance may lead to their publication also.

In this connection the melancholy satisfaction may be permitted of quoting the testimony of that distinguished Celtic scholar, the late lamented Sheriff Nicolson, whose memory will ever be revered for the assistance given by him in matters concerning the MS., and for his generous encouragement to proceed with the publication. After examining the manuscript which was placed in his hands upon Mr Cupples' death, he summed up his deliberate judgment of it in these words: "As a history of one of the finest races of quadrupeds that ever have been known, and of the human races among whom they were bred, there has nothing like it yet been offered to the world." He was especially struck by the further copious researches of the author into that most interesting problem, the origin of the Basque language and race, and was satisfied from what he had read that the Basques were beyond a doubt true Celts. His last words in reference to the MSS. not included in this book were: "Now remember the Scoti and their dogs, but above all, the Basques must not be lost sight of."

In conclusion, I have to express the sincere hope that the following pages, representing the special study and earnest effort of many years, may, by furnishing matter of interest to the lover of true sport, the antiquarian, and the ethnologist, fulfil in some measure the design of the author and the expectation of his friends.

A. J. C.

PREFACE.

HERE a foremost acknowledgment is made to the many contributors, correspondents, and other informants whose aid was essential,—the design being additionally furthered by the kind interest they took in it. Distinct references are expressly made to them in due place, either throughout the body of the volume or by footnotes. Owing to their help, not a little material is for the first time put together, in the earlier chapters especially, of a kind fitted to have weight with sportsmen, as bearing on current field questions. In this light, attention may be asked for the practical drift that runs through the whole, and has been as far as possible carried out with a view to actual use.

Of the subject-matter in general, a few words seem required by way of indication. A strictly monographic account of the breed, or, more properly speaking, the race, is intended; at the same time, there is an obvious impossibility in attempting to do justice to Deerhounds, above all dogs, without some notices of their chief masters and the most characteristic incidents of their action on the field. The same remark applies to their noted historic connections and bearings on remote antiquity. As exemplifying the subsidiary points taken up, it may be enough to mention simply two. There

are customs, traditions, and curious remains of folk-lore that could not easily be preserved from speedy oblivion otherwise than in close association with the Dogs. Again, modern zoology sets increased stress on distinctive marks of animal character and traits of primitive breeding, which, although often slight to the ordinary observer, take significance under the naturalist's eye, and in the case of the deer-hound have recently been brought under this conspicuous aspect.

In order to a proper subordination of technical or other similar particulars, the text is put into respectively suitable type: thus, passages which may have comparatively less attraction for the ordinary reader can be glanced over, although the sportsman, the breeder, the amateur, or the writer of a manual, may find use in such details. The pictorial illustrations include portraits of individual specimens: in one case, the facsimile of a pencil-drawing by Gérome, the eminent French painter, is given not only for its artistic merit, but also for a technical object; and one or two more are inserted from the like considerations.

On the whole, the author's desire was to present a memorial, so to speak, of what has long been nationally peculiar, but is now ceasing to be so; regarding which the local sources of knowledge will soon have disappeared, whilst its chief personal recollections, along with the native glory of Highland hill-sport, are quickly passing away. Matter of useful information is, moreover, likely to be found in the book for modern deer-stalkers and for colonists, along with such a record of former days as can well be appreciated by many, both at home and abroad. Lastly, though by no means least among the grounds counted on for acceptance, is the fact of a wide popular favour for the dogs described.

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SCOTCH DEER-HOUNDS AND THEIR MASTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SCOTCH DEER-HOUNDS AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY—THEIR LOCALITIES—VARIOUS BREEDS—PURE STRAINS—GLANCE AT THEIR HISTORY FROM THE REBELLION TO THE COLONSAY REVIVAL—STRAINS OF GLENGARRY, LOCHIEL, FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD, DUKE OF GORDON, LORD SEAFORTH, ETC.—MARQUIS OF HUNTLY—DUKE OF ATHOLL'S *TINCHEL*—PENNANT, DR SAMUEL JOHNSON, DR THOMAS ROSS, FATHER FINLAY MACRAE—HIGHLAND COURSING—DECAY OF THE STRAINS, ETC.—GLENGARRY STRAIN—SEAFORTH FAMILY—PREDICTION OF DUN KENNETH *FIOSAICHE*, THE SEER OF BRAHAN—BENJAMIN WEST, SIR H. DAVY, SIR W. SCOTT—THE LAST SEAFORTH DOGS—THE DEER-HOUNDS AND SECOND-SIGHT, ETC.

TRUE deer-hounds, during the early part of the present century, were maintained in considerable abundance over several different Highland localities; throughout some, until the marked modern extension of Scotch field-sport had well begun. It is of consequence to notice where and how far they ranged at the period referred to. The districts were exclusively situated within a section of the country best described as main clan ground, across from broad West by the Hebrides, up into much narrower space at the head of the Great Glens; the latter a tract at that time shut in upon itself in various ways, being divided, besides, by the long loch that stretches from above Glengarry to near Inverness. Each of

these districts was by nature situated apart, specially conditioned as to ground; extent of deer-range, opportunities for the sport, or the like; whilst, in addition, the effect of modern changes was everywhere more and more breaking in between. To these places in common the pure old deer-hound race may be said to have then peculiarly belonged. It had long been formed into the sub-varieties, with minor distinctive traits, often locally called "breeds," according to technical phrase better designated "strains." Perhaps in no other way than in the breeding of deer-hounds did the leading characteristic of intercourse among Highlanders come out so clearly. The respective strains were kept up in connection more or less, most observably so in the open direction of the mid-West Coast, near and among the upper Isles: yet the growing result of clanship, joined to that of many outward causes, marked the whole state of the case. That the ancient breed had continued to survive thus far, with vigour sufficient to transmit it onward — if transmitted it really has been—is by no means the least curious part of its remarkable history.

North of the above region there were, practically, no genuine deer-hounds existing. In the upper part of Ross-shire there was a wide space where they and the deer together, and in too many cases the people also, had been wholly displaced by the beginning of what was called "the depopulation of the Highlands for sheep." Beyond, on the opposite side, the extensive disforesting and agricultural improvements came close down to the borders of the Glens. Up in Sutherland, in Lord Reay's country and elsewhere, deer abounded; but the last deer-hound there, "a very powerful animal belonging to Mr Gordon of Achness, had been killed by a stag, which thrust it against a rock, in the year 1798,' some twelve years before the period now in view. At Gordon Castle, in Morayshire, on the Spey, Pennant the antiquary, so far back as 1769, had been shown a single grand specimen possessed by the great duke, and says, "The whole breed is become very scarce." Southward, on the other hand, the lower parts of Argyll seem to

have formed a peculiar exception to Highland ownership; for although deer were in considerable number there, and the population Gaelic, we have not discovered any instance of a Campbell district possessing deer-hounds of the genuine kind, either collectively or individually, from the times of the Rebellions up to that of the Colonsay revival of the breed about 1825. On the midland Perthshire border, old keepers of long experience affirm that there were "none much worth below Glenlyon, where the Menzies family of Chesthill had their first-rate kennel of the right sort." Over the whole of the Lowlands there were no requirements for them; the hound ordinarily used there, however, which goes by the name of the "Scotch" or "rough" greyhound, inherited its qualities of hardihood and swiftness from the old Highland breed, so as at times to bear off the palm on the English turf; and it was then often in request for forest use throughout the North and South-west.

The East was the region of the regularly preserved deer-forests. These formed a continuous stretch at the back of the agricultural east-coast country, lying together very much as did the middle clan ground itself, but in a downward direction. Taking the date of 1811-12, they did not number above five over Scotland—though of large extent, wholly consisting of what had remained from more extensive formation at a much earlier period, and situated well off the main Highland districts. At the top was Glenfiddich forest in Banffshire, the only one then retained under preservation by the Duke of Gordon—a medium-sized one, where "the work was done with terriers, rough greyhounds, or crosses, and none of the old Glen More stamp were to be had." Immediately below was the largest forest of all, much mixed with sheep, and nearest clan ground, to wit, Farquharson's of Invercauld, "where the deer were seldom driven, and never hunted with dogs unless to recover a wounded animal; the hounds that were slipped came mostly off Glengarry's own: however they were latterly crossed with the fox-hound and also the bloodhound, and the foresters preferred to use small terriers of a very sagacious

sort that came from Ross-shire." In Mar Forest, lying off midway, "few of any kind were employed beyond tracking, for a reason of this prejudice against dogs was the narrowness of the forest and the multitude of deer, estimated from 2000 to 3000, though lengthways it was of princely extent: a wounded deer would be run to prevent wandering, whereupon the hounds used were the rough wire-haired Scotch or Irish grew or their descendants." Atholl, next beneath, was the second in size, quite self-contained; "the hounds were considered to be a breed by themselves, and were carefully improved from various quarters by his Grace the duke." Farthest South lay the Black Mount, round in Argyllshire, surpassed by none for capabilities of first-rate sport, and there the Marquis of Breadalbane "always favoured the true Highland kind when possible." To this number may be added a sixth, as soon afterwards taken again into preservation, namely, Glenartney in Perthshire, the smallest and most distant, belonging to Drummond Castle, the seat of the old Earls of Perth; and there "rough greyhounds and colley-dogs were used, but when Lord Willoughby d'Eresby succeeded, the colleys were the only ones allowed into the forest." Outlying kennels and detached or individual dogs of good blood were then seldom if ever to be found throughout the kingdom at large, and certainly did not exist beyond it; in which case they depended on recourse to some part or other of the native stock.

Their fame has most eminently signalised the Glengarry quarter, in the centre of the glen district. They had been there bred pure from time immemorial by the MacDonnells, along with the Grants or others, and used with advantage over a wide deer-tract, commanding every variety of proper ground; indeed, as terms ordinarily stood through Glenmoriston upwards, the chase could be followed for fifty miles on end if required. Practically speaking, by all accounts the merit of this strain in the early years of the century was still such as quite came up to its high repute; many of the dogs were kept about Invergarry House, in constant use on the hills, hav-

ing the full benefit of immediate personal care from the well-known chief himself, Colonel Alaster Ranaldson MacDonnell of Glengarry and Knoydart (claimant also of the Clanranald chieftainship), who, as need scarcely be said, entered with ardour into all that had to do with hunting. At the same time, over beyond Loch Ness, on Badenoch side, formerly the centre of old royal Scottish hunting, there was Cluny Macpherson's strain, of similar standing, though placed under the drawbacks incident to a more cultivated part of the country, already a good deal broken up by alterations then in progress; with additional disadvantage from being close to preserved forests on the east. A Badenoch man seldom looked upon these, it was true, as any bar to the possession of good "long-dogs"; there, consequently, the habits of the people tended so far to uphold them in purity. It so happened, too, that an officer of a Highland regiment, apparently of southern extraction, Colonel Mitchell of Strathmashie, kept a choice kennel of them, being scrupulous about their quality—a circumstance likewise favourable to their use among neighbouring sportsmen. Lochiel's strain, down in Lochaber, a midland situation also, was otherwise peculiarly placed. In former note it had been second to none: a dog of this strain, when out with the famous Sir Ewen Cameron, had killed the last wolf in Scotland, or at all events the last but one; and the stock had come through the troubles of the '45, yet was of course much scattered during the subsequent expatriation of the Lochiel family. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the chief, had been born and educated in France, and, after his welcome return, had been absent on military duty; meantime, in the same manner as the exiled Lord Seaforth's people had still paid their rents to him, so Lochiel's clan had not only done likewise, but also at various upland farms and holdings they had taken care of his deer-hounds, and had seen to their excellence. The Camerons of Meouble, a wild hill-farm on the Braes, had reared some of the best, where deer were not always available, for sheep had begun to spread; the training had therefore been chiefly confined to pursuits after hill-foxes and "other vermin, in particular the otters about

the burns or small lochs; which practice was like in the end to have cost a good dog, *Bran*, his life, as at first he tried the same plan as with a stag—namely, to catch it by the back." Another memorable one—whose final exploit is too striking to be omitted in due place afterwards—was kept by the Macdonalds, tenants in the mountain-farm of Annat. At Tirndrish, the clergyman of the parish of Kilmonivaig, the Rev. Dr Thomas Ross, had done much in the cause. Presbyterian ministers did not "ride to hounds"—indeed in the Lowlands the only such recreation considered free to divines was solitary angling, or at most the social curling-game on the ice; but in the Highlands it was by no means uncommon for them to mingle with their parishioners at the deer-coursing matches that were still to some extent possible, or to join the stalkers, gun in hand, and breast the hillside afoot before the great bristly pair that were led in leash to the hunt. Dr Ross had some fine ones of his own; he took every opportunity to maintain, recruit, or improve their blood, and he freely imparted of this in turn. He "prided himself most of all upon them because they traced back, in one case at least, to those of the Dukes of Gordon, which had been distinguished for size, keenness, and speed, but were then known to be extinct"—in fact, he seems to have thought more of this possession than even of his own family claim to descent from the old Earls of Ross. He was besides connected by marriage with Cameron of Fassiefearn, another main supporter of the breed. Stress is laid on these and the like details as serviceable to an understanding of later circumstances in connection with the Lochaber district.[1]

There were other mid-Highland places in the upper Glen direction whose hounds, in local estimation at any rate, did not fall far short

[1] For these particulars, and various others following, which have practical value in reference to modern field-sport, I am indebted to the late Colonel J. Robertson (of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, eldest son of the late Hon. Lord Robertson, and grandson of Dr Ross); also to his uncle, Captain Ewen Ross, Fort Augustus (late of the 92d Highlanders), who, while a youth, knew "Glengarry" and the other leading sportsmen referred to, and has communicated some characteristic incidents.

of the best. But their chief range, as regards suitable variety of work, with distribution under a number of hands, seems then to have lain out West on the coast; especially toward Skye and the contiguous isles and sea-lochs, where there was a well-known strain—if merely to be called such—which throve well and sustained its old repute in various places about the lower corner of Ross-shire, over the Kintail, Lochalsh, or Seaforth district. That range included Applecross adjacent, in itself a lordly territory. Some of the islands in the large Seaforth estates contained deer plentifully, and the mainland in general allowed of good sport, enabling all the old Highland modes of the chase to be kept up, in particular that of coursing the unwounded stag, a practice well fitted to test, bring out, and sustain the excellence of deer-hounds. Kennels of them, nowhere surpassed, belonged to the leading proprietors. The widely spread clan MacKenzie had always been great in hunting matters, as was shown in their armorial device of the stag's head, and their badge of deer-grass; the stock of the veritable Irish *wolf-grew*, to which so much legendary renown attaches, is said to have been the source from whence Lord Seaforth's dogs were derived: they were at all events celebrated, and those of Mackenzie of Applecross, bred in the same line, were hardly less so. At the same time, it was frequent among the tenantry, Mackenzies, Macraes, and Macleods, to have each his own thoroughbred one, or more, for trial against the best upon occasion; while others were similarly possessed by island families near hand, or throughout the Hebrides. Hillside or island matches and district "drives" would appear to have been often held for the object, according to very ancient usage, older than even the clan system. The very nature of that part of the coast, broken up though it is into its extraordinary maze of high headlands, deep inlets, and mountainous islands, apparently furthered such intercourse. About the time when Pennant the antiquary had been inferring the speedy extinction of what he calls "the great Highland gre-hound," from its visible condition away over about Gordon Castle, Dr Samuel Johnson had made his "Tour in the Hebrides"; and who that has

read the narrative does not recollect the chance touch by Boswell, when, describing the learned doctor in the boat crossing from Coll, it is added that he felt the chill of the breeze off the water, and was fain to keep his back warm against the hairy side of the young chief's large island greyhound. The great lexicographer was thus enabled to ponder the better his arguments against the authenticity of Ossian, while he listened to the Gaelic chant of the Islesmen at their oars, and was struck with its quaint antique refrain. As for the dog, the Doctor wondered at him silently—he was doubtless being brought over to some hunt or match ashore. The fact was that the Islesmen, from being locally cut off, were as yet comparatively free from troubles which bore hard on Highlanders elsewhere. What with the herring-fishery, what with the kelp-burning that was in full activity, the islands supported a large population in comfort and cheerfulness; black cattle, sheep, or deer, could respectively be fed apart as might suit them best; grouse, that nuisance to the stalker, neither throve well with the ground and climate nor were fostered by proprietors; poaching was little to be feared, even from Badenoch men, who, although their expeditions were wide, could not generally command the use of boats. On the adjoining coast, the same habits were promoted by a fortunate state of things subsisting between landlords and people in their various stations in life,—in strong contrast to the course pursued in upper Ross-shire, where the notorious sheep-riots had taken place. Of all this, the customs in regard to field-sport, to the deer, and still more to the dog, were significant. The Macraes, being of distinct Irish origin, and Catholics to a man, were headed at the hunting-matches by their priest, the Rev. Father Finlay Macrae, and after him by Father Philip, his successor, both zealous upholders of the Dogs, and their faithful patrons to the end. These matches served the purpose of shows, also supplying statistics at a period when such were not only difficult to obtain but entangled with divers circuitous native ways. Judicious breeding was thus favoured very much in the primitive manner which had so long kept up the race, and doubtless

had at first produced its special points. At all events, the Kintail and Island stock appears to have been at once numerous, excellent, and every way in full vigour; and in fact, until the wider changes that took place after the end of the French war, then in progress, it is undoubted that the dogs abounded in both directions throughout the above-named line of country.

Probably nothing had so much conduced to their immediate benefit as did the war itself during its earlier years, when every source of division was for the time set aside, and a stop so far put to that heart-burning trouble,—due to the previous peace,—the spread of sheep, associated in the Celtic mind with images the very reverse of idyllic or tranquil. The procession of flocks, shepherds, and colleys had in fact too long advanced side by side with the herding apart of deer into forests preserved by law, for open clan-ranges to recover permanently; but the latter meanwhile profited. In the absence of Chiefs, for the most part heading bodies of newly raised local Fencibles on service throughout the three kingdoms, or gone abroad with fresh Highland regiments to the first campaigns, all home affairs were occasionally none the worse managed when left free. An amount of concourse had ensued near hand, through the enlisting, recruiting, or moving of troops, beyond what had been known for above half a century; Highlanders mingled there irrespectively of mere clan kindred; chieftainship was losing hold, except in the few conspicuous instances where "Glengarry" and the House of Seaforth came to the front at that stirring day. At the same time, never was the hillside sport more zealously pursued than at intervals then, nor the chief native hunters keener, nor their hounds more in their glory. That some strains of these were mutually benefited is unquestionable. Throughout their whole history war had always been wont to take turn with hunting, often the one as a cover to the other; else the survival of so unique a breed, notwithstanding countless wars, still more against restricted possession during peace, would be very difficult to explain. Hence perhaps a reason why it often

throve most, according to report, with poachers about the forests, and Badenoch men. Instinctively, no doubt, from having but their old flint-locked long-barrelled guns of the past century to count upon besides—hardly better than the ancient bow and arrow—they preferred before all other dogs the one that best combined power, speed, and courage, with silence also, and little or no inclination to break off on a ground-scent; yet over and above, there entered into the zest they felt for the sport a certain degree of the warlike element. Consequently ranging far, as heedless of distance as of legal obstruction, they obtained wider knowledge of the stock that was desirable in this particular respect, and they followed it up without much regard to exclusive ownership; while at times there was the further hostile incentive which their dialect added, if it failed as a password among keepers, or had to do with strangers. More generally speaking, any war stir that bore with good effect on the case was of no long duration. Usual opportunities of the kind were limited to small neighbourly meetings, few and remote markets, or periodical journeys of drovers, with ready aid when wanted from miscellaneous folks of every sort from the hill and loch. Ordinary Highland notions rarely looked further than the requirement of the place, the individual, and the season. The native keenness after game, as in cases like those just mentioned, where the Gaelic came into question, not seldom went over the mark; nor was infection from mongrel blood the sole danger, for a peculiar "dog-ill" and other evils were at least equally to be feared, though as yet little considered. In fact, to common clansmen, the established rules of a strict technical standard were scarcely less unknown than were the "æsthetic" tastes that now influence choice among amateurs.

A misgiving on the matter took rise, nevertheless, with some principal Highland sportsmen up the glens, and was most felt by those who had been absent on foreign or other military service, on their several return home, at various times towards the close of the war. There was an alleged "degeneracy in certain working

points"; another standing complaint had come to be "infertility"; moreover, an ailment till then almost unheard of in the Highlands, "the distemper," that has since proved so deadly to the race, was said to be spreading,—this, too, in apparent proportion as the lineage was high. In fact, to the eye of adepts, it grew sufficiently clear that, as technical men would say, "the breed was fast coming home"—in other words, it had little likelihood of long continuance on the old system. Foremost to provide a remedy had been "Glengarry." Many of his favourite dogs had been killed, often from deficiency in (muscular) strength to match their speed and courage when overtaking the stag; few had been able to come up to what he wanted of them in respect of endurance over long stretches of rough country, which he himself could so wonderfully well undergo. No man at the time better knew the right mode of recruiting the strain, by recourse to genuine stock elsewhere. His famous *Carnach* signally proved this, being considered the very best of the day, whilst quite pure bred; and there had been others of like excellence bred by him. Knowledge of how to improve live-stock had been in a manner forced upon chief resident proprietors about the upper glens, if only by management of deer on ground situated between agricultural or grazing country on the one hand and forests on the other, without the legal rights which the latter possessed. An additional incentive to such knowledge arose from the necessity of improving black-cattle, unless the increasing pastoral eviction of the inhabitants was to prevail. Here the chief of Glengarry had on the whole stood by his clan, amidst circumstances that were universally trying; his zeal in supporting old customs was equally conspicuous with his love of the chase, but his actual skill as a breeder is not so well known. This was further shown as to his horses,—regarding which we are told, by an aged keeper of his, "he took pains to have them of the best, very swift, and there was one of them that carried him from Inverness home to Invergarry in two hours of time," a distance of more than thirty miles. He manifested it above all in the

case of his dogs, but now did so by pursuing a course apart from most of his fellow-sportsmen. During extensive service with his corps of Fencibles, and still more when previously abroad in Italy, Spain, and Germany, he had been struck by the points of other breeds, as likely for his purpose: he bought and imported choice specimens of these, among others of the bloodhound, and of the great Pyrenean mastiff used by the mountain shepherds as guardians against wolves; and he resorted to the expedient of crossing from them. This was done, not in the random manner then common throughout the forests, but with admirable judgment so far as concerned his object, latterly limiting the practice to the use of small well-selected bloodhounds. The effect was such as to surpass all their previous celebrity. It was subsequently and by this means that his greatest hunting exploits were achieved — occasioning those wild out-of-the-way chances where he delighted to dash foremost in, and take the chief hazard on himself, often without other company than his deer-hounds. Some of them, thus produced, especially at first, almost came up to old traditional standards that had been thought fabulous in respect of their size and power; fit either to pull down or keep to bay the largest stag, fresh or wounded, by land or water. As a rule, they were good at retrieving; a conspicuous trait was superiority in general intelligence; another marked feature, not at all slight in value as regards Highland localities, was the variety of colour they severally showed, from the ordinary grey brindled, or sandy, to white, black, or a richly variegated piebald. But most extraordinary of all was the faculty which many of them possessed for taking up a cold scent: "one, named *Bran*, when held in leash, pursued a wounded stag for three successive days, and that in most unfavourable rainy weather; the deer having been wounded first within nine miles of Invergarry House, was thus traced that night to the estate of Glenmoriston, where at dusk in the evening the men placed a stone on each side of the last fresh print of his hoof, with another stone laid over between;

and this they did each consecutive night. Then on the next morning the upper stone was removed, whereupon *Bran* recovered the scent, and the game was tracked over a great part of Glenmoriston's ground, till on the third day he was traced back to the lands of Glengarry and there killed."[1] Lastly, though not least to be noted, the great disparity of size between the sexes in favour of the male—which is generally recognised as distinctive of the pure breed—had ceased to be shown in Glengarry's dogs; judging, at all events, from the reply of his old keeper to a query expressly put regarding this point. "He tried various crosses," says Mr Scrope, "the best being from the bloodhound; probably in this way was bred his famous *Hector* . . . ; who has not heard of the feats of *Hector?* and I believe *Maida* . . . had also a distant cross of the bloodhound in him." It is now known that the parentage of the last mentioned, the most celebrated of all, was from a pure Glengarry dam and a Pyrenean—or perhaps, in reality, an Abruzzian—sire. *Maida* had a brother named *Waterloo*, born in 1815, but from various facts it is evident that he himself had been from a former litter, consequently had been a number of years in the glen before he left all the rest behind, to be presented to his illustrious master, which was in the spring of 1816.

It will hence be obvious to any one who knows the dogs in question, that *Glengarry* had thus gone far to establish a quite distinct strain, and might, under conceivable circumstances, have given rise to a totally new breed. As it was, there is proof from the foregoing statistics of the forests that his method was participated in by the largest of them all, namely, Farquharson's of Invercauld; while others, in like circumstances, either joined in it or produced original crosses of their own. His example was certainly not followed by his principal neighbours, still less did it affect the Kintail and Seaforth stock; the truth being that in other and more

[1] From a communication by "Ranaldson MacDonnell, Esq. of Glengarry," to Jesse's 'Anecdotes of Dogs.'

serious matters there were causes that had put him in a somewhat isolated position among his compeers. Here neither Glenmoriston nor Cluny was led by the most friendly social terms to share in his practice; on the other hand, young Lochiel, who had then lately succeeded to chieftainship, might readily have done so, but for contrary influences in the Lochaber district, among his own relatives, the Fassiefearn Camerons and the Rosses. Dr Ross, before mentioned, had a son, an Indian officer, then at home on leave—afterwards well known in the present connection as Colonel David Ross of Tirndrish, and already noted throughout India for success in wild-sport at "the Hills," where one of his exploits had obtained him the name of "Bear Ross." Throughout his stay in the district he was a keen stalker, and saw carefully to the condition of his father's hounds, and by him, in conjunction with his younger brother and their fellow-sportsmen—in particular with Colonel Mitchell of Strathmashie adjoining in Badenoch—much was done to keep up the pure quality of the whole breed thereabouts.

The effect of the peace (in 1815) was not only to bring Highlanders home, but, along with them, numerous distinguished officers, Lowland, English, and foreign, who were soon sharing in the sport on the hills. The popular and gallant Marquis of Huntly led the way, in throwing open to them the splendid hospitalities of Gordon Castle and Glenfiddich Forest; the same was done at Taymouth, with the Black Mount at command: the Duke of Atholl, too, then first displayed to English sportsmen the spectacle of the real old deer-*tinchel* or "drive" on a grand scale. With their constantly increasing resort, the period of modern field-sport in the North commenced.

Many causes thenceforth concurred to hasten the decay or the dispersion of the pure strains. During the rapid increase in the number of small and medium-sized forests that took place, the dogs first brought into use by lessees or land-proprietors from the South were almost wholly from previously existing forest-kennels, the ordinary rough greyhound foremost. These in most cases by no

means came up to the expectations of Englishmen. The strong prestige of "Glengarry's" hounds, in some instances, obtained them the preference; but in the long-run they were found to be out of the question, unless where the range was unusually wide, and thus, as well as on other accounts, they were among the chief detrimental causes referred to. Deer-stalkers, who had only average opportunities, and understood what the requirements were, fell back upon the use of rough Breadalbane lurchers, or else, if possible, got some of the lighter and better-reputed Atholl breed. The truth was that strangers, fresh to the work, were very much under guidance from a multiplied train of new foresters, stalkers, and gillies; the old Highland families in most cases held themselves apart, and as to the clansman at large, it was with no favourable eye that he looked upon this invasion of alien hunters. When the Cheviot and black-faced sheep were spreading and the deer were being everywhere bounded in, herded, and watched, according to law, while the cold-mannered Southerners, with the improved rifle of the day, and with leashes of such hounds as they thought best, began to stalk the red-deer, the commonest true Celt was set against them. If there was one possession that still remained to the Gael, unmortgaged, peculiar to themselves, beyond the power of interlopers, it was the pure old Ossianic or Fingalian dog. That they withheld it to no small extent, and that this told prejudicially against the breed, is undoubted. It was as if the lurking memories of by-past misfortune to the clans, with the sense of present trouble, could at all events be wreaked after this minor fashion in close connection with what the southern interloper prized so much—his new opportunities of ground sport among north-country hills.

There were already in the country, regularly returning as the autumn came round, numerous eminent followers of the chase, such as the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Douro, and their associates, who had practised it in imperial forests abroad: they were becoming versed in northern forest-craft; many of them equalled any Highlander in ability to breast the hill or stand the weather,

and were thorough lovers of this most exciting of all sports for its own sake; in general they had an Englishman's quick eye for a good dog, with the characteristic Norman liking for it, and had heard of the true deer-hound, or even seen genuine specimens; but it was a rare case, to say the least of it, if they had any such at their command. Some deer-stalkers, from what they saw, believed the vaunted pure race to be then extinct; others took for granted that the dogs abounding in the forests were identical with that celebrated breed. Opinion was similarly divided in regard to its value, between exaggerated attributes and the question as to actual utility. When portions of encumbered estates passed into the possession of a wealthy modern magnate, he might have the deer, and might stalk them, with the most Celtic of gillies to help, and hounds as numerous as heart could wish. The men would even bring their whole skill to bear on the nature of the ground and the direction of the wind; they would fall in with the vein of eagerness and enjoyable effort that the stranger manifested so clearly; but the grudge was sure to come out somewhere, and, curiously enough, it seemed to turn with a peculiar relish upon the character of his dogs. Here his unconscious delusions became frequent object of hidden local contempt and of dry Celtic humour. He and his conceited smart English or Low-land head-keeper did not at all tend to lessen the joke by their own expedients, which were often ludicrous beyond description. He never saw the "brilliancy of the sport,"—never, when his shot failed to bring down the stag at once, did he see it pulled down in its flight by speed and strength combined; it was either brought to bay, and there finished as best might be, or else the "trackers" had to be laid on the scent, shepherds' colleys or what not, till the affair ended away up beyond his view. Ordinarily speaking, he considered the deer-hound inefficient, and, on the whole, an unsatisfactory animal, far from meriting its vaunted fame. His source of supply in this respect had probably been either from doubtful henchmen of broken clans or poachers from over the hill, with perhaps occasional help from passing drovers or neighbouring distillers, who procured

for his head gamekeeper, at no small cost, what they styled the real Argyll sort. Such disparagement was, indeed, by no means lowering to the Highland strains in native estimation,—on the contrary, it may rather be said that their value became for the first time fully prized by their owners; and, in order to retain them, there was even a disposition shown in the way of sinking old local differences. No less surely, however, failing any united systematic design, did the aforesaid tendency to degenerate, to become infertile, and to yield under distemper, pursue its course; while of all circumstances the most unpropitious were those that took place in regard to the comparatively thriving West coast and Island stock, best known by the name of Seaforth.

It seems well authenticated that an old Highland prediction was on record, darkly bearing upon this, uttered about a century and a half before by a Seaforth clansman, the locally renowned "Dun Kenneth *Fiosaiche*," who was gifted with the second-sight to an unprecedented degree—in fact, leaving Thomas the Rhymer and Michael Scott, of Border tradition, far behind. His prophecies are said to have been in many instances verified to the letter, hence giving some importance to other warnings that still remain unfulfilled. In the present connection they have been gravely adverted to by writers of weight, such as Sir Humphrey Davy, Scott himself, Lockhart, and Sir Bernard Burke in his 'Vicissitudes of Great Families.' In a pamphlet by H. Mackenzie,[1] editor of the 'Celtic Magazine,' Inverness, it is again brought up; but we have not seen the whole of the facts put together. An incident separately stated by General Stewart of Garth, in his 'Sketches,' enables this to be done here in a very apposite way. Kenneth, the Seer, was a household dependant of the great house of Seaforth in Cromwell's time and till after the Restoration; he exercised his gift for the last time when about to fall a victim to cruel caprice on the part of the then Lady Seaforth, during her husband's absence abroad. In substance his prophecy was this, that in the same manner as the

[1] Published about 1877.

Seaforth house and clan had gained title and estates, so would these pass away from them, and their power fall; in token of which a deaf Lord Seaforth would ultimately be the chief, with four sons for heirs of his estate, and when he looked round he would see other great lairds with certain marks on them, which were severally specified to the name of each; his sons "were to die before him, and a white-hooded lassie from the East would sit in their place." Mr Morritt, an English correspondent of Sir Walter Scott's, testified thus far, "that he had heard the prophecy quoted in the Highlands at a time when Lord Seaforth had two sons, both alive and in good health, so that it certainly was not made afterhand." Whether so or not, it holds equally good for our object. This Lord Seaforth was a veteran general, through whose popularity Ross-shire and the Isles had raised the first Highland regiments of the war, in spite of the dissatisfaction which had previously existed there: he himself had served actively abroad, but had long been more or less deaf from the effect of an illness in early youth, and latterly almost lost the power of speech in consequence. Like his predecessors, he was commonly spoken of as *Caberfae* or Stag's-head (with reference to the well-known crest of the clan), the family tradition being that the title, estates, and power of the clan had been gained by an exiled Fitzgerald from Ireland, who, by the help of his Irish wolf-hound, had rescued King Alexander II. from the furious attack of a wounded stag, some five hundred years before. One of the most characteristic second-sight predictions is, that their fulfilments, however strange, often appear to be deficient in some particulars. Certain it is that an adventure happened to Lord Seaforth about the middle of his life, by which the Seer of Brahan's prophecy was almost literally verified, yet so far failed that no further dread might have been felt regarding it. His lordship was one day in the park or chase near Brahan Castle, when he was determinedly set upon by a stag from the adjoining forest-skirts—in all likelihood with the more danger from his inability to hear its approach, or afterwards give the alarm.

"Being a powerful man, and possessed of great strength of limb, he closed on the animal, and, seizing it by the horns, pressed his breast against its forehead, when a long and desperate struggle ensued, till at length he was relieved by a keeper and hounds, attracted to the spot by the bellowing of the hart. His lordship was bruised, but not materially injured." It was after this incident that Benjamin West, the well-known American artist and favourite painter to George III., executed an elaborate picture of the similar scene from old tradition of King Alexander's rescue, the figures in which "were full-sized portraits from models found on the Seaforth estate, his lordship one of the number," with the stag, dogs, and horses to match; and "Mr West," adds General Stewart, "told me, the last time I saw him, that he considered this painting the best of his earlier pieces." Time passed; the predicted personal peculiarities in other chiefs "are said—and were certainly believed both by Scott and Davy—to have" become apparent while Lord Seaforth "looked round."[1] "One after another three promising sons were cut off; the fourth, the most distinguished of all, was stricken by a lingering disease, and had gone for his health, with a part of the family, to the south of England; Lord Seaforth remained at Brahan Castle. A daily bulletin was sent to him from the sick-chamber of his beloved son; one morning, the accounts being favourable, the household began to rejoice, and a friend and neighbour who was visiting the chief came down after breakfast, full of the good news, to the front of the castle, where he gladly imparted of it to the old family piper, whom he met there. The attached retainer shook his head and sighed. 'No, no,' said he in Gaelic, 'he'll never recover; it's decreed that Seaforth must outlive them all.' The words of the old piper proved true. A few more posts, and tidings came to Seaforth of the death of his last male heir."[2] "You will have heard," writes Sir Walter Scott, shortly afterwards, to Mr Morritt, in January 1815, "of poor *Caberfae's* [Lord Seaforth's] death? . . . Our friend Lady Hood will now be *Caberfae* herself. She has the spirit

[1] See Lockhart's Life of Scott, note to chap. xxxiv. [2] Celtic Magazine, April 1877.

of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood; but there are few situations in which the cleverest women are so apt to be imposed upon as in the management of landed property, more especially of an Highland estate. I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that when there should be a deaf *Caberfae*, the house was to fall." This was the "white-hooded lassie from the East," Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, widow of Admiral Hood, who had just then died in command of the East India naval station; so that she, as a writer in the 'Celtic Magazine' says, "literally fulfilled the Seer's words, that is, being a young woman in widow's weeds, and a Hood by name, too, from the East." Be these things as they may, at all events thus passed away the old family influence in forest matters and in all that bore upon them. If it cannot be said of the Seaforth property that it had become embarrassed and changed hands through its hunting and deer-holding distinction, like most similar estates, yet the last of the popular Mackenzie families thenceforth began to be overtaken by the common fate of the thorough Highland clans. As they had come in with deer-hounds, so they went out. It were little to say that the dogs disappeared from Brahan Castle; for the breaking up of the whole Kintail and Island strain was hastened, as the forest system, side by side with sheep-farming, took place of the former state of things over Ross-shire, while deer from the Islands went in some cases to supply stock for new forests elsewhere. The condition of the island people was at that time very unfavourably affected by the failure of the kelp-burning industry, owing to "the extended use in trade of American barilla," in consequence of which numerous families were compelled to emigrate; in some instances they "took good dogs with them, hearing of fine sport that was to be had in Canada, where there were plenty of Glengarry people and others settled beforehand, and Highland fashions well kept up;" and the same happened in other places about the coast. There were also Highland regiments on foreign service that had done likewise, with a view to similar opportunities abroad. It was already no infrequent thing for troops to be thus accompanied by favourite or

representative animals, the Welsh Fusileers having their goat, and others according to what might be locally peculiar. The Sutherland Fencibles had been wont to parade and march with "a gigantic clansman at their head,[1] attended by a mountain deer of uncommon size;" whereas, instead of having any such pet follower, "it was too often the case in some regiments," says General Stewart, in this connection, "that the men would salute certain officers with imitations of the bleating of sheep." The last of the grand Seaforth dogs that we have heard of were some belonging to officers in a detachment of the 78th (Ross-shire) Highlanders, about to sail for India; and whether or not they returned is unknown. In the then declining state of the breed, such losses counted much beyond their mere numerical effect.

"When the Highlanders dream of a *black* dog, it is interpreted to mean one of the clan of Macdonnell; but if of a deer-hound, it denotes a chief, or one of the principal persons of that clan"—so says "Glengarry" in the account given to Jesse's 'Anecdotes.' This power of second-sight was believed to be possessed by the hounds themselves. "The Highland greyhounds, or deer-hounds, as they are called in the Highlands," he continues, "have a great antipathy to the sheep-dogs, and never fail to attack them whenever an opportunity offers. A shepherd, whose colley had frequently been attacked by the deer-dogs of Glengarry singly, had always succeeded in beating them off on such occasions: he was one day himself assailed by them in a body, and his life would have been in considerable danger but for one of the keepers, who happened to pass at the time and called them off." They had long been thought to see the passing ghost of their master, however remote might be the scene of his death; "his grey dogs," sang Ossian of old, "howled in their distant place." The gathering of the clans had been to a very different field from that of the deer-chase; and those

[1] "Samuel Macdonald, called 'Big Sam,' who was 7 feet 4 inches in height and stout in proportion; he afterwards went into the 93d Highlanders, and died at Guernsey in 1802." —General Stewart's Sketches.

of the main Highland region, having come zealously to the front ever since the beginning of the war, had suffered most throughout its continuance. Among their chief houses a gloomy blank was visible in the place of some who had used to be foremost on the hillside. Some were no longer able to follow the sport; not a few were soon dislodged from the family estates by untoward fortune, or went to seek better in other lands. Young Ross, who had taken so effective a part in maintaining the Lochaber strain of deer-hounds, had again left for India; Cameron of Fassiefearn was among those who had fallen at Waterloo; and about Badenoch the principal shootings were under lease to noble English sportsmen. The sure progress of change and embarrassment was already overtaking the ample domains of Glengarry himself, to be consummated by his lavish expenditure in supporting the grand loyal demonstrations of 1822. It was the Whig clans, the great Campbells above all, that continued steadily rising toward eminence; and, as before stated, the latter would appear to have been marked out by a deficiency of good dogs, in which respect we have heard an old keeper remark that "the Forty-five and Glencoe were aye remembered against them—they could not get the true clan breed,—whereby it proved all the worse, seeing that they kept spreading and spreading the wrong sort." Finally, in a practical sense, the disadvantageous result from romantic association must not be forgotten. The *éclat* of showy and bulky crosses among sportsmen did not indeed last long; but a strong popular interest attached to them, which bore against the pure race in ways too numerous to particularise.

It is not too much to say that, during the interval from the outset of modern deer-stalking in 1815 until about 1825, all the pure strains were reduced to the lowest point compatible with survival, where they had not become extinct. In the latter years of this period, as careful inquiry shows, they had come to be altogether limited to the home-kennels of a few old mid-Highland families—under whom for the most part they had very insufficient

range at command, or none—and of still fewer owners throughout the Islands, far separate from each other, though perhaps better circumstanced as to deer. Little addition requires to be made on account of scattered cases elsewhere existing, which were then all more or less unavailable for the breed. Detached dogs had indeed found their way into forests, or were singly possessed by sportsmen from outside. There is even reason to believe that in England, if not on the Continent too, among supposed specimens taken thither, genuine ones had by chance been acquired, but none of them to any practical benefit. It was somewhat different with those that were dispersed in a similar way among Highlanders. Sundry nondescript hill-men over the central region, down from the professional native "stalker" of a district to the travelling "fox-hunter," had occasion to use the dog; some of them bred it with care, and at times of the purest quality. Most notably, however, this was done by the individual zeal before mentioned, on the part of a very limited number of Highland gentleman, under much disadvantage. They consisted chiefly of one or two Catholic priests, aided by their people, toward the west coast; and about as many retired officers in Badenoch and Lochaber, in concert with the neighbouring parish minister previously named.

CHAPTER II.

RAPID GROWTH OF DEER-FORESTS AFTER 1825—CAUSES—NOBLEMEN FROM ENGLAND—INTRODUCTION OF RIFLE—STEPS TAKEN TO IMPROVE THE DOGS—SIR E. LANDSEER AND SIR W. SCOTT'S *MAIDA* — ENGLISH FOREST-HOLDERS — SPREAD OF FOREST SYSTEM — LORD HENRY BENTINCK, COLONEL INGE, DUKE OF LEEDS, SIR ST G. GORE, EARL DUDLEY, LORD DOURO, LORD MALMESBURY, HON. G. BERKELEY, C. ST JOHN, MR HORATIO ROSS — ENGLISH GREYHOUNDS USED FOR DEER-STALKING—FOREIGN HOUNDS INTRODUCED — MR A. M'NEILL — VIEWS OF THE SOBIESKI-STUARTS ABOUT 1832—THE PURE GLEN STRAIN—*NIMROD* GOT FROM GLENMORISTON —LETTER FROM GLENGARRY'S OLD KEEPER — THE COLONSAY REVIVAL — ORIGIN OF THE COLONSAY STOCK — ITS CELEBRITY — *BUSCAR* — *BRAN* — LETTER FROM LORD COLONSAY—WEIGHTY UTTERANCES FROM HORATIO ROSS—LETTERS FROM MR DONALD ROBERTSON OF MULL—STIRRING WILD SPORT WITH THE DOGS—ENGLISH PEERS — MR SCROPE'S CASE — HIS "SUBSTITUTE" STRAINS — THE TRUE BREED BROUGHT FORWARD IN 1838—A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY ABOUT 1842—THE KENNEL SYSTEM—FAVOUR OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT FOR THE HOUNDS—CAMPBELL OF MONZIE—MONZIE DOGS, WHERE FROM.

FROM a total here previously shown, of at most six deer-forests throughout Scotland in 1815, the number had become almost treble by the end of the subsequent ten years. About the date of 1825, last referred to in our foregoing account, nearly the whole were held by noble English occupants more or less habituated to deer-stalking, as well as familiarly versed in whatever constituted modern sportsmanship at that day. In such hands all available requisites and appointments were furnished, liberal expenditure was brought to bear on everything concerned, supervision was direct, no appliance or smallest item escaped review; the system stood on quite another footing than had subsisted under

high Northern tenure, virtually since George II.'s reign. The relative legal jurisdiction, it is true, continued precisely what the Long Parliament in Cromwell's time had enacted; but through influence like this, game-preserving became stringent, the proper seasons began to be carefully observed in foresting work, mere venison considerations were excluded; no question of winged game, still less of sheep or black-cattle, was allowed to interfere; whilst all poaching, as need scarcely be said, underwent severe repression. In bounds so cleared, however limited by comparison with others, an increased head of deer were on the ground, stags averaging larger than before, and actual sport, of a kind possible to be kept up throughout the whole of stalking-time, getting the preference over occasional show. Among that distinguished circle who thus led the way for stalkers generally, the main object turned always more on some form of *battue*-shooting than on grand drives as hitherto practised. The exercise of personal skill took foremost place—the more so as a modern rifle was at that time first introduced, with its latest improvements as then constructed: in fact, nowhere else, probably, was so much done in bringing arms of precision towards a perfect state as in Scotch forests at that period; and, curiously enough, the invention of percussion-locks is known to have been due to an inhabitant[1] of the forest district, not long before. It was chiefly in Atholl alone, owing to its great extent and the duke's individual predilections, that the spectacle of the ancient *tinchel*, or full deer-drive, could then be witnessed in all its magnificence,—a thing only possible on rare occasions, and too costly for frequent repetition in one season; at which there was required preliminary beating by innumerable hillmen for days on end, till the company could fire at the tumultuous herd, often with long-barrelled flint-lock guns of the last century, and couple after couple of lurchers might be slipped at wounded stags in order to run them to bay, more by scent than speed. It was rare as yet that an English stalker ever saw out

[1] The Rev. Mr Forsyth of Belhelvie, in Aberdeenshire. See Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

the process to its end; where several "bayings" would be carried on at once in as many different directions, and the dirk of honour was presented to a prominent stranger, that he might go in to finish the work.

If these scenes were redeemed from Gaelic savagery by anything like the presence of a chief, at all events the best pair of Atholl dogs were by common admission unable, even jointly, to grapple a full-grown stag at bay. To overtake and pull him down when running was equally beyond their pretensions. Former details as to the six old forests show how each hunting-kennel was composed immediately before the time here indicated; and whether by extensive importation, or by being taken over along with the ground, inclusive of keepers and all else, similarity of practice had been general in this respect. But under Englishmen's estimation in particular, no existing forest variety of the species retained much favour, unless for mere foresting work throughout the year. Beyond that, the dogs seem to have had little, if any, care bestowed upon them. All attempts at their improvement were apparently given up, so far at least as masters were concerned. Even when stock had been obtained from the celebrated "Glengarry breed," its way of reverting toward bloodhound, Pyrenean, or other mixture, proved unsatisfactory in a high degree. As regards the old medley of trackers and "grews," rough or otherwise, they had ceased to be tried in the capacity of a pack, nor were any longer supposed essential in "driving," as is said by Highlanders to have been the case while foresting work was less understood by new-comers from the South. If graphic illustration of the case were needed, we have it in Landseer's earliest pictures from Scotch subjects, then taken, after commencing with *Maida* at Abbotsford. Beside spoils of the chase, the stalkers with rifle and field-glass, and the conspicuous institution of hill-ponies, the Argyll terrier is there duly visible, along with the tracker of ancient sleuth-hound derivation. That tracker, when at all well bred, had its special use—having again become necessary, as of yore on the slot after rebel clansmen; for strict preservation

Dawsons Pl. St.

Bran. *Bred by George Cupples, Esq.*

had brought "the Badenoch man" into fresh activity, with increased zest toward the forbidden thing, and he was difficult to suppress. It is clear, too, in the great artist's early representations of the forester's or the gillie's face, that these were seldom of the Badenoch or other true native stamp, such as experience has taught deer-preservers to employ, but belonged to a race grown apart for generations within the forest district, presenting a type little less nondescript than the hounds. From particulars at the outset it is seen that the best foresters—as at Invercauld—preferred for their own work to use "small sagacious terriers"; and soon after—in Glenartney — Lord Willoughby d'Eresby admitted only two or three dogs into the bounds, these being colleys alone. Under most great forest-holders from England, or whose habits were English—such as Lord Hill, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquisses of Douro and Huntley, and other noblemen, including Duke Alexander of Gordon himself — reliance was chiefly set on a few well-placed drivers, the use of field-telescopes by Dollond, and judicious posting for the guns engaged; the deer were skilfully manœuvred toward one or other of certain advantageous passes, then sent through at a rush, after which all depended on marksmanship. Some of the best shots in Europe were among the number in question: the odds certainly went strong against any special stag escaping a row of Joe Manton's guns, so used, with the range, precision, and efficacy thus at command; but as to further excitement in pursuit, if a stag passed free, wounded or not, or in the subsequent tracking and baying process, it appears to have been an idea that scarce crossed the mind of such experts. For the most part high in military as well as aristocratic rank, the stately company belonged to a school then on the wane, trained by antecedents of Fontainebleau, Potsdam, and the Imperial Austrian Park at Vienna; whilst the majority, if not yet veterans, had suffered from the effects of active service abroad under Wellington—men after the Great Duke's own heart, some having been on his staff, who almost looked on a day's stalking as one of battle. The effect could hardly,

indeed, have been more striking if he had come down in person to Laggan, Aboyne Castle, or to Braemar, than it sometimes was made there. To no time would the words more suitably apply—

"Dominos rerum
Evehit superbos."

Its decided tendency was to make shooting all in all, apart from whatever else constituted the chase; nor did this come out so obviously in any way as in reference to the dogs. Influential sportsmen as far as possible, in their own practice on the hillside, dispensed with the use of dogs, and systematically reduced even retrieving to the minimum, in shape of a terrier or two. Among the traits that were considered most objectionable in forest hounds, being what they were, a principal complaint lay in their noise, their indiscriminate eagerness after all deer alike in a herd, with their disposition to self-hunting, and, as was proverbial, "no disturbance is equal to that so made throughout a hill." Where well-chosen substitutes were employed, the result was occasionally no less unwelcome. A case in point is recorded by an excellent authority,[1] from his experience when shooting some years later in Lord Willoughby's scrupulously preserved range of Glenartney. "When just getting a most capital chance at a fine stag," he relates, "I had it spoiled by a half-repressed whimper from one of his lordship's dogs, in a pair that was held behind the brow of the hill; yet she was an approved colley, particularly sensible, and never known to have thus offended before." Most characteristic in the matter was a supposition, evidently prevalent with leading deer-stalkers of the day, that the hounds, or some of them, were identical with the true Highland breed, formerly so much noted. On the other hand (about this date of 1825), when the Duke of Gordon, who well knew the genuine kind, and wished again to possess a specimen, was unexpectedly presented with one of first-rate quality[2] from among the very few

[1] Mr Colquhoun (Luss), in 'The Moor and the Loch.'

[2] Afterwards instanced.

still known to remain, his Grace, on somewhat slight reason, and that of a temporary nature, soon returned the gift to the donor.

The spread of the forest system continued to advance with still greater rapidity. Unprecedented as had been the said multiplication down to the date of 1825, its rate of increase during the next ensuing years, particularly towards 1832, was accelerated to a degree beyond parallel even now, when every place with the least chance of deer is put on register. Exclusive of the mixed shootings that already became a feature of the change, not less than forty regular deer-ranges under preservation are enumerated in records of that day, whilst others still, at every opportunity, were in course of being formed. This, too, not as was the case before, within virtual limitation to one tract of country, contiguous to each other, but across the main Highland region and over the North at large; not excepting the lower part of Argyll, where agricultural thrift had hitherto been uppermost. On encumbered Highland property in general, the grazing inducements that had been awhile in the ascendant were so no longer; fresh ground of the most suitable kind was thrown open to foresting, when chiefs left the glens in order to retrench elsewhere; in other quarters reinclosure or entirely new formation took place; and in addition to all — through the eager demand at any price for moors or hillsides, and loch or river fishings —free ranges where old local usage had up to the last prevailed in reference to game came one way or other under tenure by lessees from the south. The country had been opened up by a stronger influence than even that of attraction to wild sport; Continental travel was losing its first novelty; means of communication were largely improved,—but what bore most immediately upon the change was the fact that new legislation at this date amended the game laws. By Act of Parliament (1 and 2 William IV., c. 32, A.D. 1831) it was provided that the former necessary qualifications as to birth and estate should no longer be indispensable to the killing of game within forest bounds, whenceforth "any certificated person could do so, either on his own land or on the land of any other person with

his permission;" moreover, the sale of game was legalised, and the statute at the same time very properly enacted more summary measures than those previously in force for protection against trespass—special clauses being included as regards poachers, gamekeepers, and the annual seasons to be observed as close or open. Hence, doubtless, the comparatively numerous and sudden ingress from outside of that brilliant but limited circle who had hitherto monopolised Highland deer-stalking. Some of the new-comers were, it is true, simply other noblemen and officers of rank, belonging to the same day as those before in possession, while many were rising sportsmen from equally aristocratic quarters: yet the middle-class element was to a considerable extent represented, and in several instances mere wealth supplied ability to cope with the very highest competitors in obtaining the best ground. Nor was it a less marked circumstance that a prominent part came once more to be taken in the sport by Scotchmen, especially by Highlanders. It was in fact then that real stalking, in its modern sense, began to be practised. The majority of new ranges were either so moderate in extent, or so mixed up, as to put "driving" out of the question on any great scale; tracking was almost quite as unsuitable there; the object necessarily was to obtain the greatest amount of success as quickly as possible, along with the smallest measure of disturbance, otherwise deer were not long likely to remain where in all probability a large forest adjoined. In not a few cases, the place was as yet little more than a resort of outlying stags, or perhaps—as is said with regard to some parts of Lochiel's ground—a locality most frequented by yeld or barren hinds; in others it was but an intermediate deer-walk, by no means to be always counted upon. Over and above skill in marksmanship, it became more than ever essential to depend on individual exertion, backed by utter fearlessness as to hardship or exposure, conjoined with at least some degree of that local knowledge and weather-craft which the natives possessed. The stalking was done more and more in detached parties or pairs, often individually, seldom

further attended than by a forester or two, with little other help except what might be got in the way of direction from a shepherd or chance hillman. To get within shot of a single good stag—above all, of one with a royal head—became more thought of than if a whole drove had been "worked" together and sent past. Such a stag, however fairly hit, from the best rifle then made, was not by any means sure to drop dead on the instant, but, on the contrary, often bounded off at a speed rather heightened than otherwise; and when beyond sight, if he did not cross the march into another range, or wander through inhabited land among lawless clansmen, the certainty was that, with a bullet lodged in him, he would become wasted, and in all likelihood permanently dishorned in the end. To track, or bring him to bay, was in such circumstances rarely possible with the means then at command. Time soon discovered to modern sportsmen that the mountain red-deer could, as a rule, undergo no small quantity of shooting before his spoils fell to any claimant. As some index to which, Lord Henry Lennox (brother of the then Duke of Richmond) in his 'Personal Recollections'—after candid admission as to stalking experiences that had impressed the incident on his memory—tells of a stag "shot near Gordon Castle by a medical gentleman of Highland family, and on being gralloched it was found to have no less than five or six rifle-bullets in various parts of its body."

Owing to the causes above indicated, with others of kindred nature, it is certain that among rising deer-stalkers, more especially those from England, instead of continuing to discard the use of hounds, there was a determination to repair previous neglect in the matter, and not only so, but to bring them to a point of efficiency beyond anything that local keepers had attempted. For that object steps were taken with an amount of pains, expense, and knowledge of dogs at large, which Englishmen alone could have brought to bear. The example was conspicuously set by Lord Henry Bentinck at his shootings beside Loch Ericht, by Colonel Inge at Fasnakyle, by the Duke of Leeds—first near Applecross, later at Braemar—and

equally, if not more so, by Sir St George Gore at his place further north. Others followed it, whose claims enter no less memorably into the prestige of the new school; among them Lord Ward (afterwards Earl Dudley), a proprietor then holding ground at the centre of the very finest old deer-tract, toward Glengarry. There were also Lords Douro and Abercorn round Badenoch, Lord Malmesbury in Lochaber, with those still better-known sportsmen, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, Charles St John, and Horatio Ross,—names of the utmost weight in this connection, though at that time only begun to be heard of in the country. Through such means and recommendations, English greyhounds of the best type came into deer-stalking use, whilst, with a view to their suitability at every cost, breeding was resorted to from the stock of their foreign congeners, whether Greek, Arab, or Persian. Further to gain the several required points, crossing with the bull-dog was applied, and in some cases mastiff blood. In other instances, preference was given for this end to the English stag-hound of an approved pack, like his Majesty's Windsor one, or those used at Exmoor in Devonshire. A peculiar old strain of so-called "gaze-hound" would appear to have existed about the Hampshire New Forest, or elsewhere in the southern shires of England, judging by actual specimens then brought forward by a leading authority, even the presumably extinct Irish wolf-dog was alleged to be again forthcoming; and as to what is now called the African Hound, a variety little known at that date to zoologists themselves, but possessing some excellent qualities to the technical eye, it had not failed to attract attention among noble English breeders, and—by at least one of them—was imported from Morocco in North Africa for slipping at deer in Scotland. Wide choice being at command, it is indeed curious to note how far experiment ranged over the canine species generally, for Scotch forest purposes. Of the results thereby attained, little need be said. Mr Scrope, then already laying the basis of his high reputation as a Northern stalker, a practised shot, and a judge of every due appliance, pronounces the due verdict on all and sundry of these attempts. No greyhound, if fast

enough, had the necessary endurance, footing, strength, and courage; and the same applied to its foreign kindred, or their descendants: with regard to the mastiff cross, not only failing in speed, it always came short as to sufficiency of power; and that from the bull-dog invariably fell a sacrifice to its own temerity. None exhibited an approach to the requisite "instinct for striking from behind the shoulder," the "hard sole," the "nose for a wind-scent," the range of sight, the intense yet silent keenness, the bounding stride, the sinew, and the size, which had all been so singularly well united in the old Highland dog. To this, the most emphatic corroboration was given by Mr Scrope's soon establishing—through his superior information on the matter—a special new breed, that has turned out the only permanent one amongst the number, and by far the most approved.

That deer-hounds of the original kind had been in no way comprised under these vicissitudes of disuse and improvement, is abundantly clear. Their stock having diminished in the manner before shown, until about the date of 1825, was between then and 1830-32 reduced to a condition of failure all but complete. In most expressive terms is the fact stated from personal recollection, or deplored during the period itself, by those best qualified to speak. Foremost among authorities, the late Mr (Archibald) M'Neill thus gives his judgment in the admirable monographic paper contributed not long afterwards to Mr Scrope's standard volume[1] on forest sport:—

"The race was fast dying away. . . . It is remarkable that a species the longest in use in this country, and once of much wider prevalence, should be that which is least known now to the naturalist or sportsman." His distinguished brother, Lord Colonsay, writes as follows:[2] "Even in those two districts where they were to be found pure, as well as farther north, . . . they were in course of getting contaminated, . . . and in danger of becoming a mixed breed." Mr Ross himself said from direct knowledge, that "in

[1] Days of Deer-Stalking, published 1838.

[2] Letter to the late Horatio Ross, Esq. of Rossie, dated in October 1865.

some kennels where they had not long previously been understood to exist, there were then none, as at Gordon Castle; in others alike reputed—for example, Glengarry and Applecross—they were at best but half-bred." To similar effect are various local testimonies that have been received for behoof of the present account, including that of our valued correspondent, the old head-forester at Black Mount, also Mr Menzies of Chesthills; with several, moreover, from the old Seaforth district in the west—which agree "that they were then (towards 1830-32) not easy to be found hereabouts, nor had been since Lord Seaforth's time." "They had," says Mr St John,[1] referring to this period, "become nearly extinct, or at any rate extremely rare." The statement given by Mr Scrope, so far as his own information went, is that "all accounts represented them to be very scarce, . . . and I found the Athole hounds miserably degenerate." The Hon. Mr Grantley Berkeley in his general practice adhered to the use of what he styles "the superb gaze-hound of our shires," characterising all those he met with or obtained in Scotland as "deer-lurchers." But on the whole it would be difficult to put the case better, allowing for some natural exaggeration, than in the forcible words of the two brothers Sobieski-Stuart, who, although foreigners by birth, inherited a warm interest in all that concerned the Highlands, and obtained an acquaintance with native matters that was seldom equalled. According to their joint opinion—

"The noble breed, once common, yet in its perfection a gift for princes, is now [about 1832] fast verging to extinction; in the neglect of the last half-century their numbers having decreased to two families, by breeding in-and-in they are greatly degenerated; the only original stock remaining in the Highlands are those of Applecross (west) and Lochaber (central), and it is even a question if these are truly distinct. At any rate, all of the species existing in Scotland are of one or other of these stems, and so nearly related that in every litter it is a mere chance if a good whelp will be found; and as it is impossible to procure new blood to improve them, they must continually decline. The only remaining alternative for restoration is to import the rough Russian greyhound or the great Albanian dog: this last is the *grew* or Greek

[1] Wild Sports of the Highlands, published about 1842.

hound of the middle Ages, from whom is derived the race and name of all the true Western greyhounds; but it so greatly surpasses them in size, strength, and courage, that if clothed in the same shaggy coat, it would equal the Highland animal in stature. The decline of the present Scots breed is manifested not only by scarcity, but even more by diminution of weight, bone, and muscle, with the consequent disparity of their achievements. Formerly a single hound would pull down a cool deer; a superior dog, two or three in succession—

'A deer fell by every dog, three by Bran alone.'"

The authors here allude to "the depraved corruptions brought in by foreign (Southern) tenants of deer-forests, in the vain expectation of producing a breed of track-dogs equal to the pure breed; Goodrich's mongrel introductions, ferocious bull-baiting tigers, fighting devils without either scent or speed; whereas, on the old plan, greyhound and sleuth-hound were kept separate, *now* the attempt is to unite them; but most foolishly and unsuccessfully; . . . and among other qualities of the true mountain greyhounds or long-dogs, as reared by Highlanders, was one of no small importance that is lost—namely, that however much excited, they did not open voice on the hill.'

With the exception that the district of Badenoch, and the localities of Glenmoriston and Chesthill (southward) in Glenlyon, are left out, whilst no note is made of other detached places that should still have been taken into account,—also deducting Applecross, as before indicated on special authority,—the statistics last quoted were certainly not far from correct. In October of 1824 it is recorded that *Maida* died at Abbotsford; soon after which, the signal loss was as far as possible replaced by the presentation of two grand young pure-bred specimens, *Nimrod* and *Bran*, each of gigantic size, given by Glengarry and Cluny respectively.[1] On the part of young Cluny—then referred to by Sir Walter with marked interest—the occurrence was one which will be entitled to our express notice afterwards,—at any rate, Badenoch and Lochaber were quite adequate to supply such a gift, remaining, as they did, almost the sole neighbourhood where pure deer-hounds continued under joint use and breeding—principally, indeed, at Strathmashie (Colonel Mitchell's)

[1] Sir Walter Scott, writing some years afterwards to Miss Edgeworth (on her offer of real Irish wolf-dog). See Lockhart's Life of Scott, chap. lxxviii.

in the former district, and at Tirndrish (Rev. Dr Ross's) in the latter, though in both places amidst growing difficulty. Glengarry's case was, for the present purpose, most especially to be noted. When thus desirous, it would seem, to furnish a surpassing example of the original pure Glen "strain," he was under the necessity of having recourse to Mr Grant of Glenmoriston close by (where they were still bred) for the young dog he procured on the occasion; this circumstance being evident through a letter preserved by the Glenmoriston family, in which Sir Walter himself "gratefully acknowledges receipt, and expressed admiration of *Nimrod*."[1] There is at the same time good reason for thinking that Glengarry, throughout the very short remainder of his life, thereafter recurred to the old stock for his own hunting purposes. Mr Scrope says, "He latterly became convinced that his crosses were quite unsuitable for coursing, a form of the sport he kept up with ardour, and much disliked the risk of being beat at a match." Moreover, we know from Mr Peter Robertson, of the Black Mount, that "he, Glengarry, in 1825, presented to the Marquis of Breadalbane a most magnificent brace, *Glen* and *Garry*,—the former standing nearly 33 inches high at shoulder, and the bitch (*Garry*) 30; both rough, lightish grey colour, and they were perfectly pure, would not track a deer, but ran by sight only, and we thought much of them, as may be supposed." In January of 1828 Glengarry's marked career was prematurely cut short by the unfortunate disaster on Loch Linnhe, where, but for his characteristic generous impulsiveness, he might have escaped unhurt; and it is curious to find, as we do from his own old keeper and namesake, Alexander M'Donnell,[2] that "there was a leash of his best along with him in the steamer at the time, namely, *Trulais*—and she was as good a tracker as ever ran—and *Comhstrie*, who was thoroughbred, the best that ever I saw of any kind, and I am eighty-six years of age, and the best part of that time with Glengarry." Had he lived,

[1] Our authority is the direct information of a gentleman who saw the letter not long afterwards. The part taken by Glengarry seems to have been confined to the procuring, warranting, and naming of the dog.

[2] In his own letters, dated 1876-77.

it is indeed questionable whether, situated as he was in regard to other chiefs and to Southern strangers, the case could have been materially altered through his means. A year or so later, Dr Ross of Tirndrish was dead; his friend Colonel Mitchell of Strathmashie, in declining life, gave up active pursuit of hill-sport. Colonel David Ross, about the year 1831, returned finally home to Tirndrish from India, as keen and hale a stalker as ever, but "found his father's breed of deer-hounds much reduced in number and in other ways deteriorated, and set himself with great care to remedy matters on the point." Former associates were greatly scattered, whilst the surrounding district, in so far as free from sheep-farming, was to a large extent under close preservation by English noblemen, and oriental experience did not prove by any means the best fitted for counteracting these drawbacks to his object; nor, in all likelihood, were matters much mended in that respect because of "almost the whole remainder of the excellent Strathmashie kennel having passed into his hands by Colonel Mitchell's gift; including some blood of undoubted descent from the old Glengarry strain, through *Carnach* himself, who was perhaps the most famous deer-courser ever known in the Highlands."[1] In short, the entire existing stock everywhere may be best described in the words relatively used to us by a Highland gentleman of the old school, as having "gone altogether out of sight at the time."

It was, however, just then that they were energetically taken up, and by hands the most competent, with a view to decided restoration. Notice has been drawn in the opening chapter to West Coast and Island circumstances as having longest maintained the pure breed in vigour, until broken up and dispersed by the abrupt changes in leading proprietorships that took effect there earlier than throughout the main Highlands. Common consent has named the revival in question from one among the smallest outlying islands on the extreme south-west of Argyll, a direction where it does not appear that deer-hounds had at any previous time been specially

[1] From original details communicated by Colonel Ross's family.

kept up. The project was, in fact, first undertaken by two members of the Colonsay family, both of them amidst busy occupation as rising lawyers at the Edinburgh bar, fully conversant with all modern affairs, to which they certainly joined in no common degree a zeal for active hill-sport and the most thorough Highland nationality. These were Mr (Archibald) M'Neill (subsequently author of the well-known chapter in Scrope), and his eminent brother Duncan (afterwards Lord Colonsay), then Sheriff of Perthshire, whose own valued communications on the subject enable us to quote some particulars as regards the peculiar difficulty encountered. We are also favoured with additional interesting circumstances from the early recollection of a gentleman who, at the commencement of the design, rendered essential service in carrying it out — Donald Robertson, Esq. of Pennyghael, island of Mull.

Lord Colonsay says :[1]—

"Somewhere about 1831 my brother and myself set about collecting the best specimens of the blood that could be found, in order to restore the breed. Under the state of matters I have alluded to, it was fortunate we had the advantage of increased communication throughout the country, with local knowledge on our own part and on that of others who entered into the undertaking. In pursuing it we were assisted by the late Colonel David Ross, the late Mr Macpherson of Bealitch, the late Mr Mackenzie of Dundonald, by one of our brothers (now dead) who had shootings in the north, also by some friends in Perthshire, and others. We bred largely, and reared many to a certain age, but preserved at maturity only the very best—our object being the revival of genuine deer-coursing, then almost obsolete. That sport required that the dogs should in a high degree possess speed, endurance, courage, strength, and weight; accordingly much careful attention was necessary to selecting the proper breeders (parents), and thus securing the requisite coursing qualities. We were very successful, though at considerable cost as well as great pains, with frequent disappointment; and, consequently, for many years enjoyed the most exciting sport I ever engaged in. No gun was ever taken to the hill—the whole done by the dogs. I believe that our success gave a fresh impulse to the breeding of pure dogs. We were applied to from many quarters for puppies, and for the use of our stock dogs. We com-

[1] Writing on October 23, 1865, to the late Horatio Ross, Esq. of Rossie, for behoof of the present monograph.

plied with some of these requests, and in a few instances gave away good tried dogs and bitches. I agree with you"—the letter is to Mr (Horatio) Ross—"that a cross with the bloodhound or fox-hound may serve well for recovering wounded deer, and, accordingly, when deer-stalking came into vogue with the Southerners, and the Highland forests were being taken up by them, . . . the pure breed was in danger of disappearing. . . . The dog that sat for the statue of Sir Walter Scott in Princes Street was my dog *Torm*, who was perfectly pure, and one of the handsomest and best dogs I ever saw. He performed some splendid feats. . . . I may mention that in my ardent sporting days we got some dogs from Russia and from Greece, of breeds celebrated in those countries; but we did not find them equal to the Highland deer-hound for our work, and did not breed from them. The Russian hound is a rough dog, with lanky hair, and has tolerable speed and weight, and bites hard, but he does not fasten well. The Greek is smooth, with hanging ears, and is deficient in speed. . . ."

The following supplementary facts are given by Mr (Donald) Robertson of Mull:[1]—

"The *first* of the celebrated Colonsay dogs was got by me for the late Mr Archibald M'Neill, who at the outset took almost all the trouble in getting up the breed. He was quite an enthusiast in the matter, and it was he that, through myself, got *Buscar* from the Rev. Mr Irvine of Foss in Perthshire, and, if I remember right, he was bred by Mr Stewart of Foss. This would be about the year 1832. The dog was of a light-yellow colour, and very handsome. I afterwards got Mr M'Neill a pup from John Stewart, Esq. of Findgask, Strathtay. She was about three months old when I took her to Edinburgh, a very handsome animal, and from her and *Buscar* the Colonsay breed derived their origin. *Runa* was brindled, and not so showy in colour as the dog, but no better or gamer hound ever went on heather. Both were descended from what were known as the Rannoch and Glenlyon strain. Also, in the year 1834, a friend of Mr M'Neill's and mine, Alexander Stewart of Glencribisdale in Morven, gave Mr M'Neill a pup, by name *Bran*, that turned out one of the best deer-dogs I ever saw, and for speed, endurance, and courage at his game, I never knew his equal. On several occasions he killed full-grown stags single-handed in the height of the season. Another dog in Colonsay could and did, however, perform the like feats—namely, *Ossian*,

[1] In letter to Major (James) Robertson, May 1878 (for this monograph). The esteemed writer, a thorough Highland gentleman and deer-stalker, is now, alas! like too many of our most valued correspondents, numbered with those who have gone. In Donald Robertson, Esq. of Pennyghael, Mull, a wide circle of friends have now to lament one who stood high in their regard. His sudden death took place in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, February 17, 1880.

whose sire was the celebrated *Bran* that was painted by Duncan, the well-known artist. This last-mentioned *Bran* was Lord Colonsay's favourite, and was presented to him by his brother, Mr Forbes M'Neill, who got the dog from a priest in Sutherlandshire. . . . Mr Archibald M'Neill afterwards got a grand old dog from Colonel Ross of Tirndrish; and some of this dog's 'gets' took after him as to the grey colour, though not showing so well on the hill as the yellow dogs. In this manner, with great expense and trouble on the part of the M'Neill family, the improvement went on. . . . That breed of dogs were not known in the island before; . . . the Laird of Colonsay never had seen a deer-chase before, but for all that he now encouraged the sport, and was a grand specimen of the real old Highland gentleman, with six sons, . . ." than whom, to use the words of another correspondent, "better models in every manly respect, or truer Highlanders, never breasted the hillside."

The truth was, modern facilities had been well taken advantage of at the very nick of time, in order to catch up, as may be said, the old stock at its vanishing-point; and that in a manner, with regard to personal instrumentality, which in all likelihood could not have been successful in other hands than those of sportsmen, who were at once thoroughly native and yet largely in intercourse with the world. One or two other Highland gentlemen of like standing came immediately into concert with them, such as Lord Colonsay names in his letter above quoted; to whom may be added, from further information, Macdougal of the island of Lunga, (Duncan) Davidson of Tulloch in Ross-shire, and most notably (Horatio) Ross of Rossie. The latter, being well known in the highest circles throughout England for every accomplishment that attracts sporting note, was influential above all in making known the renewed vigour of the breed. Hence Lord Henry Bentinck at once took the matter up *con amore;* in which he was emulated by Sir St George Gore, Mr St John, Colonel Inge, and the Duke of Leeds,—who all, along with the M'Neills, have since had their names closely associated with the famous Colonsay dogs and their repute. Their performances had at first been confined to part of the island of Jura, where deer-ground had come into possession by the Colonsay family, the island deer affording a comparatively inadequate test; but Mr Forbes M'Neill

rented an extensive shooting in Sutherlandshire, on ground that allowed scope for full trial, and at stags often of the largest size, while the runs were in many cases "so level that a couple of deer-hounds could be followed with advantage when slipped at deer, without need of any weapon except the *skian-dhu* in the hose of the sportsmen severally, which in fact was very seldom required save to *gralloch* the venison; the light yellow colour also being mostly prevalent in the first Colonsay dogs, was considered an advantage in order not to lose sight of them."[1] Their field, however, rapidly widened. The "strain," wherever available, was taken up eagerly by Englishmen of rank; and with equal readiness, moreover, among merely local proprietors, as far as was compatible with the great value set upon the dogs. In regard to their essential qualities, it is unnecessary to adduce more than a few weighty sentences from Mr (Horatio) Ross of Rossie, writing a few years ago.

"My *Oscar*," says he, "was brother to the Lord Justice-General's [Lord Colonsay's] celebrated *Bran*, and was sire to some of the best in the Duke of Leeds's and Colonel Inge's noted kennels. . . . Lord H. Bentinck and Sir St George Gore bred more in concert with other owners, and, till they left the field, devoted great attention to the matter. My dog *Oscar* was of the perfectly pure blood. He not only possessed indomitable courage, but was faster than any smooth-haired greyhound, for I tried him with the winners of English cups, and he would always pass them, though he would not have won the prize at coursing-meetings, as he could not turn so quickly as the smooth greyhounds, and from his size and spring was of course apt to carry over his mark. I once saw him kill a young stag, leave it, passing the herd, kill a hind, and finish with a good-sized but aged stag, all of them unwounded otherwise." Nor was he at all singular in these points, for "similar feats were performed by a very noble hound, then the property of Mr Frazer, who tenanted the sheep-farm of Cruachie, upon the marches of the Monadh-Liath." "One of the most powerful and intrepid of the breed, belonging to the M'Neills, although single, and exhausted by previous work, gallantly sprang at a very large stag's throat when at bay, was tossed three times, and severely wounded, yet still renewed his hold, until the deer-stalker or courser got in and seized the stag by the horns, joined in the struggle, and ultimately

[1] Letter from Mr Snowie, gunmaker, Inverness, whose knowledge extended far back.

stabbed the animal."[1] *Brenda*, a bitch bred by the Duke of Leeds, and afterwards bought at his sale at Tattersall's by Lord Stamford for 150 guineas, when "cast," held on for nearly half an hour to a stag's antler at bay in the water, till she ultimately brought him to land. Major Robertson informs us (from the recollection of his uncle, Colonel David Ross of Tirndrish) that Colonel Ross on one occasion went up Glen Luag in Lochaber and slipped his *Oscar* at a deer. "*Oscar* brought him down hill, *Torrum* was then slipped at him and drove him into a deep pool of water, then fixed on his throat, whereupon dog and deer went out of sight, but came up holding the same grip to the finish. The present Duke of Wellington, then holding part of Lochiel's ground at Auchnacarry, happened to be in the glen, and saw the chase." The major adds that "Colonel Mitchell of Strathmashie, when handing over his kennel to Colonel Ross, had retained to himself a dog *Oscar*, who invariably singled out the largest stag in a herd for himself, and was never known to desist till he brought him down: and Lord James Murray told me," he writes, "of a similar case as above, of a Colonsay dog obtained by the late Duke of Atholl; the stag had been sorely pressed, so near a precipice over the river, that, when seized by the dog, both fell into the stream, and on coming to the surface the dog still maintained his hold on the deer's throat." Mr Donald Robertson, however, very appositely says, "The Colonsay breed, so far as I saw, or ever heard, never allowed their quarry to take bay, but pulled them down outright while running, by sheer speed and strength."

At the same time, Mr Snowie tells us :—

"In comparison with what were soon generally bred, they were of light weight as a rule, and their light colour also was found objectionable by some stalkers; so that the original grey, and the brindle, were very much regained through the Lochaber strain (which had come chiefly into Colonel David Ross's hands), and the size increased on the whole. . . . Of all the rearers of deer-hounds I ever knew, there was none who took the pains or was at the expense to get at every pure variety of each strain, equal to what was done by Sir St George Gore. He is known to have latterly bred to the utmost perfection, and in one case to have produced a pure dog of the extraordinary height of 34 inches at the shoulder. Their exploits fully corresponded to their quality; nor am I aware that large size was at that time found the objection it has nowadays come to be considered."

It seems, indeed, to have been the case that the special Colonsay stock had mainly risen into such perfection by availing itself of those

[1] Statement by Mr M'Neill, in Scrope's book.

detached and stray dogs of pure race which, as before said, were on the point of disappearing ere the movement toward restoration began ; and which, when thus promptly selected from, imparted new vigour to the whole breed, favoured by the prestige of so many eminent sportsmen. We name two portraits from among the most celebrated individuals — namely, Mr M'Neill's *Buscar* as painted by Landseer, and Lord Colonsay's *Bran* as painted by Duncan, as admirable, the latter especially. That can be seen in the National Gallery in Edinburgh, while the other appears in the frontispiece to Mr Scrope's well-known work. As concerns the animals themselves respectively, in the opinion of both masters and of other adequate judges, *Bran* was the superior in most points, being every way perfect ; but *Buscar*, to our mind, exhibits more distinctly the keen pointed muzzle, the wildly piercing gaze, the half-erect ears, and the characteristic bristle, while his actual performances in no way fell short of the best—as shown by his conduct when coursing "fresh" deer in Jura. His deficiency is seen in the want of length at the loin, and the apparent inferiority of power thereabouts.

Coursing, as distinguished from stalking, was by no means a practice that came again into wide use, even with Colonsay or main-Highland deer-hounds at command. Their employment for the most part consisted in being held at leash below or behind the sportsmen, while the stag in view was stalked, approached, and fired at ; thereafter being slipped at the stag when he bounded away, whether hit or not, and whether severely or slightly wounded. An excitement hitherto unknown among "Southerners" was thus added, in the intense interest, the sympathy—as it might be well called—when the keen hounds sped over every obstruction, over the hardest heather, aslant down the roughest "brae," from boulder to boulder, and up again in the stony rift of the corrie, perhaps by the edge of a dizzy precipice, or straight for the loch-side, if not right under some dashing waterfall,—all in suspense as to whether deer or hounds should get the best of it. It was seldom that the dogs of that day ever failed, or that the gun or dirk was needed to help them.

Generally speaking, "the same pair were fit for two, or even three, chases in a week; whereas the best of the former heavy half-bred animals were done up with a single run in that period of time, and, if at all bold, often received very severe injuries;"[1] though the pure breed certainly did not always come off scot-free. In all this stirring sport, British peers, distinguished officers, and gentlemen of the highest standing throughout the three kingdoms enjoyed a recreation far superior to what was notoriously engaged in by many of their compeers on the English racing and coursing turf; to say nothing of the reckless betting and gambling that prevailed in fashionable life during the period. Low-country fox-hunting, with all its jollity, fell by comparison into the shade. Next to war itself—of which there was then little going on throughout the world—these sportsmen found here a scope in some measure for the ardent spirit that must have a vent. Probably never before in history, nor since, did an assemblage of men gather that could equal, physically or mentally, those who were then afoot over the Highland mountains, enjoying matchless wild sport; and it is no exaggeration to say that a main part of their engrossing excitement was derived through the dogs, which, by all accounts, were worthy of the men and of the noble game. With all the said enjoyment, moreover, there was not seldom combined, through this same means, the further zest that turned upon rivalry. The emulation generally was, who should put the best leashes upon the hill. Between the pairs, or as testing the comparative powers of individuals in a brace, matches often occurred; and bets, though seldom to any serious amount, were laid upon the issue.

There is, nevertheless, another side of the picture. Mr Scrope's case is, from every point of view, a curious one. Mingling in some of the brilliant circles thus formed at the stalking seasons over Scotland, remarkable at the same time for his skill, knowledge, and accomplishment in everything relating to forest-craft and the chase, in his book he writes as follows, of this very time, when he was

[1] Letter from Mr (Donald) Robertson, of Mull.

annually frequenting the North for stalking purposes, enjoying ducal hospitality in the most ample degree, and on terms of good, if not intimate, acquaintance with principal owners of the Colonsay stock :—

"The best sort of dog for the purpose would unquestionably be the original Scotch or Irish one; but of this noble animal I shall myself say nothing, . . . not being in possession of any of the celebrated race, . . . which are now indeed very rare; and finding that all the dogs in the forest of Athole were miserably degenerate, I bred some litters from a fox-hound and greyhound, the fox-hound being the father. This cross answered perfectly. . . . "

We for the present say nothing about the widespread use which this substitute breed of Mr Scrope's thereafter attained. He had previously, as he tells us more at large, gone through a series of experiments of the same kind with so-called deer-hound stock, obtained as he best could, though not from quarters the most to be depended upon ; and had found himself thus producing what he terms "such monstrosities and useless hybrids" that he altogether gave up their line of genealogy for his purpose. The singularity to our view lies in the fact that, notwithstanding his position, opportunities, evident zeal, and undoubted means so far, no facilities were put in his power from any competent source, in order to have made him possessor of genuine deer-hounds with the "Colonsay" guarantee. The truth was, that those were the days when Colonsay or similar dogs were not only above a money price, but almost beyond procuring "for love." Among the principal restorers of the breed themselves, it is known that at least one incident took place which speaks for itself. Specially valued stock was sought to be imparted from one particular kennel, by the owner of another, who took a foremost share in the movement; and this being withheld on the one side, on the other part a surreptitious attempt was made, and, through means of a handsome *douceur* to a keeper, was successfully carried out; nor did the consequent indignation of the original possessor easily pass off. A single dog of the breed, or a puppy—however numerous the

litter—was correspondingly difficult to obtain. When in any way such came into the hands of outsiders, the strong odds were that it proved to be far on in its "cast" stage, or had been secretly reserved from the tub or pond whither all surplus stock had been consigned. The rare exceptions that appeared anywhere were proverbially of the female sex, and mostly in directions where the propagation of pure descendants was improbable. Yet on the acquisition or denial of such a gift canvassing for parliamentary representation was believed to turn, in days when politics ran high, and when some one beyond the aristocratic deer-stalking circles, who had votes at command, was eager for a specimen of the Colonsay strain. It was the rule with the late Earl de Folcoville, which no keeper dared to break, that no puppy of either sex should be preserved beyond the number required for his lordship's own forest, unless some very much honoured fellow-stalker had applied for one. As in process of time his lordship's intimate contemporaries became fewer and fewer, this disposition seems to have become intensified on his part to something almost monomaniacal. Onward from the date when the earl had valued the Colonsay strain pretty much like "the man who wished to reserve the enjoyment of Horace for himself and a few friends," he seems to have become an absolute dilettante, if not a miser, regarding them. About the year 1842, in our own early boyhood, we remember his lordship well, as he used to ride down to the *Clachan* of Inveraraidh from his shooting-lodge in Drumdhu Forest, on his thoroughbred horse; himself a remaining example of the veteran military marksmen before alluded to, more eagle-faced than ever, no doubt, though the eagle eye had got dim, and he probably could not make very sure with the rifle. It was the first we had ever seen of either Highland glens or lochs, or of their English deer-stalkers, including the native ones and their dogs too. At that time Lord de Folcoville was known to collect the latter, when pure bred, as a connoisseur would do with Rembrandts and Hobbimas: he had a most manifest eye toward an uncommonly grand dog belonging to our kind old host in Glen Buart, worthy

Major M'Voil—a dog that laid the first foundation of our affections for his race, and in connection with which some of us Glen schoolboys had afterwards good cause to remember the earl, whereof more anon. What bears at present on the point is, that none of his own numerous kennel were ever seen beyond the bounds of Drumdhu Forest, in Scotland at least. At the end of each season, when he himself left for the South, all of them that were pure bred were taken away along with him; and in the same manner they were brought back with him on his annual return. The mode of their conveyance was in a van, or vans, expressly constructed for the purpose; and when the railway system extended north as far as Perth, where an opportunity sometimes occurred for seeing round into their special carriage, caged like a menagerie, but open only toward the off side, we know from good authority that it was altogether a wonder to behold. Specimens were there visible, not now as yet at all equalled by our most zealous present-day exhibitors, and for a single graft of whose strain, now lost, some of these would give "a Jew's eye." From their noble owner, ultimately, it was hopeless to think of any such participation, wheresoever desired, whether by favour or through chance. When his demise occurred, the natural result as regards that matchless kennel had already taken place; its peculiar virtue was gone, and the "Drumdhu blood" may well be affirmed to have died with him.

When, in 1838, Mr Scrope published his able volume, with Mr M'Neill's special chapter on this subject, he thereby supplied, we may say, what was a perfectly new disclosure to the great majority of sportsmen everywhere, even Scotch Highlanders not excepted. The true breed was thus for the first time accurately described, and their real capabilities made known with positive verification by a master hand, from familiar experience. It induced a widely felt desire for more particulars on some points than the mode of publication had allowed, or than was thought desirable, apparently, on the part of those who were best informed. Forest circumstances, and the exclusiveness that held sway in deer-stalking circles, did not at the

time tend to such knowledge being further made public, if even carried out to any lasting effect in practice; and in both respects the very opposite may without challenge be affirmed to have latterly taken place throughout the North. So much so, that in quarters the most looked to, little or no fresh information of a reliable sort is forthcoming to outsiders. The facts when touched upon by good English manuals, and similar works, are ordinarily transmitted verbatim from Scrope—except in so far as additions may have been made from miscellaneous anecdote, from opinions of technical men, or from amateur fancy. Mr M'Neill's monograph, masterly as it was, treated the practical part of the subject in a short paragraph or two; gave no information as to the local sources whence supply could be derived, or the precise manner of breeding: the remainder of his account is taken up with a most interesting and scholarly epitome of the ancient derivation of the race, and with a very graphic sketch of the performances of individual dogs on a particular occasion, which fully evinces his own sportsmanlike knowledge and ardour. No one was afterwards so well aware as its accomplished author under what disadvantage to his practical object the account remained, within space so restricted; nor did any man better know how subsequent changes affected the position of the breed in reference to use on the field. Since the time referred to in his published statement, the resort from all quarters to the North has immensely increased, the forest system has been developed to an extent beyond proportion great, and the ambiguity that has prevailed with regard to our subject has become greater still.

It is true that, as Mr St John says—speaking of the period about 1842—"the pure breed had now become comparatively plentiful in all the Highland districts, owing to the increased extent of the preserved forests, and the trouble taken by different proprietors and renters of mountain shootings, who have collected and bred this noble race of dogs regardless of expense and difficulties;" and, as he adds, "the prices given for well-bred and tried dogs of this kind are so large as to repay the cost and trouble of

rearing them, so that 50 guineas is not an unusual price for a first-rate dog, while from 20 to 30 are often given for a tolerable one." He speaks of having seen "some magnificent ones at Aultnaharra," far north on the vast Sutherland property, where foresting had been widely resumed; he also mentions his having "obtained a splendid brace from a Highland poacher," which he describes with suitable gusto. So far, however, as regarded minor shootings and the holdings of small proprietors, or the tenantry in general, there was a more than ever decided discouragement given to the using—nay, even to the keeping—for any ostensible reason, of such a dog. The chance of disturbance to a forest, or in other cases where sheep abounded and grouse were the prevailing object, all tended to the well-known effect that the ordinary Highlander was looked upon jealously if he possessed so much as a deer-hound puppy; and local breeding was thus increasingly set aside, except in such ways as Mr St John describes. Prejudicial although Highland clanship had latterly and at former times been to the breed, the same divided system had at other periods been a benefit to it, by promoting rivalry in excellence, and by forming into marked but vigorous "strains"; whereas now they were even more and more collected under a comparatively few individual owners. The kennel system was in the ascendant: twenty couple, all of the pure kind, were not at all an exceptional complement for a noble forest-holder to possess, besides the numerous trackers and terriers for keepers' use. The pedigrees in most cases, as we could show, were traceable up to a very narrow line. Breeding "in-and-in"—a practice which the deer-hound has proved singularly capable of without immediate detriment—took place to an extent that brought back with multiplied force the old complaints of infertility, degeneracy, and "distemper" of the most inveterate type. To this latter ailment some kennels were peculiarly subject (such as the Duke of Leeds's, and afterwards, as we have been especially told, Lord Dalhousie's at Invermark). All were notorious for it, although the fact seemed chiefly to come out in detached specimens that were obtained else-

where, while the disease was almost unknown in forests where the cross-breeds prevailed. In the last place, it has to be pointed out that virtually the genuine breed became transferred—not only to English hands, but to England as its locality, except during the stalking season. Among lately arriving strangers from the South—particularly of the middle-class, who more and more entered the country—the ignorance that existed regarding the various kinds of dogs employed was great; and it was not made less so by contact with Celtic guidance of the lower sort, but, on the contrary, was thus often subject to gross imposition. Hence a wealthy lessee or new proprietor of thorough Anglo-Saxon stamp, if he aspired to deer-stalking, seldom entered with any heart into those departments of the sport where the proper hounds were required. They certainly received, for some few years onward from the season of 1848-49, a memorable addition to their prestige that did much to sustain them in conspicuous use. The brilliant but too brief tenure of their highest modern glory began when, through means of that first-rate stalker, Campbell of Monzie, H.R.H. the Prince Consort took his first lessons in the art. Mr Campbell at the same time brought the dogs into a favour which the Prince continued till the last, and which has never since ceased to be illustrious. The principal Monzie dogs came, as we know, of the best stock that Colonel David Ross had possessed in Lochaber, whence the royal kennel thus mainly founded its high quality; and afterwards from Black Mount an important accession was obtained, ultimately bringing up to perfection what Mr Cole, the Windsor head-keeper, had from the first established, till finally the new blood was recruited with advantage from the Imperial Russian presents of pure "Siberian" wolf-hounds or greyhounds to the Prince of Wales—these latter a breed, in fact, virtually identical with the most ancient Scottish and Irish race. Who is unaware of the associations that hence attach so strikingly to the dogs still used at Balmoral? Of their present-day feats, along with those of others now at work in the North, something has to be said in a subsequent chapter. That was doubtless the

crowning period of their repute, yet behind it all there can be no question as to the fact that a disadvantageous change had taken place.

Of improved cross-breeds in general, and of Mr Scrope's in particular, something more will fall to be said later on. Meanwhile, to close in a sentence or two, it should be said that Mr Scrope's strong recommendation had gone the one way, while his conspicuous practice had been forced by exterior causes to go in the very reverse direction. At the point where the Colonsay monograph left him and stopped short, his own track had thus branched off in a manner that remains perfectly visible, in the form of the efficient cross-breed he established, and which, if it were at any time lost, could in fact always be produced again, according to the same *récipé*. But on the other—to wit, the true deer-hound side—there appears to have been laid by keepers, by foresters, and by great forest-holders, so to speak a stone for the purpose of covering the scent—like that which "Glengarry's" people used to put upon the slot of a deer till the following day, when their celebrated *Bran* was in his prime. Might it not be well believed that they shaped their said covering-block in the very form of the standard volume referred to above, round which sundry entanglements and thorns of native growth were carefully disposed, and have continued to flourish, so as to render the actual use of true deer-hounds, to all practical intents and purposes, a myth since then?

CHAPTER III.

1856—DEER-HOUNDS WANTED FOR AUSTRALIA—TWO GOOD SPECIMENS PROCURED—STATISTICS OF PURE BREEDING IN SCOTLAND—HOW MODERN DEER-HOUND BREEDING HAS BEEN CARRIED ON TO THE PRESENT DAY—A PURE DEER-HOUND BREEDER, MR JOHN MACDONALD OF GLEN NEVIS DISTILLERY, "LONG JOHN"—DR JOYCE—LARGE NUMBER OF DOGS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE—COLONEL JAMES ROBERTSON—MR SYDNEY DOBELL—CAPTAIN GRAHAM—MR WRIGHT-OSMASTON AND OTHERS—SALE OF DUKE OF LEEDS'S DOGS—RECIPROCAL BENEFITS BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH—ENGLISH AMATEURS—DOG-SHOWS—EARL OF STAMFORD'S *BRAN* AND *BRENDA*—COLONEL ROBERTSON'S *OSCAR*—MR HICKMANN'S *MORNI*—ACCURATE MEASUREMENTS OF ENGLISH JUDGES—DOG-SHOWS IN SCOTLAND—THE BALMORAL CASTLE DOGS—THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S—SIR SIMON FRAZER'S—BIRMINGHAM DOG-SHOWS—LOCAL SHOWS—THEIR BENEFIT.

SOME years back the present writer happened to want a young pair of deer-hounds for a friend abroad, and took steps accordingly for obtaining them. They were not to be employed in the chase of deer, nor of any other game or wild animal that is to be met with in foreign parts generally, or in the majority of our colonies, but for sporting requirements in Southern Australia, mainly on the wide plains, among the rough scrub, bush-slopes, and difficult "water-holes," where big kangaroo abound. The indispensable condition was that the young "saplings" in question should be thoroughbred, strictly characterised by the bone, power, keenness, and hardihood that mark the right sort; no "ground-scenters," nor otherwise betraying signs of the intermixture known to be prevalent throughout modern Scotch forests.

We then knew nothing in particular of these dogs, further than as indicated in a foregoing reference, through accidental contact with some of the best, yet at a time of life too early for accurate knowledge, and that only at one or two short intervals in the school holidays—when the aforesaid Glen Buart used to be our vacation resort, owing to the kind hospitality of our Australian friend's worthy father, as fine a model of the Highland gentleman as ever breathed. Few better judges could latterly have been found than his son, our quondam schoolfellow and companion, who during his whole life had been accustomed to hill-sport, and, before college days ended, had been in the habit of actively pursuing it around his West Highland home. Moreover, ever since his departure to follow out colonial sheep-farming, he had continued to hunt at every opportunity, using the local kangaroo-dog, with such occasional benefit from the pure home breed as he could come across; until, at the date above specified, he found himself in a position to afford some considerably increased expenditure on sporting matters. From his correspondence it was clear that no suitable supply for his purpose could be counted upon from the old quarter, where at a previous period it could have been amply furnished. None of his own family continued to reside there; former tenantry were gone; old neighbours had removed or changed in various ways; and as to the adjacent great forest, whatever its relative ability, to have appealed there was out of the question for either of us, considering the well-known tenacious memory of the grim old head-forester, who still held the management, to say nothing of that important functionary, the "factor." His lordship himself, indeed, still survived, whether coming down from England or not; and *he* never forgot a name, even if faces could fade from his remembrance, supposing they had by any chance happened to come again under his lofty observation. Our measures and applications were therefore chiefly directed elsewhere, extending, in fact, before long over a wide surface throughout the North.

By dint of trouble, inquiry, and considerable expense, the two

desired specimens were procured, from as many different quarters; were guaranteed, fairly proved by every available token, and carefully subjected to every direct test that could be brought to bear. What with gradual development in the one case of most undeniably mongrel traits, and on the other hand of speedy and mortal "distemper," the first trial turned out a decided failure. Upon judicious advice from an expert in the matter, fresh means were next resorted to, which, within a reasonable interval, by help of some favouring circumstances, resulted in such a degree of success as, on the whole, satisfied our friend for the time. The young hounds stood the voyage well, were duly received, and heartily acknowledged, whereafter good accounts came to hand as regarded their doings, in comparison with the heavy mastiff-bred lurchers or light greyhound-like coursers that hitherto had almost exclusively flourished along the rivers Murray and Darling, and at the Antipodes in general, for hunting purposes.

But our own technical standard had meanwhile begun to be formed, and by degrees rose higher during the process just mentioned. There is, as need scarce be said, a tendency difficult to resist when any such course has been once entered upon, that closely resembles a fascination; and from some cause still unaccountable to us, many persons seem to have found this impulse peculiarly strong in reference to the deer-hound—

> "Facilis descensus Averni;
> Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:
> Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est."

Would that it had been as Frenchmen have more succinctly put it, in matters of a less precarious kind—

> "N'est-ce que le premier pas qui coûte."

In short, the endless course of breeding to a standard of improvement was rashly set out upon, in utter unconsciousness as to the toils, disappointments, cost, and anxiety which lay before one who entered on that dangerous path. So was it, besides, that from

former happy ignorance as to the history and nature of individual specimens, of collected kennels, of distinct strains, also of the breed at large, and of the ancient race as a whole, there was reached a stage of comparative intelligence on the entire subject, through pains which doubtless could never be adequately rewarded. It would be tedious even to allude to the experience thence gained, as regards the involved peculiarities of high Norman ownership, the consequent discovery of strange windings in Celtic character, with the unpleasant traits or otherwise that mark the class of keepers, hillmen, poachers, and attendants in general upon all that concerns Highland sport; not least singular, amidst it, being the effect produced upon bluff Anglo-Saxon character when entangled in forest mysteries. Wide compensation was nevertheless obtained by the way. To this quest are due some of the most valued acquaintanceships—nay, friendships—which it has ever been our happiness to form. Much curious epistolary correspondence has been received, including some of the most interesting letters we possess, and which we only regret our inability sufficiently to use. A subject that has elicited the contributions referred to, and engrossed so much care on the part of the writers, cannot, we are persuaded, deserve less than our utmost effort to set it forth. Our object here is, within the limits of a chapter, to note how actively modern deer-hound breeding has been carried on to the present day, and to indicate its marked growth into conspicuous practical results, as well as its interest, not only for amateurs, but for sportsmen and others.

Of this, in its practical and other results, we may without presumption say—

"Cujus . . . pars fuimus."

The progress of our information on the matter soon made clear—what was, as has already been stated, the current impression among competent judges—that the breed was again becoming extremely scarce, and, unless favoured through some unlikely turn of circum-

stances, in a sure way to speedy disappearance for good. The *pure* breed, be it understood, is alone here spoken of. Without going into details as before, it is only necessary to mention two or three principal causes of this latter decline in their condition—namely, the almost simultaneous retirement of many prominent upholders from the field, who had originally come forward in a similar contemporaneous way; the want of any concerted or systematic breeding in connection with actual field-use; the transference of fine kennels to England, and their nearly concurrent sale by auction to all and sundry—generally speaking, to amateur or fancy purchasers; to which should be added the wide increase of "distemper" or of infertility, the spread of cross-breeds, also the prescriptive custom of forests in adhering to their first usage in this respect, along with the strongly personal peculiarities of some leading sportsmen, and the ignorance of many others. A comparative stand-still had indeed taken place in the previously rapid increase of deer-ranges, and the recollection of many experienced stalkers of the present day may be appealed to as testifying to the facts above indicated. Very little space will serve to despatch the statistics of pure breeding in Scotland about the year 1859-60, and for a considerable time onward.

The only pure breeder, strictly speaking, who can be mentioned within the writer's knowledge at that date in the Highlands, was one who properly belonged to a somewhat earlier period—namely, the well-known Mr John Macdonald of Glen Nevis Distillery (familiarly called "Long John"), a strong supporter of deer-hound excellence, and enjoying frequent opportunities of using his dogs on the ground of neighbouring proprietors. Recourse was often made to him for supply, whether for forest purposes or in order to use abroad in the colonies or elsewhere. To him may be added Maclaren, the stalwart innkeeper at Dalwhinnie, on the main road between Perthshire and Inverness-shire; in whose instance the strain was avowedly founded on an original colley stock, with subsequent benefit from the numerous passing chances which were obtained in that locality; and it is known that several of his dogs did well when taken abroad,

in particular one that deserves after reference. Moreover, a man named William Fogo, an under ex-keeper from the Highlands—who in some measure filled the place in Edinburgh that Bill George long did in London—professed to be able to put his hand at any time on a good deer-hound, as on most other varieties of the species. He was at all events tolerably well aware of the likeliest quarters throughout the North, and in the country at large, where it was not an uncommon circumstance, just then, that single specimens could be heard of as existing apart. The latter feature of the case was in reality by no means a good sign, since it generally proceeded from the fact that their deer-stalking patrons were leaving the field, having been succeeded by sportsmen of a different school; and such chance waifs were not only apt to disappear with suddenness, but if found, and accessible, they often proved from some cause or other to be of no avail. In knowledge as to such points, Fogo was unequalled; and profiting by his help, a commencement had been made in the undertaking now referred to, by a medical gentleman from the Sister Isle, Dr Joyce, then resident and practising in Edinburgh—than whom, probably, no single individual ever did more in the cause. He had, by a year or two, anticipated the author in taking it up, and was of no small advantage to the ensuing steps which were for a time pursued by the latter in connection with him. Dr Joyce's sporting proclivities were strong; he was in the habit of shooting regularly on moors held by friends of his, and, although not possessing direct access to any forest, obtained benefit on various occasions to our mutual object from sources of that nature. The present writer was himself then in a like position with regard to deer-stalking opportunities, and when afterwards such desirable scope might have been enjoyed by him, he had become unable to profit by the offer, owing to the permanent effect of a severe accident, which shut him out thenceforward from entering into almost any field-sport, still more from anything like mountaineering work. He did meanwhile, however, share the said enterprise with a zeal second to none. By both coadjutors from the first outset, a point

was always made of breeding as far as possible from stock that had been in actual use after deer, and still more in having the young dogs put to work at the right time, fully tested, and trained accordingly, so as to promote what has doubtless been too much overlooked through exclusive amateurship—namely, the sustainment of essential qualities by constant use in the chase. Notwithstanding various difficulties, considerable success was so far attained. A serious drawback befell the whole project, when advanced only by a year or two, in the departure of Dr Joyce to take advantage of an important professional opening in Buenos Ayres. It was at this stage that, by the accident of casually seeing an advertisement in the 'Field' newspaper—an organ hitherto seldom seen by the author—a most unexpected but welcome discovery was made by him of the fact that others, in England, were simultaneously engaged for the *same* purpose as his own. Correspondence ensued, and through the information thus gained it was found that, by whatever curious coincidence, the circle of such English amateurs had become numerous.

Gloucestershire turned out to be the quarter in which the greatest number of these were concentrated—where, in addition to the characteristic technical knowledge possessed by many Englishmen, much benefit resulted from close concert, with, moreover, the vicinity to a region still stocked with wild red-deer and systematically hunted, in Exmoor; besides which they were amidst a thoroughly sporting country, surrounded by deer-parks that could in several cases be made available in connection with their object. Foremost to be named is our valued correspondent, Major (James) Robertson (after lieutenant-colonel), at that time resident in Gloucester, although annually repairing to the north of Scotland to shoot; who then largely kept up the famous pure deer-hound blood of his uncle, Colonel David Ross, already adverted to in our monograph. In conjunction with him for that purpose, the late Mr Sydney Dobell, the poet, did much to bring about the ultimate result. Added to these were Captain Graham of Rednock, Dursley, who similarly occupied himself, and is now noted as the successful restorer of the

grand Irish wolf-dog type, through an amount of care and skill very rarely if ever equalled. His friend Captain Mosse, and others about the same neighbourhood, joined in the design. Prominence, above almost all besides, must be given to Mr Wright-Osmaston, of Osmaston Manor, Derbyshire (then of Yeldersley Hall, in the same county), who, without exception, stood highest as a scientific breeder, with unbounded means for carrying out his views; as had been shown not only in the present connection but also with regard to the highest class of horses, and to valuable live stock in general. In Manchester there was Mr J. R. G. Barr, of Longsight House, who devoted himself engrossingly to the special object; in Birmingham, Mr G. Hickman, of the Inner Temple, London, a similarly zealous amateur; in Nottingham, Mr Arthur Parsons, by no means the least meritorious of the number; and there were others elsewhere, too numerous to mention. A great impulse and furtherance had been received by most of them from the memorable sales of the Duke of Leeds's and Colonel Inge's kennels, besides similar less conspicuous breakings-up of Northern forest establishments, which, in so far as anything like systematic breeding was concerned, took effect in England only. In England, the process was favoured by a very wide diffusion of the "fancying" turn, along with the skill, the ample means, the unstinted expenditure, and the large knowledge of what stock was to be had in other countries, which were all liberally brought to bear by Englishmen in carrying out such tastes; to which must be added the completeness of facilities for the purpose, extending all over the kingdom in respect of railway, postal, and even telegraphic communication. Finally, there came to their aid that remarkable institution of the most modern times, the Dog Show.

On our own part it may be said, nevertheless, that reciprocal benefits ensued through the above-mentioned interchange between North and South. In Scotland, we had certain advantages from direct first-hand knowledge of the oldest local sources to be resorted to, along with similar information in regard of the prac-

tical outcome; also a position affording us individually a greater scope in respect to the whole circle of breeders everywhere, whether these were actual deer-stalkers or merely amateur. The late Colonel James Robertson of Gloucester (and of Timdreshen, Inverness-shire), most fortunately changed his place of abode to a Highland residence, where he continued to breed in concert with ourselves. Our unremitting aim throughout was to sustain perfect purity, and at the same time to bring out every working point at its best; whilst in particular we had an eye to the restoration of *size* as an essential characteristic. From first to last, and this with great trouble as well as cost, we "bred *out*"; perhaps too exclusively so, since in the opinion of the most systematic breeders (such as Mr Wright-Osmaston) an opposite course is at times desirable—namely, to "bring the blood together again" at frequent stages. However, the result has been that as great a variety of pure pedigrees could be shown to combine in our "strain" as in any now existing, if not in fact greater. We have never directly availed ourselves of the Dog Shows, in the way of exhibiting; although, through others, we have had a share in the assistance to be gained from these institutions, and as regards a successful result in the actual field, at home and abroad, we have reason to feel tolerably well satisfied there.

As regards the principal amateurs of this breed, in England, above named, it is due also to notice that their original procedure in the matter was in no respect initiated by any help on the part of such merely dilettante "fanciers" and sporting men at large as those at whose instance the general dog-showing movement began. Years before the latter idea took shape, the former had already made way to a degree which assured its eventual success; although that was no doubt when brought into connection with the new scheme. The Dog Shows, after some preliminary experiments beginning about the year 1857, may be said to have fairly commenced with the First Great International Show in 1859, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London; where the newspapers report that "for the first

time in particular the show is perfect in its inclusiveness of all dogs used in field-sports," and their account proceeds as quoted below :—

"The Earl of Stamford was great in Scotch deer-hounds, the redoubtable *Bran* being among them; for the mother of which magnificent animal, a superb bitch called *Brenda*, his lordship gave a fabulous price." "And there," says another reporter, "are those splendid animals, the deer-hounds, with their fine and powerful shape, and beautiful long grey hair. These are the ministers of a sport which has almost become traditional in England, but to which history, poetry, and romance combine to give an undying interest." A third journalist adds, "*Lynx*, a glorious fellow, took a second prize; but so fully persuaded were we of his superiority that we should, for our own part, have given him a first:" and along with this statement there is given a picture of *Lynx*, as seen amidst a miscellany of dogs of all sorts; but, judging from his extraordinarily, if not impossibly, long muzzle, want of chest, and altogether leggy effect, we ourselves should not be at all inclined to agree with the newspaper writer. The judge in our special division was that distinguished deer-stalker, Lord Bury, and we have it stated on his authority, as given in newspapers of the day, that "the deer-hounds were excellent, Lord Stamford's taking the head of the display." At the second show there, in 1862, continued advance was perceptible, and though Colonel Leslie was conjoined with Lord Bury in the decision as to deer-hounds, "it was difficult to adjudge the superiority of merit amidst rivalry so strong,"—so much so, indeed, that a leading London newspaper well characterised this show as follows: "That Lord Stamford's dog *Bran* should have now come off second in the class of deer-hounds speaks for the high character of the competition, in which *Oscar*, belonging to Mr Bridge (of The Sandpit, Windsor Park), got first prize. . . . The immense hound, *Marquis*, exhibited by Mrs Brassey, is an enormously powerful brute, but rather too heavily built." In regard to the third London show, styled "The Third Great International," we are told by influential journals of that day, "It ranks as the best that has hitherto been formed. . . . Mr Kenneth's *Lion*, a cross between English mastiff and Scotch deer-hound, is a picturesque combination of the father's massiveness and the mother's grace. . . . *Alder*, bred by Sir J. Macneil, takes the first prize in this class (27 deer-hounds). *Beirs*, by *Scott*, out of Mr Sydney Dobell's *Maida*, is another prize-taker in the same gracefully wiry group."

Thenceforward Birmingham, however, became somehow the centre of dog-exhibiting—probably as occupying a more suitable midland position—where the shows have been regularly kept up year by year since their commencement till the present day. In addition to which, numerous provincial and district shows have spread over

England, extending even to Paris—the latter capital not falling far below England in its emulation on matters connected with *Le Sport*. At the great majority of them, deer-hounds have constituted a leading feature among what newspapers call by that convenient term, "the exhibits." At Birmingham, which may be allowed to furnish the criterion, first the Colonsay dog *Alder* bore off the palm; succeeded by Mr Field's *Earl*, a favourite and technically approved example; which was soon superseded by more than one of Mr Wright-Osmaston's fine specimens, originally derived from the noted kennel of the late Duke of Leeds.

Colonel (James) Robertson's *Oscar*, in two successive years (1866 and 1867), then took first prize, and would undoubtedly have done so a third time but from accidental circumstances. This was a decided bringing to the front, once more, of Scotch-bred dogs, used in actual hill-work. And subsequently the champion and the most widely admired prize-taker was Mr Musters's *Torrum*, bred by "Lochiel"—the largest deer-hound, probably, exhibited in England from the outset of dog-showing till within late years; standing, as he did, about 33 inches at the shoulder, though for practical purposes little to be approved, from his too bulky form and woolly coat. But of all the candidates as yet seen at shows, in whatever place, the most successful has been, and was until within a short period from his recent death, Mr Hickmann of Birmingham's *Morni*, bred direct from Colonel Robertson's line: a perfectly formed and most characteristic model, being lengthy, with firm hard coat, excellent head, and every other point correct, although in height not above $30\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

It should be observed that English technical men, breeders and judges at shows, are laudably strict in their measurements, often reducing the somewhat loose estimates of owners to a considerably different figure; yet the average height of the pure deer-hound has, under their hands, been steadily brought up from about 28 inches—which, in previous times, constituted the rule—to at least 30 inches. This standard, however it may compare with what had existed in

former days, must be acknowledged as a decided advance. In this section of our notices it only remains to point out how the movement latterly extended to Scotland, with a few sentences of quotation to indicate what has been done there. The truth is, that sportsmen of that date actually on the field, and leading deer-stalkers in particular, may be seen to have held altogether aloof from taking part in the above desirable measures to improve the breed; apparently either looking upon the said procedure as a matter of mere amateurship, or else considering the object itself, even if attained, to be impracticable, owing to the disuse of the dog in question for forest purposes.

After two or three comparatively obscure attempts to get up shows in Scotland, chiefly on the part of local "sporting" men and fanciers about Glasgow, we find it reported that at length "a most successful canine show was inaugurated in this city" (namely, Glasgow), which was annually renewed; and Edinburgh soon followed suit—afterwards imitated by provincial counties, with their pet varieties, also by shepherds at agricultural and grazier exhibitions in the pastoral districts, and by such fraternities as the "Gamekeepers' Association" throughout the North. Whenever, among these, deer-hounds were shown, if the prizes were at all worth while, English amateurs invariably sent down their prize-takers and carried off the awards; but several influential and noteworthy shows were established in Highland parts of the country in vicinity to forests, and conspicuously promoted from high quarters, led by the example of Royalty itself. At all such meetings deer-hounds were represented with increasing prominence. At Aberdeen and Inverness this was particularly the case, from about the year 1874, in reference to which period we find leading newspapers drawing express attention to the opinions of the judges as follows: "At Inverness (September 1876) deer-hounds are not numerous, but they are good. . . . More attention seems now to be paid to this important class of dogs, in reference to actual use; . . . the deer-hounds are extra good." In regard to Aberdeen, and

latterly to other places, we have similar statements: "A leading judge has been the late Mr Horatio Ross of Rossie and Wyvis, well supported by neighbour forest-holders and deer-stalkers. . . . The Balmoral Castle dogs, the Duke of Sutherland's, Sir Simon Frazer's, and those of some others well known in Aberdeenshire, stood pre-eminent, so much so as to render it difficult where to adjudge the palm, while local emulation had been growingly called out." Amidst all this, the descendants of Mr Menzies of Chesthill's (Glen Lyon, Perthshire) remarkable dogs came up into merited recognition through the hands of Mr Potter, M.P., and also, we believe, of the Messrs Addie, Coatbridge (Lanarkshire), whose prize-takers we trace to the genuine old origin first named. On September 21, 1877, we find from prizes taken at Inverness for deer-hounds—severally by A. D. Maclellan, Corry House; by Mr David Mackintosh, Glenedy (second prize); and by Mr D. G. Forbes, of Milburn, Inverness—that the north of Scotland decidedly tended to renew its prestige in the matter.

Such local shows, however, confined to a district, appear in our judgment to be greatly more purpose-like than do most exhibitions which are called "National" and "International." Yet on the whole there can, for the present, be no doubt entertained that the breed has been at once greatly multiplied, firmly established beyond chance of being lost, and brought back to increased perfection of quality, so far at least as the requisite points are technically concerned in relation to a known standard. Whether it has been in equal measure improved, with reference to use in real hillside practice, is another question; still more whether, even if such were the case, its said perfection is actually in demand among sportsmen at home. True, the extent to which it has been, and is, growingly required for use abroad, particularly throughout our chief colonies and dependencies, is great. In modern times, moreover, from the mere fact of a breed being admired and re-established under that aspect, there is no immediate likelihood of its being exposed to the same chance of decline as before the "Colonsay revival." Still, when all is said, the well-

understood principle will hold good, that when the real practical object has ceased to exist for which a race of animals was produced, and by which it has been moulded into suitability, the days of that race are assuredly numbered. Not only so, but even if a foreign and colonial field for such a breed should continue developing—in a manner, too, which no other class of dogs could meet—still, without constant assiduous keeping up and interchange of their stock in the original locality as a centre, their maintenance for exterior purposes is equally impossible.

CHAPTER IV.

HIGHLAND FORESTS AT THE PRESENT DAY—QUERIES SUBMITTED TO LEADING DEER-STALKERS—ANSWERS FROM CLUNY MACPHERSON, CAMERON OF LOCHIEL, LORD ABINGER, MACDONELL OF MORAR, REV. FATHER COLIN MACDONALD, MR PETER ROBERTSON, MACKENZIE OF APPLECROSS, SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, HORATIO ROSS, LORD SALTOUN, ETC.—INQUIRY INTO CAUSES OF DISUSE OF DEER-HOUNDS—DARK PROGNOSTICATIONS FLOUTED—SUMMARY—LORD SALTOUN'S 'SCRAPS'—LEADER IN 'TIMES.'

N Highland forests at the present day, any extensive use of thoroughbred pure deer-hounds lies open to be opposed by a twofold alternative to the contrary—namely, as compared on the one hand with preference on various accounts for improved cross-breeds, and on the other hand as rendered needless by the already attained or prospective efficiency of the rifle, when taken as a supposed reason for the disuse of any dogs whatever in hillside sport after deer. With a view to bring clearly out what was the precise state of the case in these and their allied connections, we drew up a series of distinct queries, which were submitted to a number of leading deer-stalkers, forest-holders, and other qualified authorities of the day for the practical aspect of the subject; in return to which answers were given in every case, showing a most courteous amount of attention to the several points, and containing definite information regarding them. We here give the replies in successive order, arranging them respectively under the head of the query bearing on each point.

Query 1. *Are pure deer-hounds used to any considerable extent by deer-stalkers at the present day?*

The answer on this point from the late Cluny Macpherson of Cluny was: "They now seldom are, so far as my knowledge extends at the present day. Deer-hounds are now rarely so pure-bred as not to run by scent when they lose sight of the deer. I am sorry to say that the breed are fast diminishing." From Donald Cameron, Esq. of Lochiel, the reply was: "I believe they are not, but are kept and bred more for exhibition, or as companions." Lord Abinger said: "Yes, to some extent they now are so; but I think the quieter people are in a forest, and the less they use dogs, the greater will be the number of deer shot at, as deer are dreadfully alarmed by dogs, and young hands and stupid keepers are apt to use them improperly. With a good stalker and an old hand, of course they give an additional chance when a beast is wounded, and no other deer are in sight or can be disturbed." Æneas Macdonell, Esq. of Morar, answered: "They are not much used in the west of Inverness-shire, where my experience lies." From the Rev. Father Colin Macdonald, Catholic priest at Fort Augustus—an old sportsman—who had all along, like others of his brethren, taken much interest in the pure breed, we have the statement that "They are not used to any considerable extent, except sometimes in open ground, for *wounded* deer." The late Donald Robertson, Esq., of Mull, says: "Thoroughbred deer-hounds are not used now to any considerable extent, but in some of the Braemar forests I have reason to believe that it is occasionally the case." The late Mr Peter Robertson, the long-experienced head-forester at Black Mount, said—writing, like our other authorities, in February 1877: "So far as forests at the present time are concerned, the pure breed are very little used, but in the smaller ranges and odd shootings it is different; the latter, I have reason to know, being now more inclined that way, as the dogs being fewer required, and brought to the ground by gentlemen from the South or elsewhere, they can be better bred, and their performances are accordingly often much more to the purpose. To my notion it depends greatly on whether a sharp run is made, and success gained." Mr Mackenzie of Applecross "does not think any dogs are nearly so much used by deer-stalkers as they were some years ago." The head-forester, at that time, to Lord Dudley, at Black Mount, Mr Macdonald—who had seen much of forest sport both in this country and in Canada—replied: "We use deer-hounds largely, and for some occasions the more thoroughbred they are the better." From an authority in certain respects the most competent of all, the late Mr (Horatio) Ross of Rossie, the answer on the present head briefly was: "Owing to causes which I shall endeavour to explain in connection with the other queries, stag-hounds are now very rarely taken out as an accompaniment to a stalker. . . . On re-

ceiving a letter a short time since from a gentleman who wished to procure one, I was obliged to reply that I did not now know of any available source that I could recommend."

Query 2. *How do pure-bred deer-hounds compare with others for practical purposes?*

Along with the replies under this head we shall, to avoid tediousness, quote the leading remarks on other points; in each case, however, giving the precise words used by our authorities. Here no man is better qualified to speak than our worthy and most faithful correspondent (the now, alas! late) Mr Peter Robertson (formerly of Black Mount Forest), who says: "Our crosses formerly were not much to boast of, for we got them out of blood-hound and mastiff or otherwise, which had not speed enough, and we lost a number of them killed by the stags when at bay, till after Mr Scrope came visiting Atholl Forest, who sold two dogs to the Marquis, being a cross between the English greyhound and fox-hound, by name *Douglas* and *Percy*. They were the first good dogs of the kind that we had, as they would follow the track of either a wounded or fresh deer until they would bring him to bay, and keep bay for a whole day if necessary. We then crossed between the Highland deer-hound and fox-hound, which turned out first-rate dogs,—much larger and rougher than Mr Scrope's, more like the Scotch deer-hound, and had more speed. They would bring deer much quicker to bay. I slipped one of this cross once at a stag at 4 P.M., and after their being all night sticking to this deer, and must have gone over twenty miles of ground, one of the foresters came upon the deer and dog at ten o'clock next morning, when both were so much done that they were lying down close to each other. When the forester went up and started the deer off he could keep up to them, but had not a gun to finish the stag, so put him into a deep pool, and left the deer and dog at bay again till he came back and settled it. Now for all the crosses we had tried for the last thirty-eight years, this was far before any other for sport, and I have seen more than once as many as five fresh deer at bay in one glen, with not above a mile of distance from the highest to the lowest bay. . . . But I may mention that these are the *second* cross of the deer-hound and fox-hound—in fact, some people take them to be the pure Highland deer-hound, and very few sports-men, or keepers either, at this day could tell the difference."

As regards this same large and important forest, Black Mount, since Mr Robertson left its management, we have full details from his able successor, Mr Macdonald. There, in addition to their special cross-breed, Lord Dudley had favoured the introduction of a further cross from the Bavarian boar-hound, thus producing some remarkably large fine animals, well able for

their work, though inclining to show the faults generally included under the term "soft." A similar description applied to the Duke of Argyll's excellent kennel at Inverary, and to Lord Breadalbane's at Taymouth, along with one or two others in large forests of that day. In Atholl, again, and generally speaking throughout the majority of similar ranges, the lighter "Scrope" breed had continued to hold its own since its first diffusion by the example of that able sportsman, whose *imprimatur* as to its qualities had been on the whole justified; so well did it suit for the usual system of slipping after such stags as might outrun a *battue*-party, or from more occasional stalking, without much of the dreaded disturbance being caused.

The colley was also widely in use, whether as an aid—according to Mr Peter Robertson—"in moving off sheep when trespassing," or whether—as stated by his successor at Black Mount—"to follow up the wounded deer when necessary to be recovered at any distance; in which our forest colleys are far before any other dog, as they will keep near in advance of the men, and even come back on the track to show it to them: they give tongue, moreover, particularly well, according to where the track is sure or otherwise, and where the deer is to be found." In testimony to the colley for deer-stalking use, Mr Ross of Rossie himself writes as regards his own experience some years ago: "One of my sons wounded a very fine stag, and a colley-dog had been left behind with the ponies about two miles off, so that a good deal of time was lost before the dog could be brought up. The stag being but slightly wounded, had gone right away, when the dog took up the track, and, after following it for two or three miles, started the wounded animal. The deer was then making for a large wood, the dog found himself not fast enough to overtake the fugitive, and no doubt he argued, 'If I run him, he will get to the wood in spite of all I can do, when he will be lost.' The wise beast, instead of following in a direct line, got into a small tarn and went below the deer, quite out of his sight—the deer then slackening his speed; and presently the old colley appeared on a knoll in front of him. The stag, fairly taken by surprise, stood gazing at the dog, and there they remained until my son got up and finished the chase with a shot. After this it is, I think, hard to believe that some dogs are not reasoning animals." Mr Ross adds, in reply to our query: "The pure-bred stag-hound had in fact one great fault,—he would not remain long at bay with a wounded deer: if he was able to kill the deer, he soon left him, and if unable to do so, owing to the deer getting into a deep pool of water in some burn, river, or loch, or otherwise, he also soon tired of baying him, neither did he make much noise, so as to show where they were. Latterly I never have taken out one of the pure breed, especially as my forest was too small for *coursing* or for much running."

Query No. 3 is the last of the series we shall here bring forward, as the matter obtained in reply to it becomes of principal con-

sequence to the matter now in hand. It was this: *Does the use of dogs in general, for actual deer-stalking purposes, tend to be done away with by any causes now prevalent? and if so, by what?*

There can be no doubt that, so far as regular forests and large ranges in general are concerned, the main tenor of the answers that have been received is to the affirmative effect—namely, that the recent tendency hitherto has been against the use of any kind of dogs by sportsmen themselves, after deer, when shooting. The dispensing with them has gone on to an extent that coincides with the impression we had already formed. This, it will be remembered, is a result much the same with what had become manifest at a period now nearly fifty years back, immediately before the successful "Colonsay" movement to an opposite effect, as before described. The present tendency is, however, considerably extended, and the causes alleged are proportionately numerous.

"Disturbance to the deer" was stated by the late Cluny Macpherson to be "a main drawback from such pursuit of them as you indicate; deer-hounds being often objectionable in a forest, on account of its peculiar ground, and when any dog is used, the best is generally a bloodhound; but the fact is, deer-hounds have in my opinion degenerated." "The contiguity of forests," says the late Mr Donald Robertson of Pennyghael House, Mull, "seems to have much to do with it." The Rev. Father C. Macdonald wrote: "The deer nowadays being so numerous, in regular ranges, are generally preferred to be driven to passes where they are shot, and where dogs would be in the way, more especially as it is of little consequence to any one in the company to contest their powers." Lord Abinger, coinciding therewith, nevertheless much appreciates the true deer-hound "in suitable circumstances"; does "not use any dogs" himself, "as they are of no great use in the amount of wood that prevails in my range, and therefore the disturbance caused by them could not be made up for by any superior sport they might afford." "The chief reason against them, in my opinion," adds Æneas Macdonald, Esq. of Morar, "is the alarm caused to deer, or if not so, the trouble mixed up in consequence of sheep or other stock." "Lochiel's" answer is of weight on the point. He says: "Improved rifles have very little to do either way with the employment of dogs, but adjacency of forests prevents the use of those that run by sight, or indeed of any that are not kept to track on the string. It would be manifestly unfair to your neighbour to slip a dog near his march, and run the chance of spoiling his sport for days to come.

In some cases, slipping a dog does harm on your own ground, but where the wounded deer singles himself out and the dog brings him quickly to bay, less disturbance may ensue than from following for a longer distance, especially if several shots are fired. *A tracker I consider indispensable in deer-stalking.*" But the most emphatic judgment against dogs was received from the quarter where we had looked for it least; from Mr (Horatio) Ross of Rossie —that first-rate authority as regards both marksmanship on the one hand and deer-hound excellence on the other. "When I began stalking in 1821," he wrote, "rifles were very inferior weapons to the modern express deer-stalking rifle; their trajectory was very much the same as that from any arrow shot with a bow—better, of course, but still so high that any mistake in judging distances caused the bullet to pass over or else under the object aimed at. There were not above two or three men in all Scotland then who could shoot decently with a rifle, and 100 yards was about the extreme range at which any one ever ventured to fire at a deer. Many stalkers used smooth-bore guns, which shot very fairly up to about 70 yards; and, worst of all, a good many put slugs in one barrel and a ball in the other. The consequence was what might have been expected. A vast number of deer were wounded, and would have been lost unless the stalker had been aided by a stag-hound or a lurcher. I was one of the few who could use a rifle. I had begun ball-practice when quite a child, and hence perfectly understood the extreme accuracy of a rifle over a smooth-bore gun, even at such distances as the latter could, as I said before, shoot fairly. The express rifles have changed all this. Their trajectory is so flat that the same sight will serve at over 100, 150, and even 200 yards. The wounds inflicted by the elongated bullet of an express rifle are also so severe that a deer, even when hit through his stomach (*gralloch*) or entrails, rarely goes more than 200 or 300 yards before he lies down, and the stalker can then crawl within a short distance and shoot him in the head. Dogs have been given up also from another cause. Fifty years ago there were comparatively few deer-forests, but there were deer scattered all over the higher mountains throughout the Highlands, where they were found in small lots of six or eight together, and the disturbing a trifling lot like that was not a matter of great consequence. Therefore if a deer was wounded, and had joined a small herd, people did not scruple to slip stag-hounds or lurchers, and they generally brought the wounded deer to bay. Now there are a great many forests, and it is by no means rare to see two or three hundred deer in a herd. If dogs were now slipped at a wounded stag, and if he could ever even get near the herd, the latter would be so much alarmed that they would go off in a body to some neighbouring forest; and if the owner of that forest acted judiciously, and never allowed a dog to disturb them, they would remain with him. For these reasons you can easily understand that it is now considered a great mistake to use dogs for either recovering wounded or coursing cold deer."

Since the foregoing queries were put and answered as above, another reply of no small value has been obtained[1] from a Scotch nobleman, whose well-known deer-stalking experience entitles him to speak with authority on the matter in hand—who, however, expressly stipulated that his name should be withheld. He wrote as follows :—

"The sport in question is a thing of the past; and as it has so gone, the dogs have gone with it,—at least, I know not where to put my hand upon a specimen of the real, pure, true old breed, and even with what may remain, any noticeable use of the breed has been so long discontinued for the purpose of killing deer, that I should fear they have mostly in a great degree lost the hereditary instinct of that chase—which instinct has more to do with excellence in it than most people imagine. The causes of this are numerous, far too numerous to be detailed here; but a great one is that the deer themselves are no longer the wild animals—few and far between, and only to be found by diligent search—that they were in my young days, when they roamed over vast districts of country and were not crowded into forests, and when many of these districts fed black-cattle, not sheep. In such present forests, deer-hounds are nearly useless—*i.e.*, useless in killing deer without disturbing the rest—though in my opinion they would confer a benefit if they drove three-fourths of the deer out of a forest. Only, *where* are these surplus to go? It must also be remembered that there are many parts of the Highlands where dogs would have no chance, when used. On very hard rocky ground, with long, rugged, steep slopes, they have very little chance; though I *have* seen them kill in such places. The Monadhliadh is perhaps the best country in the Highlands for dogs; not so easy for them as some places in the Lewis, or over the wide flats in Sutherland; but not too difficult, and affording prettier sport."

His lordship went on to specify with complete knowledge, and at the same time with admirable succinctness, the "qualities which should be exhibited by such dogs as would do their work properly over suitable ground" of the kind he has indicated. These specifications we reserve for a more appropriate place. But it may be seen that the tenor of his reply to our query, though on the whole

[1] Through our esteemed and most serviceable correspondent, the late Lieut.-Colonel James Robertson of Glackeriska, Appin, Argyllshire, February 1880; see also communications from him up to June 1884.

unfavourable, is so with a very obvious amount of qualification. "Writing from abroad," on the continent of Europe, "without memoranda or other necessary *adjuvamenta* at hand," he evidently leaves room for a remark to the effect that if specimens of good breed were available, with their hereditary instinct in force, and were love of real forest-sport prevalent again, then no inconsiderable difference might be implied in answering the queries we have put. Here may very appropriately be added what is said in Lord Saltoun's recent interesting book[1] (published several years after our here-foregoing text was written).

"A dog with a fine turn of speed . . . can run up to his prey, spring at it, and pull it down while running; whereas a slow towling brute will gallop after a stag without ever reaching him until he is blown and turns to bay. . . . Again, a swift dog does his work within the corrie, or portion of it, if the corrie be large, in which he may be slipped, and, under fair conditions, never lets the deer get over the crest of the hill; but a slow dog may be unable to prevent this, and, in any case, will make a far longer chase, alarming any other deer in the vicinity, and, in all probability, failing after all. To explain this, I should notice that a good fast deer-hound can go up a steep hill three or four yards for a deer's one; that it is the nature of the deer, when chased from below, to ascend the hill, but as soon as the dogs come up, to turn sharp down-hill again, slanting along it if possible, but if that cannot be, straight down to a burn and along its course; and down-hill the deer is more on an equality with the dogs as to pace, and can hold its own better. From this it is evident that, if care be taken that the deer is not too high in the corrie—that is, too near the crest of the hill—when the dog is slipped below, a fast dog must bring it back down the hill again. And here I may also notice another curious fact"—Lord Saltoun is, so far as we know, the first to have pointed out this fact as explaining what has been often alleged on behalf of our breed—namely, their often "singling out full-grown *stags*" from among other red-deer in flight—"the old stags, from their greater weight, cannot go up-hill so well as others, and, indeed, are not so fast over any ground as the hinds; and whether through having discovered this, or from whatever reason, good eager dogs will always run at horn in preference. I have seen such dogs pass several hinds that had started lower on the hill than the stag, and run through them without paying more attention to them than if they were cattle or sheep, in order to reach him;

[1] Scraps, &c., by Lord Saltoun. 2 vols. Longmans & Co., London: 1883. Our previous statements were written down in 1880.

and for this reason it is advisable, when slipping from below, to let off the fastest dog first (two, as a rule, ought to be used for a stag), and to keep the other until the stag has been turned, when he may be sent off to meet his comrade and join in the chase: this plan also prevents the dogs taking different deer, if there are more than one. A word as to the description of ground best suited for running deer. In rocky craggy places . . . a dog cannot run, and over the stony barren tops of high hills is nearly useless, deer having such an advantage there with their hard hoofs. Over long, hard, grassy slopes deer can hold their own pretty well against the best dogs, slanting down-hill; but on softer rounded hills a dog has the pull, while on a flat, especially if soft and mossy, deer have no chance. In every district of the Highlands there are parts adapted for running deer with dogs, more or less extensive, according to the nature of the country. In Ross and Sutherland are large tracts of ground where dogs can work well; about the Rannoch district, in Perthshire, there is much favourable ground; but best in all the Highlands are those rounded mountains of the Monadhliadh range, stretching from near Moy on the north-east to Corryarrick on the south-west, and bounded on one side by Strathspey and Badenoch, on the other by Stratherrick and Lochs Ness and Oich, and through which flow the head-waters of the Findhorn and Dulnain rivers, and of many tributaries of the Spey; as also on the other slope, those of small streams falling into lochs on the west."[1]

This latter very recent and rather emphatic plea, by no common or obscure expert, points out a pretty considerable margin of exception from even the most sweeping *dicta* that are nowadays brought forward to an opposite effect. From such unfavourable statements, taken one with another, there might appear to be so far a decidedly preponderating evidence against deer-hounds as constituting an object of practical concern for the future; indeed, if prevalent home-testimony were received without modification, their continued existence must already have become little better than a mere dilettante affair. We have been careful to give the hostile view in full strength, backed by the great name of Horatio Ross, whether as a former upholder of the breed, as a first-rate deer-stalker—entering into the sport with zeal unsurpassed—or as the acknowledged corypheus of modern marksmanship. It is nevertheless in the first place to be observed that sportsmen are

[1] Scraps, &c., vol. i. pp. 305-308.

very far from being, as a rule, shots like "the Captain of the Scottish Twenty" and his sons, with their fellow-riflemen; and even when the express rifle shall be in every hand, fairly well used, there will be still occasions, such as Mr Ross himself has instanced, where a dog must be required. Furthermore, let us look at the present list of ranges throughout the Highlands, where deer are to be met with under an innumerable variety of circumstances. Something like 150 forests, great, medium-sized, and small, now exist; in addition to which there are 200 to 300 minor and mixed shootings, capable of giving chances to the stalker. The other day, a public clerical speaker, of patriarchal age and influence, enlarging on the injustice done to the Highland population, said, "It is intolerable that for two hundred miles on the line of the Caledonian Canal one could travel in deer-forests." Whatever may be thought of this otherwise, it seems to promise well for the variety of sport that may be had; nor does it appear that the pursuit of such recreation will ever be reduced to the dead certainty of shooting which some look for. Over and above the fact that favourable ground occurs in many localities for obtaining the full excitement of the chase in every form, bounded by lochs, or advantageously situated as to the feed which deer prefer,—to say nothing of the fencing system that we have seen carried out to vast distances over hill and moor, by wire or otherwise,—with the similar circumstances existing naturally in some West Coast districts, and in the Islands; it will be obvious that very much depends on the prevailing spirit among sportsmen themselves. When any state of things obtains between them, like the old neighbourly concert, rivalry, and intercourse which used to subsist in some fortunate Highland regions, then will mere deer-preserving economy be subordinate to actual success in sport.

"I consider," answers Mr Peter Robertson (formerly of the Black Mount) to query No. 3, "that dogs will be useful while there is deer-stalking; for there will be always wounded deer, and it is far better to use dogs than a man following on for hours through a forest, which makes more disturbance than

slipping a pair that would bring a wounded stag in a few minutes to bay, and finish the business." "Though dogs may be rendered of less necessity now than before the days of improved rifles," so writes Mr Macdonald, Lord Dudley's head-forester in the same important range, "they are by no means made superfluous: we do not consider our deer-stalking equipment complete without an accompaniment of deer-hounds, and there is no doubt that they go a great way to ensure success, and economise time and labour. There are still very many wounded stags in the course of a season, which must either be secured by means of dogs or never appear in the forest register. The question of *disturbance* is overruled by the judicious management of them—*i.e.*, slipping them in proper time and place." Lochiel admits that, "In favourable ground, and when the dogs are really good deer-hounds, they do often run down even unwounded deer, which is excellent as a sport." The unanimous reply of the numerous leading authorities to whom our query now under discussion was referred, is to the effect that a main point in the matter turns on the *quality* of the said hounds: some of the replies on the one hand affirming that the breed is degenerate; others, on the contrary, implying either the reverse opinion, or else unacquaintance with what has been done in England, where the breeding chiefly goes on. On this last point our previous and further statements may be allowed some weight. The present question appears to us to be best answered in the words of our valued correspondent the late Colonel (James) Robertson,[1] to whom we are very largely indebted throughout the whole practical portion of the subject-matter, as well as for procuring answers from well-known Highland gentlemen and other leading deer-stalkers of the day. "The old style of deer-stalking with dogs," he replied, "was more exciting, and not only so, but when the dogs were of the right sort it was beyond calculation more so; and the great reason for any doubt about it now is, in my judgment, the confusion between real and spurious deer-hounds. Cluny told me, when giving his notes, that in his young days he has seen a dog of Colonel Mitchell's, of Strathmashie, give chase to a stag with five or six hinds, whereupon he passed the hinds as if he had never seen them, then selected and pulled down the stag. Another time, when a dog of his own (Cluny's), named *Alder*, was slipped at a roebuck, the dog followed it from Glen Tromich and brought down his game near Cluny Castle, a distance of ten miles, without a check, over a very rugged country. . . . I fully concur with all the priest [Rev. Colin Macdonald] says as to the vastly superior powers of the true breed when got." As a proof in regard to the ignorance that exists respecting the actual qualities of the true deer-hound, even in quarters where better information might have been expected, we quote from no less an organ than the 'Inverness Courier,' of a recent date, the following extract from a leading article: "Now that our sportsmen generally have for

[1] November 1883.

a time ceased from their labours, . . . we wish to ask them a question, and it is this, Does any one of them possess a deer-hound, or know of a deer-hound in another's possession, that, fairly slipped at a full-conditioned, *unwounded* stag, has overtaken, caught, and killed it? For our own part we greatly doubt if any dog has ever performed the feat. A gentleman in this country, however, has recently assured us that the present Mr Macdougal of Lunga once possessed such a dog, and that a deer-hound in the possession of a family of the name of Cameron, tenants of Meoble, in Arisaig, some twenty or thirty years ago, was repeatedly known to perform the gallant exploit.[1] Can any of our readers, from their own knowledge, or on reliable and credible authority, tell us that the feat has been performed; or is it not rather the experience of sportsmen that the feat is one much more likely to be true as a matter of *talk* than as a matter of fact?"

In subsequent pages it will appear how ill acquainted the writer of such remarks must be with present breeding, more especially southward; but, meanwhile, there is another class of causes tending to the said disuse that has been well stated in some of the answers to our schedule of queries, the mere quoting of which will suffice on that head.

The principal forester in a leading forest says: "When different parties are setting out for the hill of a morning, some of the rising sportsmen will say, 'Oh, don't bother to bring dogs; we would rather be without them!' But it is his lordship's invariable rule to send a pair with each deer-stalker, as whatever they may think of their own shooting, or may be most set upon proving skilful, it is not uncommonly the case that much more mischief would happen from being without dogs than otherwise." Our worthy friend Peter Robertson, also, in probably the last letter he ever wrote, which accompanied his replies to our queries, most characteristically writes what we may be excused in giving as by way of answer to the question in hand: "As I said before, men will go after wounded deer with their rifles, firing now and then, and disturbing a great many deer, when dogs could in a few minutes bring one to bay; . . . but there are very few of the right old sportsmen nowadays. It is too often driving and slaughtering instead of deer-stalking, when our old sportsmen would have given the animal every justice in defending himself. . . . For great part of the kind of sportsmen we have now is cotton manufacturers, coal proprietors, brewers, ironmongers, &c., &c., so that the most of our Highland chiefs are gone, and many do not know what real sport

[1] See, in chap. i. of our Monograph, an account of this dog (*Bran*) from Colonel Robertson's notes of his uncle's recollections.

is, except conceit to show themselves marksmen, and the less chance for their game the better. If John Bull can only get his pleasure of the venison, that is all he wants, and it will be well if all our deer-forests be not soon spoiled by such a style of thing. . . . That is what put me to be a farmer, that I could not be looking upon their way of sport after being in management of a forest for fifty-six years, and in quite a different way from what they have now."[1] However strongly put this opinion of the late veteran Scotch forester may appear, we have a very similar one from an officer practically well qualified to speak, both as a sportsman when in India, and as now the most successful of deer-hound-breeders, Captain Graham,[2] who says, in answering our chief query: "It seems as if any cur would soon be considered more useful in the field after large game than a deer-hound, whether or not because 'the pot' is so important; but at all events, with many, a sharp yelping lurcher is more to the purpose than a dog that *kills!!*" Weightiest of all such reasons, doubtless, is the intense and extreme self-satisfaction felt by "Young England," of our present rifle-volunteering days, in accurate marksmanship. Colonel Robertson tells us of having met a friend who has recently acquired an extensive shooting in Sutherlandshire, where he can look out for deer over a stretch of twenty-two miles, the property having been got on condition of taking over the numerous sheep, with all their belongings. As many as twelve stags had been visible within a few hours on the ground. "And what dogs have you got?" was our friend's natural question, with eager interest in the sport that is to be expected. "Dogs!" was the horrified answer; "I wouldn't let *one*—no, not so much as a terrier—be seen within the bounds on any account whatever!"

To close the list of these prejudicial tendencies, we ourselves have to add another, that fell within our own immediate personal knowledge, and which, it must be owned, fairly staggered us when used as argument by a gentleman on board the Iona steamer, going northward some year or two ago. He and we had entered into conversation together; he was himself an active sportsman, renting a considerable tract of ground, where, as it turned out, not only were roe-deer plentiful, but red-deer were frequently to be found. From something about his manner and style of ideas, we could have inferred beforehand that he belonged to the serious, if not the Quakerish school; but we confess we were not at all prepared for the view he took in controverting our support of the use of hounds

[1] Letter (from Craig Farm, Dalmally), dated February 17, 1877.
[2] Of Rednock, Dursley, Gloucestershire.

in stalking deer. "I consider it, sir," said he, somewhat sharply, "to be nothing less than inhumane to practise and uphold such a thing—to say nothing of the propriety of fostering an animal so fierce and inveterate as you describe your dog to be! Humanity toward the creature pursued would most decidedly be in favour of the improved rifle, and of that alone, in good hands. This, let me tell you, sir," concluded he, "is a day of——" What it was "a day" of, we are unable to state; for, amidst the bustle of arrival at an intermediate landing-pier, our benevolent *ami de voyage* was obliged to hurry for his portmanteau and other *impedimenta*, leaving us for the moment without ability to reply; and the last we saw of him was his portly form amidst his large family group, followed by his keeper and grooms with the setters, retrievers, gun-cases, and fishing-rods, which testified to his general pursuit of sport on the moors and lochs in his ground. He was, we ascertained, an M.P. for somewhere in England, distinguished for advocacy of philanthropic objects, and at the same time—of course within such bounds as he had stated to us—an active sportsman.

It need hardly be said that we do not share the dark prognostications so forcibly put by honest Peter Robertson, nor those which the liberal habits of Indian and colonial sportsmanship are calculated to arouse on the part of our most ardent stalkers—namely, military men from abroad. There is good reason to think that the feeling shown by the latter class is participated in by very many, at least of those who hold the minor and the mixed shootings which constitute a growing element in Highland forest-tenure; and with a view to elicit proof of this, we have obtained not a few answers from such quarters. Perhaps a better sample could not be given, in the same space, than in the following words of an extensive sheep-farmer, now in the prime of life, and from boyhood accustomed to engage in hill-sport of the kind here referred to, Mr John Cameron, tenant of Glackeriska, Appin, North Argyll:—

"I know very little about cross-bred stag-hounds," he writes; "but as long as I recollect, we have always had one or more of the pure sort about

the farms, and seldom were without fair opportunity to use them during the season. . . . I think them best suited for the hill, even in most forests; for when slipped after deer, if they are of the right old kind, and well used, they generally do their work quietly. For this reason I believe trackers to be a great mistake, except when there is wood to any extent. . . . I know of a stag-hound which killed two stags out of one lot within a radius of a mile, and these fresh, without a wound." Here Mr Cameron adds an incident or two in reference to his own dog *Oscar*, which are better reserved for after insertion. When all is said, nothing can be so fully relied upon as the spirit of genuine sportsmanship that abounds over the three kingdoms. "In past days," says a thorough representative of this spirit, in one of the best little books of the kind ever published,[1] "the deer-hound was always the faithful companion of the deer-stalker, and sorry indeed should I be if the custom were ever given up, for the deer-hound is a noble beast, and when really made the associate of man, for whom of all dogs he is the most fitted from his sagacity and attachment, is the best. Besides, bringing the stag to bay with two good hounds is the best part of deer-stalking." "To ensure good sport," says the author of the Oakley Shooting Code,[2] "the shooter must be provided with good dogs. However *abundant* game may be, there can be no real sport *without* good dogs; and however *scarce* game may be, a good day's sport is attainable *with* good dogs, by a person who feels what good sport is, and who does not look upon filling the game-bag and loading the keepers with game as the sole end of the sportsman's occupation. The mere act of killing game no more constitutes sport than the jingling of rhyme constitutes poetry. Since, then, good dogs contribute to good sport, the shooter should be careful to whom he intrusts the breaking of them."

The above is specially meant to apply to those used for small and winged game, but it holds at least equally good here.

The chapter cannot be more appropriately closed than by a paragraph from a "leader" in the 'Times' newspaper in the autumn of 1875 :—

"The season in the forests has not been altogether satisfactory; not that the sportsmen have not done well in point of numbers, but we have a chorus of complaints from all quarters as to the size and heads of the deer. They seldom run so heavy as they used to do, and such antlered trophies as may be seen hanging in Highland castles and forest lodges are become so rare

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[1] Twenty Years' Wild Sport in the Hebrides; or, Reminiscences of the Lewis. By 'Sixty-one.' London, 1875. Third edition.

[2] In 'The Rod and the Gun.' By James Wilson. Edinburgh, 1840.

as to be almost phenomenal. The fact is that sport is suffering, and likely to suffer, from over-preserving. . . . Now the sport is comparatively tame, since it has become very much more a matter of calculation. You may shoot indifferently, or the weather may be against you, or otherwise you may be the victim of a combination of ill-luck; but at all events there is no scarcity of deer, for most forests of any pretension are overstocked, and notably such famous ground as Blair Athole, Braemar, and the Black Mount. Good as the grazing is, it scarcely suffices for the herds that are pastured on it, especially in such seasons as the last, when the late snowstorms lay heavy on the hills. Habituated to artificial peace and rest, the deer no longer stray as they used to do. When they break bounds they are fretted by the shepherds, and driven about by the [sheep-] dogs, so that naturally they cling more and more to their sanctuaries. Broad tracts of country are kept for the best part of the year entirely undisturbed, except for the passing forester or gillie, with whose presence the deer are become familiarised. They are so used to feeding quietly that they have lost their wild instinct. In place of moving about in the open in rough weather, when a warning may be brought in each turn of the wind, they take refuge in the corries and sequestered nooks, where each overhanging rock may be an ambush for the enemy. Now a man goes deer-stalking after breakfast as he might go out for a day's rabbit-shooting, and is as much disappointed and disgusted should he come home empty-handed to dinner. He sits down on the hill, steadies his glass against the walking-staff, scans the glen, and sees the deer; he takes a note of the wind and the course of its currents, but he need scarcely make a study of the ground, since he has so often been over it before. There must always be more or less science in the stalk; but there is this to be said nowadays, that the deer are less shy and wary. Besides, every keeper has had charge to kill down their natural allies and scouts. Vermin of all kinds have, for the same end, been encouraged; war has been waged there against the grouse, so that there are at least far longer odds than there used to be against the grouse-cock getting up with his warning crow just as the deer-stalker is congratulating himself on circumventing his victim, or even at the moment he is bringing his rifle to his shoulder. Then he has a weapon of admirable precision, carefully sighted to a variety of ranges. He need no longer trouble himself about a very close approach; he has learnt something of judging distances, and possibly has been keeping his hand in, through the off-season, at the rifle-butts. He has but to single out his stag, and cover him coolly, following up his first fire with a second shot, as at a running target. Thus it is more than any red-deer's life is worth, to carry horns of any tolerable mark; and considering all the chances nowadays, the marvel is that decent herds should be left. Preserving is long overdone, and a very great pity it seems; yet we do not well see how it is to be avoided. . . . After all, a man may administer his own forest in his own fashion; and none of the luxuries of wealth are more

enviable than the absolute lordship of such a mountain domain. It is the more joyous part of the life of the savage hunter, brought within the influences of modern civilisation and refinement."

Some years after the chapter had been written, we read in a volume of travel an account from personal experience of a case in which a small field-piece was actually taken out and used for the purpose of assisting to procure abundant "venison," among wild localities where such could be had at will. Whether the place was American, African, Asiatic, or Australasian, matters little. The main fact was, at any rate, as now stated. Not only so, but the party would appear to have carried out their engineer-like business with success, under no slight semblance of such enjoyment as the ordinary hunter feels; moreover, the narrator having himself been one of the number thus engaged, shows a warm and congenial recollection of his various foreign associates in the adventure, and at the same time writes as if there were nothing whatever extraordinary or derogatory about it! "Proh pudor! . . . Absit omen!"

CHAPTER V.

A CASE IN POINT—MR CHARLES ST JOHN—A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN ADVENTURE—THE MUCKLE HART OF BENMORE—THE RIFLE *PER SE*—INCIDENTS IN THE FIELD—A GOOD DAY'S STALK OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES—H.R.H. GIVES THE *COUP DE GRÂCE*—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ADVENTURE NEAR LOCHNAGAR—A DEER-HUNT IN ETTRICK FOREST—ADVENTURE OF MAJOR DAVENPORT, "LONG JOHN," AND SHERIFF FRASER—GEORGE URQUHART SHOT—MURDOCH M'AULAY'S ADVENTURE—OTHER DEER-FOREST ADVENTURES AND INCIDENTS.

NE direct testimony might have been included among those given for the position taken up in our foregoing chapter, had we referred to both example and precept on the part of that admirable model of the English sportsman on Highland ground, Charles St John. It so happens, nevertheless, that in an *indirect* way he furnishes support which we prefer to adduce, as being forcible above all. After having in his practice, and in his most animated accounts of it, supplied some of the best instances ever known of the quality and use of true deer-hounds in stalking, Mr St John is found to have latterly taken out an English bull-dog for the purpose—especially in pursuit of roe, a description of game that were abundant in the locality he then shot over—and he mentions various good performances accomplished by this unusual follower. At a subsequent period, somewhere between 1842 and 1848, he enjoyed excellent sport more at large in different parts of the Highlands, but, owing to divers accidental

circumstances, he seems during that later time to have dispensed very much with the accompaniment of any dogs whatever, trusting to the rifle alone, with his own individual skill in its use. In those days he threw himself with characteristic zest into the delight in wild nature which so prominently marked him as a keen observer of the habits of animals, birds, and all living things whatsoever, when seen in their state of unrestricted freedom. Often he was alone, at other times accompanied only by some local hillman or odd nondescript gillie, picked up off-hand; thus coming into all the more familiar contact with the humble cottar, the solitary shepherd, wandering poacher, or illicit distiller,—altogether a people whose native raciness he appreciated to the full. It was under such circumstances that he hit upon the never-to-be-forgotten track of that adventure whereon some emphatic stress is here justly to be laid. We refer to his inimitably told narrative of how this befell, when, on a Sunday evening, the shepherd of a sheiling at a mountain-foot, on his return from church, reported his having crossed on the hill distinct signs of a stag of extraordinary size which had passed up, and guessed it must be that of no other than "the Muckle Hart of Benmore"—"an animal seldom seen, understood to be of wonderful size and cunning, while supposed to bear a charmed life." Mr St John, having before heard of him too, and now getting the required information, resolved to try to break the charm, though it should cost him a day or two. We are told that the very next morning, at dawn, carrying his rifle, while "'Donald' carried an extra double-barrel besides, and did not fail to bring *Bran* also along with them," our narrator set out on his first quest after the noted stag. Intermediate incidents occurred, of which suffice it to say that the stag was caught sight of and lost again, and during successive days the pursuit was kept up amidst vicissitudes diversified by more than one good shot at eagles, with the episode of a night's welcome to a whisky-distilling cottage—where "Donald" in particular seems to have found himself at home. The consequent result was that, on the morning of the fourth day, Donald had to be left behind, *hors*

de combat, whilst *Bran*—to await his restoration to activity—had to be tied up, and the sportsman went on with his rifle alone, still bent upon recovering the track of the stag. How he enjoyed the beauty of the morning after a night's rain, the freshness of the heather, the sight of a fishing heron, and other such objects, we are told in his own delightful manner. Moreover, how the mist again came on, and closed around at length, forcing him to provide himself with a heather-bed for the night—no unusual thing in those days for the stalker—though luckily not before he had managed to shoot, with a single rifle-bullet, a brace of grouse which supplied him with a supper. Rising early the next morning, on the Saturday of his week-long chase, Mr St John, to his extreme joy, once more discovered the desired track, and, on breasting the opposite hill, "beheld a recumbent deer on a hillock, which, through the glass, proved to be actually the grand object himself of this exciting pursuit." It matters not to repeat the details of his judicious and skilful stalking toward that all but unparalleled position of the quarry. The remainder of the adventure we give in his own admirably expressive words:—

"I watched him for fully an hour, the water up to my knees all the time. At length he stirred, gathered his legs together, and rose; and arching his back, he stretched himself just as a bullock does when rising from his night's lair. My heart throbbed as, turning all round, he seemed to try the wind for his security, and then walked straight to the burn at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from me. I was much tempted, but had resolution to reserve my fire, reflecting that I had but one barrel. He went into the burn at a deep pool, and standing in it up to his knees, took a long drink. I stooped to put on a new copper cap, and pricked the nipple of my rifle, and—on looking up again, he was gone! I was in despair, and was on the point of moving rashly, when I saw his horns again appear a little farther off, but not more than fifty yards from the burn. By-and-by they lowered, and I judged he was lying down. 'You are mine at last,' I said; and I crept cautiously up the bed of the burn till I was opposite where he had lain down. I carefully and inch by inch placed my rifle over the bank, and then ventured to look along it. I could see only his horns, but within an easy shot. I was afraid to move higher up the bed of the burn, where I could have seen his body; the direction of the wind made that dangerous. I took breath for a

moment, and screwed up my nerves; and then with my cocked rifle at my shoulder and my finger on the trigger, I kicked a stone, which splashed into the water. He started up instantly, but exposed only his front towards me. Still he was very near, scarcely fifty yards, and I fired at his throat just where it joins the head. He dropped on his knees to my shot, but was up again in a moment, and went staggering up the hill. Oh for one hour of *Bran!* Although he kept on at a mad pace, I saw he was becoming too weak for the hill. He swerved and turned back to the burn, and came headlong down within ten yards of me, tumbling into it apparently dead. Feeling confident, from the place where my ball had taken effect, that he was dead, I threw down my rifle and went up to him with my hunting-knife. I found him stretched out, and as I thought dying, and I laid hold of his horns to raise his head to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backward on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me was a steep bank of seven or eight feet high; before me, the bleeding stag with his horns levelled at me and cutting me off from my rifle. In desperation I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately stumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram about to butt, and then stood still with his head lowered, and his eyes bloody and swelled, glaring upon me. His mane and all his coat were dripping with water and blood; and as he now and then tossed his head with an angry snort, he looked like some savage beast of prey. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till, recovering myself, I jumped out of the burn so suddenly that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear. The poor beast struggled desperately, and his remaining strength foiled me in every attempt to stab him in front; and he at length made off, tumbling me down, but carrying with him a stab in the leg which lamed him. I ran and picked up my rifle, and then kept him in view as he rushed down the burn on three legs toward the Loch. He took the water and stood at bay up to his chest in it. As soon as he halted, I commenced loading my rifle, when to my dismay I found that all the balls I had remaining were for my double-barrel, and were a size too large for my rifle. I sat down and commenced scraping one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. At last I succeeded; and having loaded, the poor stag remaining perfectly still, I went up within twenty yards of him and shot him through the head. He turned over and floated, perfectly dead. I waded in and towed him ashore, and then had leisure to look at my wounds and bruises, which were not serious, except my shin-bone, which was scraped from ankle to knee by his horn. I soon had cleaned my quarry, and stowed him away as carefully as I could, and then turned down the glen at a gay pace. I found Donald with *Bran*, reposing at Malcolm's sheiling; and for all reproaches on his misconduct, I

was satisfied with sending him to bring home the 'Muckle Hart of Benmore,' a duty which he performed before nightfall."

The exclamation that was forced from St John, at the crisis of his struggle with the Muckle Hart of Benmore, might well be echoed in connection with much more recent cases. Two or three of these do certainly appear to make his perilous *contretemps* a typical one, in regard to dispensing with aid from our time-honoured dumb allies on the hillside; thus lending peculiar emphasis to the regretful cry, "Oh for one hour of *Bran!*"

Some years ago, a very melancholy and at the same time very extraordinary accident occurred to George Urquhart, head-forester of Mar Forest. He and his master, Mr Powell, stalked some stags on the Glen Guisachan side of Cairn Toul. Mr Powell wounded a large stag, and giving his spare rifle to his forester, desired him to follow the wounded deer, and, if possible, to get up to him and shoot him. Urquhart, along with Grant, one of the watchers, went after the stag, fired two shots, and wounded him a second time. The stag went slowly down the side of a steep ravine, along the bottom of which a burn flowed. Urquhart reloaded, ran after the deer, and got close to him. Seeing that the ravine was so steep, and that it would be extremely difficult to get the stag out of it when killed, he determined to try and move him down the burn to more level ground. In an unlucky moment he pushed the stag with the butt of the rifle; the deer gave a kick with one of his hind-legs, an immediate explosion followed, and, without falling, Urquhart said calmly to his companion, "I am shot," walked across the burn, and fell into Grant's arms. "The latter laid him gently on the bank of the burn, and ran off in search of Mr Powell. When his master came to the spot, he found his poor forester mortally wounded, with the stag lying dead in the water close by. . . . This sad event cast a gloom over the neighbourhood of both Old and New Mar Lodge, as deceased was a man in the prime of life, an admirable deer-stalker, and universally liked. Previous to getting the appointment of head-forester in Mar Forest, he had served in a similar

capacity with Colonel Inge, Captain Horatio Ross, and Colonel Baker, successively, all of whom had the highest opinion of him." And it should be added, that with these previous masters, in their day of highest repute, Urquhart must have been in the habit of using very different means to retrieve, follow up, or dislodge wounded stags; for without touching for a moment on the various explanations given for the accident at the time—about how "the dog-head guard-bolt of the rifle had been violently broken," &c.—its obvious cause lay in the absurdity of requiring a man to do what should have been done by a dog, be it hound, colley, or terrier, according to taste.

A similar circumstance occurred in the island of Lewis, some few years ago, though luckily without terminating in the same disastrous manner. Murdoch M'Aulay, a well-known professional stalker of local celebrity, a man "of indomitable pluck," was along with a gentleman who fired at a stag and knocked it over, whereupon M'Aulay ran on, down some very difficult ground, in order to cut the animal's throat and bleed him. The stag, which to all appearance had been quite dead, sprang up and pinned him against a bank by the burn-side, where, fortunately for him, a crevice of the rock saved him for the moment. He had just time to seize the infuriated beast with both hands by the antlers, and being very strong in the arms, with his back to the bank he held it at bay. He called out to the shooter of the stag to "come on and stick the animal with his knife!"—M'Aulay's own, which had fallen during the struggle—but the more wary sportsman, in place of so doing, kept hitting, pushing, and prodding from behind at the already sufficiently enraged beast, with his rifle. M'Aulay, seeing this, cried out: "If you can't do better than that, stop, or I'll be killed; I can't hold out much longer. Put my knife on the bank close by me, here, with the haft toward my hand, and get out of the way!" With great difficulty the gentleman—no doubt one of the modern class so pointedly referred to by worthy old Peter Robertson as dependent on the rifle alone—was thus induced to approach near enough to do as he was told;

whereupon M'Aulay, watching his opportunity, let go one hand, seized his knife, and buried it in the stag's heart. After that, it is understood that he declined, under any circumstances whatever, to stalk with that sportsman.

It were needless to multiply such instances, which speak for themselves, and which, to the same effect, are varied according to diversity of scene, whether dependence on the rifle *per se*, or on the little better assistance of cross-bred hounds, may be the cause to be assigned *in delicto*. On the other hand, we shall here give some incidents of first-rate sport obtained by adhering to old practice.

In the season of 1876, on the Duke of Sutherland's ground at Ben Braggie, a range mixed with wood, we find H.R.H. the Prince of Wales reported as getting an excellent day's stalking, accompanied only by a gillie of his own and one of the duke's keepers, along with a pair of the purest-bred and noblest deer-hounds that then existed. The day's result was chiefly confined to roe, at which the dogs did admirably well. On a day immediately subsequent, red-deer constituted the object of chase. A stag was discovered soon after getting to the forest, and the Prince fired at it, but, hitting it in the neck, only wounded it, whereupon the deer-hounds were slipped, and a long and exciting chase ensued. The hounds bringing the stag to bay, his Royal Highness went in without hesitation and gave the *coup de grâce*. On a second stag being found, almost equally good success followed, with the difference that a flying shot from the Prince left little for the dogs to do.

Under the like illustrious auspices we have an account of a still more exciting case in point, which took place in Braemar. When the Duke of Edinburgh was one day stalking, he wounded a splendid stag by a long shot from his "Henry" rifle, and the animal had strength enough left to scramble down the steep precipices and plunge into the dark waters of the Dhu Loch. Mr Grant, the head-keeper, who was with his Royal Highness, slipped a single beautiful stag-hound (a present from Cameron of Lochiel), which followed, and

"seizing the quarry in the water, held on by the neck as it crossed and recrossed the loch. At length the stag succumbed, and the gallant hound endeavoured to push it to the shore. Unable to effect this, he returned to land as if to ask for aid." Strangely enough, "none of the Highlanders then present could swim" (a circumstance which we may say is to our experience quite exceptional). "Men of unequalled vigour over crag and mountain, they were powerless in water; there seemed to be every prospect of losing the stag, when the Duke himself, who had climbed down the precipice, arrived. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, as an able naval captain, the Prince had seen too much of peril afloat round the world to be at a loss here—and for the credit of a profession which has proved, singular though it may appear to notice, noway behind in distinction among deer-stalkers throughout the Highlands, we may be excused for taking some pride in the incident. The Duke, on finding how matters stood, at once stripped and plunged into the loch, when a few vigorous strokes brought him alongside of the still swimming stag. The latter was within the next few minutes brought ashore, and that, as may be easily conceived, amidst the no small excitement of the attendants in question."

Of the grand dog that so markedly shared the honours on this occasion, we happen to know something. He was, if we are not mistaken, the same which we soon afterwards admired as the glory of the large kennel at Inverary, or else this latter was another of similar excellence that had been used by the same distinguished stalker. At all events, Colonel (James) Robertson, when directing our attention to the above-quoted incident, expressly remarks: "This dog is one of your and my line of breeding, which, in conjunction with others, we have done a good deal to keep up as a strain; seeing that Lochiel and ourselves have now bred for years from the same pure blood wherever obtainable—namely, what my uncle, Colonel David Ross, and Colonel Mitchell (of Strathmashie) had preserved under such difficulties in Lochaber and Badenoch, at the time when their line was nearly extinct, before the 'Colonsay revival' began."

As showing what can be done even by rough Border Scotch greyhounds—which are in fact but degenerate Lowland descendants of the pure mountain race—the following paragraph from a local South-country newspaper, in the summer of 1867, deserves a place :—

"A Deer-Hunt in Ettrick Forest.—The somewhat unusual spectacle of a *bona-fide* deer-hunt in this part of the country was witnessed by a number of individuals in 'The Forest' on Saturday last. On that day Mr Gibson of The Shaws was going over his farm, followed by a couple of greyhounds, when a deer appeared in view. The dogs at once gave chase to the animal, and a desperate and most exciting hunt ensued. The game led its pursuers full swing over the farm of The Shaws, at a rattling pace; then on to the neighbouring farm of Hepburn, by which time the dogs were close at the heels of the deer but failed to mouth it, and at length it made for the river Ettrick. Here a party of anglers were by the water-side, and a terrier, by which one of them was accompanied, seized it just as it plunged into the stream, holding on by its haunch till landed on the opposite side, with the two greyhounds close in attendance. By that time the deer was sadly done up, and had to succumb, after, perhaps, the last hunt ever witnessed in 'The Forest'; but, the capture once made, the greyhounds, too, gave unmistakable signs of the run having been both lengthened and fast; and so exhausted had one of them become, that it died in a very short while after the death of the game it had, with its companion, succeeded in running down. The deer was supposed to have been the same as had been seen to pass Ashkirk, about five miles from the scene of the hunt, on the morning of the same day."—'Southern Reporter.'

Whether this was a red-deer is not stated, and it is unlikely; but the greyhounds must be admitted to have shown themselves worthy of notice.

"I well remember one glorious hillside day which bears close upon the question in hand," says an English officer,[1] well accustomed to Northern forest-craft in every shape; "when quartered at Fort William, near Lochaber, I went on a certain 30th September, now a good many years back, with 'Long John' (of Glen Nevis Distillery) and Sheriff Fraser, to join a deer-hunt in Glenglui, near Auchnacarra, rented at that time as a shooting-box by the Marquis of Douro. About nine of us were armed with rifles, and posted by the forester, under the direction of Captain Cochrane, in the most likely spots for a deer to run out of the wood. All being settled, the beaters were put in with a lot of cur dogs, and soon disturbed a stag, but he could not be induced to break, so he was given up. Captain Cochrane was just lamenting that we were all deprived of the expected chance, when one of the foresters discovered a stag and five hinds on the open, toward the top of the opposite hill. The question then arose, who

[1] Major Davenport, 66th Regiment, in a reminiscence communicated through Colonel Robertson.

should stalk them. I was asked to go, but saw so little prospect of getting near them in such an open place that I declined, and preferred awaiting the result of Sheriff Fraser's and Donald Macdonald's stalking skill. The deer were so high up that they could not be distinguished by the naked eye from where we stood at the bottom of the glen. Fraser and D. Macdonald started with the two foresters, one of whom led two magnificent Scotch deer-hounds (belonging to Colonel David Ross of Tirndrish) up a burn to leeward of the deer; and after about forty minutes' climbing, they got nearly to the level of the game. The scene was most exciting, and can only be thoroughly entered into by such as have had some similar experience. However, now the wind began to veer, and several times they had to stop to consult how to get round the deer. During one of these halts, one of the foresters lighted his pipe, a most unheard-of and outrageous proceeding, and on being remonstrated with by Sheriff Fraser, said there would be no harm in it, as the wind was in their favour. They were getting near the game, and were within eighty yards of them when Fraser took an aim, but the forester arrested his arm and prevented him from firing, thinking to get nearer by going down a little burn. Just then the wind changed, and carried the scent of their tobacco, apparently from their clothes alone, down to the deer. Up jumped the stag and the five hinds, when away they came down-hill at an awful pace, the hinds leading, and the stag close behind. In an instant they were out of sight of the stalkers, and seemed to be coming straight for where we stood. We gave the foresters signs of the direction they had taken, and the two dogs were let loose. The oldest of the pair singled out the stag, and coursed him *through* the parcel of hinds, taking no notice of *them*. The other dog, a young one, took two hinds over the hill, and we then saw no more of him or them, but not so with *Oscar*, the first. He took his game along a nose of the hill, and kept rather above it, to prevent its turning upwards, and such a splendid course I never witnessed before or since. It lasted half an hour, in full view of us all. *Oscar* succeeded in getting the stag to the low ground, and drove him so hard that he jumped into a sheep-fank [fold] and out again, when the dog lost him in the Poltheren wood, the one we had beaten. He was then hunted up and down, round and round, for about half an hour more, by some colley dogs, when he at length broke cover and made for the hill we had first discovered him on. In doing so he had to cross our party and run the gauntlet of many rifles, one of which—the forester's—took effect in the hock, which it broke, and the noble stag—weighing twenty-one stone—was pulled down by the deer-hound, to whose credit the whole must be given."

"This dog, *Oscar*," adds Colonel Robertson, "was a grandson of my uncle's (Colonel D. Ross's) celebrated *Old Torrum*, from which mine are descended." It was when communicating the above notes

to us that, as one incident often brings up another to memory, he told the following with regard to a considerably later "stalk" of his own, which we give as near as possible verbatim:—

"I had set out along with Æneas Macdonell of Morar for a few days' trial over Sir Duncan Cameron of Fassiefern's ground between Morar and Loch Arkaig, the party there consisting of ourselves alone, also two shepherds, and, though last not least, a pair of fine dogs of the true old sort, bred from our own Tirndrish line and from 'Glengarry's.' The ground was of immense extent, without cover, and excellent for regular stalking, though at starting there was little to be seen of deer that we had any chance whatever to get at; the weather terribly hot, close, and heavy, with a thunder-plump the first day, which swelled everything in the shape of a burn so as to hinder our getting very far on. We had to sleep that night at the shepherd's cottage at Meuble, both together in a rather tight box-bed, without any very sanguine prospects to keep us in heart: however, very early next morning, in fact before it was daylight at all, the shepherd came hurrying in to tell us that the deer were in a glen, close to an old bothy where they came for days together, in such weather, to wash themselves in boggy water from the flies. Amongst them was, it appeared, a grand stag with a head-royal; which news of course made us jump up and set all astir, and without taking much time to snatch a hasty breakfast of Highland brose, off we started in high spirits.

"After going about eight miles at least, over some very bad ground, it was found to our no small disgust that the herd had shifted from their place; but daybreak coming to our help, another hill-lad arrived to say that they had only gone a few miles farther west, to a similar boggy hollow, still better for our purpose, well known by the name of Carac-na-famhair,[1] from an immense stone about the middle of it. This man, by the way, had spared no trouble in coming to us for our information, and in fact how he found us out in the circumstances was a mystery to both; but your true Highlander, when sportsmen of anything like the old popular families are in question, will put himself to any amount of pains, not to say scent you out by the very air, like a deer-hound itself. In short, we got all right to Carac-na-famhair, where, sure enough, the deer were in plenty, wallowing together in a deep bog, enjoying themselves to the full on account of the heat, closeness, and those pests of the district, the midges, gadflies, and what not, which infest it like fiends. They were themselves, to look at, for all the world like kelpies, or hobgoblins, owing to the blackness of their hides from the bog soil; so much so that but for the shepherds in company, they might almost at first glance have been mistaken for kyloes. Up they sprang, as soon as they got a breath of our

[1] *Carac-na-famhair* (Gaelic)—the Giant's-shinty-ball-stone; from the game of "shinty," equivalent to "hockey" in Wales, or the modern polo, though played on foot.

wind; though being headed cleverly by two of our men, there was more than one good chance got at the van division, consisting chiefly, however, of hinds and yearlings, one of which fell to 'Morar's' shot, at long range. No glimpse, either, was to be had of the said grand ten-tine hart, our main object in the quest. The remainder went clear away up a correy, in another direction, and after being in vain tracked and hounded by colleys and terriers, were given up.

"Pretty well drenched with rain, almost done up, and disappointed on the whole, we returned down by the same way we had ascended, when, on nearing the said great stone in the middle, the pair of deer-hounds were seen to prick up their ears and sniff the air in their characteristic style. What they meant no one could make out, till all in a moment the shepherd in charge of them on the leash was tumbled over by the rush they made to get loose, and just then it was discovered that a splendid great stag, as black with bog as the rest, had been lying all the while behind the huge boulder, and been passed by us, no doubt, on our upward way. Whether he had not smelt or heard anything before, the stone being so very large, and he tired, cannot be known; but that this was his lair up till near that moment is certain from what was afterwards found as to his leavings on the spot. Be that as it may, up he bounded from somewhere or other close by, looking positively immense through the mist, and away—not too quick, indeed, to escape being fired at by both rifles with a tolerably good aim, all things considered. Meanwhile the poor shepherd had held on like grim death to the pair of dogs, notwithstanding his being dragged forward and rolled over three or four times, in order not to forego the proper moment for slipping them, before the shots were fired. He then let both go from the slips in proper style; when off they went after the stag, so close as to turn him off the high ground, whereupon he headed round on a sharp slant fair for the loch. For a moment or two you could hear the rattle of the small stones from under all three as they vanished right down, over block and crag, toward the water, and there we lost them for the time. Both shots had been without apparent effect; the rifles had been just taken out of their covers, but were damp enough beforehand to leave the matter uncertain—no time to give mine a turn upside down and a shake, which, by the by, is an old campaigner's 'wrinkle,' in case of suspected damp, that I never neglect when advisable in stalking.

"The two dogs came back the same afternoon to our quarters at the shepherd's cottage, with signs of blood on their muzzles, and a scrape or two evidently from the stag's antlers or hoofs, but nothing else to explain what the upshot had been; besides which they had manifestly been soaked to the skin, though the rain had ceased before they went off. Next day the question was solved. An old woman of the shepherd's kindred, who had that day been over in a boat to an island in the loch [Arkaig] to cut ferns for her cow,

came many miles down the loch-side to tell that a grand stag was lying dead on the island, with his throat torn open, though not otherwise mangled. The stag was forthwith got, and brought to the shooting-lodge at Morar, where it was found that, after all, both bullets had taken effect. As to the distance gone over by the dogs before they reached home, it was calculated by the shepherd that they must have gone over fully forty miles of very rough country. There was no doubt left but that they had both driven the animal to the island, and killed him there when at bay. Not only so, but I tell you the circumstances to show how the true sort are to be counted on for not staying with their quarry when killed, and for not gorging on the venison, as well as for coming direct back to where their master is, over whatsoever ground may intervene."

Quite *apropos* to what has been above given from private sources, there will be found in Lord Saltoun's attractive book [1] some most remarkable Highland deer-forest incidents, recording "canine exploits" which may well astonish—if not rouse the envy of—any modern rifle-vaunting sportsman who excludes all such aid from his hillside retinue. One or two of these are here quoted with his lordship's permission :—

"Fingal's famous *Bran* is renowned for having killed three deer in one chase, and there need be little doubt of the traditional verity of that fact; though the accompanying statement that 'a thousand dogs flew over the heath' may be regarded as a poetical licence—for the poet . . . in all likelihood was unable to count beyond his own ten fingers [?], and only meant a good many. However, the *Bran* of whom I propose some account nearly rivalled his great namesake's performance." When first "entered," at the age of nine months, he "came in second to a full-grown companion" in seizing a stag; and on one occasion, two months later, single-handed, killed two out of three hinds which he chased, after having been quite stunned by a kick from one of them. "His greatest achievement deserves record. . . . A stag was wanted for a rustic wedding-feast, and Donald Kennedy set off to procure it, with his double gun (he had no rifle in those days) and *Bran* only, then under four years of age." In Glen Feshie they got on the track of a herd of deer, whereupon Donald, not being able to approach them in the ordinary way, "sent the dog off 'on the wind of those' that came down a burn, where *Bran* was sniffing the air with apparent relish. . . . On receiving the word, away went he at a long lobbing canter, with his nose high, and disap-

[1] Scraps, &c., from Memories of my Earlier Days (already before quoted from in chap. iv. p. 73), vol. ii. chap. iii. p. 1 *et seq.*

peared behind some bend, while Donald ensconced himself to await what might ensue. It was not long ere he saw a big stag coming down-burn at top speed, closely followed by *Bran*, but passing out of shot; whereupon, hastening after them, he saw the dog run up, seize and throw the stag over, a short sharp tussle ensuing. When he reached them, the stag was at its last gasp, *Bran* fiercely worrying it—a fine large beast with ten tines on its antlers. . . . These tactics, having proved so successful, were repeated whenever the dog had fully recovered breath. At the order to go, he went away as before, at a steady canter up-burn. . . . After a while, down came another large stag, with *Bran* in full chase, coming this time within shot; but before it could be fired, *Bran* made his spring. Then began such a fight as, Donald told me, he had never witnessed before or since. The stag was a very large and powerful one, bearing eleven tines on his horns, and struggled desperately, but never could get free from that first grip. Over and over they fell, sometimes the one uppermost, sometimes the other. At times the stag would rear up, striking wildly with his fore-feet and horns, and dragging the dog along; then, pulled down again, the struggle would continue on the ground; and thus they fought down the burn for about two hundred yards. Twenty times did Donald raise his gun to end the combat; as often did he lower it without firing, from the impossibility of taking sure aim in the constant change of position of each; and, though he tried, he never could get near enough to lay hold of the stag and help the dog in that way. At length they came to a place where the burn fell over a low rock in a steep rapid, and Donald had to make a little detour to get below; but when he arrived at the foot of the rock, all was over. There beside the burn lay the stag all but dead; while *Bran* lay by him, with his jaws still fixed in the throat of his conquered foe, to which he gave an angry shake now and then." He himself "presented a ghastly spectacle," and, though not seriously injured, was "for some days unable to do more than hobble about, but ere long got over it, and for many a day continued to work in his accustomed form." During a subsequent contest against a powerful stag, along with a companion, the latter "being hurled heels-over-head to a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, *Bran* then sprang at his huge opponent's throat; but missing his aim, the bound carried him on, and he alighted just in front of the stag, which, quick as thought, lowered its head, and drove its brow-antler over three inches into his haunch. With a yell more of fury than pain, *Bran* dashed forward two strides, and, wheeling round, faced the stag, sprang at its throat, and pulled it down, when the other dog coming up, they quickly finished him." After various other such "triumphs, their hero at length manifested tokens of decline; whereupon," having become chief domestic favourite "with a wealthy and kind-hearted family from the south of England, he was taken home by them, where he "ended his days in peace, luxury, and dignity—in short, as one of the luckiest dogs in the world."

Space would fail to tell of "*Black Bran*, nephew to the hero" last commemorated. "He surpassed his uncle in size and power, was equally well made, and in actual performance did not fall behind him when opportunity occurred. Of a deep grizzled grey colour, nearly black, he stood thirty-one inches high, measured thirty-four round the chest, and was, without exception, the fastest and most powerful deer-hound I have ever beheld."

It is interesting to find, by the way, that this above-mentioned Donald Kennedy was no other than the "Highland poacher, Ronald," whom Mr St John describes as "bringing two magnificent large pure-bred deer-hounds to show for sale, he himself being a splendid sample of humanity, unsurpassed for strength, courage, and deeds of contraband as well as of venatic prowess;" moreover, that *Bran Senior*—the hero of so many stag-fights—was one of these said grand hill-bred dogs, the one which responded to its master's significant question (about help against any undue constabulary attack) "by looking up in his face with such a half leer, half snake-like expression, as, in short, constituted a sufficient answer." Donald[1]—let it be noted—having left off his illegal occupation to become first a careful "gillie," thereafter a regimental orderly, went to India with Lord Saltoun, where he displayed the same manful qualities that had marked him at home, and whence he returned with his lordship, who thus closes the record: "He died at the age of sixty-three, never in his life, I believe, having done a bad action, nor thought an unworthy or dishonest thought."

No unfitting *pendant* is here furnished in some practical sentences from an excellent little field-manual volume, lately published,—by Mr Alexander Macrae, late forester to Lord Henry Bentinck, "with Introduction by Horatio Ross, Esq.:"[2]—

"Deer-hounds are now very much out of fashion, although a number of years ago in great demand. Sportsmen, I suppose, think that their useful-

[1] Donald's full and real designation must not be omitted. It was "Donald Mac Gourlich Mhic Donell," his family having been the bodyguard of the old MacDonells of Keppoch, and the name of Kennedy having been assumed by an ancestor who some generations previously had been obliged to quit that part of the country in consequence of a blood-feud.

[2] A Handbook of Deer-stalking, p. 76. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh: 1880.

ness does not repay the trouble and expense incurred in their keep and management. Besides, the quality of the hounds has become such that many of them are little better than good colley-dogs. Although we are told, on good authority, that deer-hounds in olden times performed such remarkable feats as that one of them could kill two deer out of one herd, yet our generation, by reason of its [their] degeneracy, cannot be made to believe it. One thing may be taken as an undoubted fact, that a very good deer-hound can never be reared in a kennel. A deer-hound has more advantage when slipped from below than from above the deer. If the ground is broken, dogs are apt to fall when going down-hill, and the deer has the advantage of being at liberty to take a straight course wherever he chooses; but when slipped from below, the deer is more or less exhausted before the dog comes up to him, and the dog is all the better for getting a little warm by the time the deer turns from the hill, and has a good chance of intercepting him in the turn. Here is the time that the dogs of old did such havoc: they took mostly in the turn, and killed them on the spot. Dogs should not be slipped too near the deer, for if they come too quickly in contact, the deer is too fresh, and the dogs are in danger of being hurt or killed. Unless a dog can take a deer in three or four minutes, he will not take him at all. He may, by perseverance, make the deer turn on him; but he will not take him by speed."

Mr Macrae must have had specially apposite experience under Lord Henry Bentinck, who took a principal part in that so-called "Colonsay revival" of pure deer-hound-breeding, as well as of true deer-coursing, which has been here previously described, and his own verdict turns beyond doubt on the point of whether or not the dogs are good ones. To fix its purport, take along with it a few of Mr Ross's introductory words,—settled although the latter remains in his *now*-exclusive favour for the rifle:—

"Reverting to the express rifles, I am afraid they have led to much abuse, and, I may add, cruelty. We hear often of very long shots having been made, but we do not hear of the many noble stags that have been wounded by reckless shooting at extreme distances. . . . I won't mention names or place, but simply say it occurred in the Highlands during this century. I was watching a party stalking. He got a chance and missed, but fired EIGHT consecutive shots at a stag galloping, and when he [the stag] disappeared, he was certainly a quarter of a mile from his stalker. . . . I make it a rule never to fire at deer beyond the range of 150 yards, and then only if I had a good steady view of the deer. . . . As to driving large herds of deer to passes, it is very injurious to a forest.

In my humble opinion, it is a most Cockney, unsportsmanlike proceeding, and reduces the noble sport of deer-stalking to a level with a *battue* of pheasants and hares."

With these very suggestive remarks the whole practical question may be left, in so far as Scotch-Highland interests are concerned. Among the forests' countless owners, lessees, and privileged visitors, judgment can scarce well be of an altogether uniform type on the matter. Not every rich Anglo-Saxon manufacturer coming North has wholly bound himself under utilitarian rule; nor every lordly Norman forsworn actual hunting lest his neighbour's herd should gain thereby. Millionaire men can afford to enclose territory so spacious as that in it, doubtless, such restrictions may be disregarded, and full freedom secured for any variety of sport whatever. English deer-stalkers there are—not a few—who throw into their best autumn recreation just that spirit of eager hardihood and activity which would tend to revive the genuine "coursing" habit whereby mountain sport develops its keenest excitement,—pretty much in the same way as Alpine-Club membership is evolved from quondam inter-university boat-racing. Apparently the balance of proof rather inclines against exclusive long-range marksmanship—a thing in fact prone, at its best, to foster individual self-conceit. *Battue*-shooting, and "herd-driving to passes," have undoubtedly fallen into disfavour. In respect, again, of that solemn gamekeeping watchword, so often repeated, so frequently whispered, "Hush! Don't disturb our deer!"—do not all competent experts' statements tend to show that it greatly partakes of conventional bogeyism? Pray, are rifle-cracks in quick succession no "disturbance"? Is not a uselessly wounded stag an alarm to his herd? Depend upon it, ordinarily speaking, the safest, surest, least-molesting instrumentality for any stalker's help to thorough sport over mountain ground, will prove to be that self-same one, at once so swift, so powerful, so silent, by comparison, that one which Highland poachers—like Mr St John's "Ronald," or others of his class who could be named—were

wont to breed, rear, train, and use for their own quiet "venatic" purposes. Its actual quality as at present made available—hitherto chiefly from England, too often through merely amateur hands—remains of course an altogether separate affair. What this quality has been, is now, and may yet become, with due deference toward the extraordinary amount of attention given it by Southern breeders skilled in everything that concerns live-stock, we have throughout the foregoing chapters endeavoured to show.

"Extol our said bygone hill-sport as you may—glorious pastime it was, too—none to match it, east, west, or south, and I have tried all three" (so wrote, lately, a noble Scottish expert to our valued correspondent, Colonel J. Robertson [1])—"still notwithstanding 'tis certainly a thing of the past. Red-deer are doubtless anything but extinct, yet virtually they have become non-existent for your and my own grand favourite hounds of the olden blood—nay, in fact, for any that can now be bred, judging from what I see. Just as, for example, the great old Irish wolf-dog has perished because wolves ceased to exist, so must the true Scotch deer-hound become *non-inventus* and pass away—despite all their 'shows,' whether at Birmingham, the Crystal Palace, or Inverness itself—simply because there are no longer any red-deer stags for him to hunt."

Strong enough *a priori* logic; embodying the view apt to be taken by each "laudator temporis acti" who overlooks a certain evident enlargement of tenure that modern travelling and colonising facilities have thrown open before his like-minded successors in the field.

A free scope is thus disclosed, wider at least, if not better, than the whole of Scotland could supply, were it even "turned throughout into a hunting-ground"—as once was explicitly threatened in England.[2] West, east, or south—in short, wherever people from our three kingdoms go abroad with their characteristic game-loving

[1] Often quoted before and subsequently, as taking an essential part in these records. The autograph letter referred to remains *penes nos.*

[2] See 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'—the passage where the celebrated John Duke of Argyll replies to Queen Caroline. "'In that case, Madam,' answered that high-spirited nobleman with a profound bow, 'I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready.'"

turn—things must go hard with them if they do not hit upon some adequate portion of this cosmopolitan domain, well stocked for the chase. From region to region over its expanse—along uninterdicted ranges—across wild upland tracts which neither sheep nor cattle monopolise, which proprietors never mete out, nor keepers guard—throughout ample "hill-forests" where no dread of "disturbance" need be felt, nor strict "preserve"-law encountered—there are greater game to be freely followed than the grandest royal stag whose "tines" were ever recorded on British soil. There, too, wolves are so far from being "extinct" that to hunt them down is work for public gratitude, through districts where a veritable kennel of those so-called "great old Irish grews" would be welcome indeed—and, by the way (as will afterwards clearly appear), no grosser myth can well be named than the statement that *they* have "become extinct," or were what "Milesian fable" alleges, seeing how demonstrably identical they are with our own ancient Scottish "greyhound" race—that breed which constitutes the *first-hand* subject of these pages. Furthermore, over the said unbounded world-area there are to be found innumerably varied opportunities for still more exciting wild sport of the very kind here in view.

To indicate such variety, and to give some details of its precise nature, along with certain illustrative incidents, will be our object in the chapters next ensuing.

CHAPTER VI.

DEER-HOUNDS ABROAD—THEIR COLONIAL USE—DEMAND FOR THEM—AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, THE CAPE, CANADA, UNITED STATES, BUENOS AYRES, INDIA—LETTERS FROM ABROAD — ACCOUNT OF DOGS THERE — OBSTACLES IN INDIA — HUNTING INDIAN LARGE GAME—SPORT IN CEYLON—SIR S. BAKER ON DEER-COURSING IN CEYLON—FATE OF *KILLBUCK* AND *MERRIMAN*.

UR colonies have within the last fifty years been developing a wide new field, in regard to which, as well as to the varied requirements of exploration, settlement, and wild adventure in general throughout foreign parts, it is indispensable to give some particulars in connection with this practical part of our monograph. That field has very rapidly extended of late, obtaining a vast increase of facilities from the advanced state of matters as respects conveyance, intercommunication, and every other appliance for the benefit of the explorer, the emigrant, or the pioneer of civilisation at large. With British officers abroad, wherever good field-sport of any kind could be had, they have long been in the habit of enjoying it; but, in addition to this, it has become every year more common for adventurous spirits to seek, in the countries where game is most abundant, a freer scope for their energies than can be found anywhere in the home field. Moreover, colonial notions are now more and more being raised, in a suitable way, above mere corn-growing, run-holding, and stock-owning pursuits, to the objects of social recreation during

the time that must be spent away from the old country: even a backwoodsman often goes beyond the desire of a simple improvement to his household fare, when setting out after such animals as may be within reach of his gun or trap; the very squatter begins to enter, after a fashion, into the idea that something over and above "the pot" should be considered in such matters. Among the varied list of exportations round the world to the Antipodes, for acclimatising objects, the New Zealanders have included not only the thistle, the broom, the "whins," and the heather, but the salmon and the red-deer themselves, which last, we are told, begin to thrive well under preservation in the "Canterbury Province." Then, again, as regards Transatlantic notions, a lively interest is taken in "The Preservation of Our Forests." This, indeed, does not there mean precisely what it does on our own side of the water, but the written information received closes with these words: "We really need the enactment of something like the forest-laws of Germany, . . . to carry out a thorough and wise system of re-foresting the country, preserving our game, and developing to their full extent the carrying capacity of our water-ways."

It need not be remarked that in the said vast colonial and foreign field, whatever its diversified circumstances, there is no question as to disturbance of the game, no complication from grouse, no trouble through sheep, nor any invidious drawback as regards the "marches," or the meddlesome interference of foresters and keepers, to say nothing of pragmatical high-minded neighbours who insist at all costs on carrying out some peculiar system of their own. Equally little does the most skilful marksman pique himself on doing great execution by firearms alone, or disdain, amidst expanses so wide, to avail himself of whatever natural help can be got to back up his rifle-practice. The game is widely various, in addition to which it is seldom but that the sportsman, if so inclined, can have a fiercer quarry to pursue or bring to bay than any that now is found in our Northern forests; and in almost any case, of either kind, there is none

that does not require the use of dogs as an essential. Though rifles have become so increasingly effective, no skill or presence of mind is so complete in the use of the very best weapons, nor are the most serviceable human attendants so sufficient, as that dogs of some kind can be dispensed with. This was perhaps first made clear by Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, who, after having traversed the Highland forests from end to end with deer-hound and gun—shooting without much regard to keepers in any way—sought wider room about the Cape of Good Hope. He did not, apparently, take with him thither any dogs whatever, but no one ever used them more constantly than he did, when possible, after getting to the chosen scene of his exploits. Throughout his hazardous South-African career, whenever he failed to have them at hand, he invariably regretted it, and evidently often felt the want of better canine auxiliaries than the country could furnish him. In the same regions, like proof is given by that most daring explorer and energetic settler, Charles John Andersen, the Dane, in whose zeal as a naturalist and sportsman they were constantly found of the utmost service; and it was, if we mistake not, he who, when again setting out from this country to the scene of his explorations, took pains to "procure a fine Scotch hound from Lord Fitzwilliam's keeper"—by no means the best source to which he might then have applied. The animal, after being taken out to the Cape, appears to have fallen a speedy victim to that malady to which the exclusive "Colonsay stock were peculiarly liable." The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, again, took for his pursuit of deer and bison in the western prairies of America "a Breadalbane deer-lurcher, *Bar*, a choice gift from my distinguished friend the late Marquis;" and this much-prized animal attendant seems to have afforded him full satisfaction for its special purpose. Similar stress is set on the importance of using good dogs in foreign wild sport by the Hon. Mr Drummond (son of Lord Strathallan), in his very interesting book, 'The Large Game of South Africa,' to which reference may be made for several cases especially in point All this, it

is true, in most instances, with the proviso that when valuable thoroughbred hounds are concerned, the preliminary or necessary rough work is best done by native packs; and when the larger *ferœ naturæ* of savage temper are to be attacked, the coarsest yelping mongrels are generally the most serviceable for bearing the first brunt of danger or labour, whilst high courage, greater speed, and superior muscular power have to be held back in reserve for ultimate critical moments.

In reply to a query addressed solely to English breeders, Captain Graham says—as his wide experience and success well qualify him to do—"Yes, both pure-bred deer-hounds and crosses from them are in demand for foreign and colonial requirements. I have sent away several of my own large Irish wolf-hound type, with that destination. Captain Morse, too (near Gloucester), has sent many of his own breeding, from the pure Scotch stock, to similar quarters; or rather, they have been purchased one way or other to go abroad. Canada and Australia import them constantly, and with increasing frequency; to which the publicity given to them at the Dog Shows has much contributed. I could mention many breeders and amateurs who are in the habit of sending them to various parts of the world." We have ourselves, during the last twenty years, at least, done so in very many instances: in numerous cases to India, in a few cases to China; in several to the United States and to Canada; once to the Cape of Good Hope, frequently to Australia, and also to Buenos Ayres; besides other cases in which application was made, from these and other countries, without our being able to accede to the request. The last-mentioned locality, Buenos Ayres, has made a somewhat continuous demand on our resources in this way. There, in fact, as before stated, lies the place of settlement which has been fixed upon by our former coadjutor in the undertaking of improvement to the breed, and to its diffusion as a pure stock,—Dr Joyce, specially before-named under reference to that project. To this circumstance, doubtless, is in great measure due the said frequency of applica-

tion to us from the region of the Rio de la Plata. By a recent mail from thence, the doctor writes as follows:—

"This is at any rate a splendid country for sport, and we have all kinds of it where we are, from deer, hog, and tiger-cat to the *danta*, something between a buffalo and an elk, and of a proportionate size, which, when you can once start it on the open, gives you a fine burst across country. Moreover, there are the 'ostriches,' as they call them on the Pampas, six feet in height, and fast enough to beat the swiftest dogs yet out, unless you know how to circumvent them properly; still, we try them when occasion favours, and I could not wish my best friend a better than to have a fair breather after a parcel of them on the level,—they with their pinions out, scudding their best, and we with such a good mount as we have at choice, out of no end of wild 'mustangs,' and a couple of hounds like what you and we are keeping up in breed. . . . I'd not be surprised if they got to be an established breed here, among the lot of fine young spirited fellows from the old soil, many of them with good funds at command, that are settling round about, most of whom I of course know. . . . No fear of crosses, either, as there are no other dogs to speak of, except naked Chilian pugs, great favourites with the ladies only. . . . As to a forest, here I have it *ad lib.*, within a couple of miles' ride of my own back-run, hills and all, clear of everything that used to pester us in the blessed old country; with the chance besides of starting something or other in the savage line. . . . We can't be said to do much in the way of preserving; still, if any set of Spanish or Indian lopers come along and take undue liberties, we don't stand much upon ceremony as to putting them down—being a pretty strong party when called out, never without our six-shooters besides the rifle."

Of India in the same connection much might be said. Allusion has previously been made to the innkeeper at Dalwhinnie, in our Central Highlands, who, some considerable number of years ago, gave express attention to breeding large-sized deer-hounds of improved quality for the purpose of being sent abroad, although originally founding upon a colley stock. For his success in this, Maclaren, the breeder referred to, became somewhat noted; and, as we are informed on the direct authority of a gentleman who had the shootings of Dalwhinnie, he did not fail to train and put them to the test after red-deer on the home field, by means of various chance opportunities which he obtained one way or other. One was got from him by Lord George Bentinck (for £86); another, by a gentle-

man going abroad to the East (for £120); our informant himself, moreover, who was for some considerable time in India as a planter, purchased from him a pair, which did admirably well in the sport usually followed around Indian hill-stations; and there was another in particular that acquired celebrity in India, somewhere near the foot of the Nilgherry range, by an extraordinary feat which he performed, though against all rule. This dog, by name *Coll*, if we mistake not, was specially large, lengthy, and quick as well as powerful, while at the same time showing signs of his colley derivation by more than usual sagacity and attachment: he had been trained from the first to bring deer to bay, not to seize them, and in this capacity was being used by his owner, an officer then at the hill-station, who was out sambur-shooting. *Coll* was on leash at the time, in charge of a shekarry or coolie, when the other dogs in company started a tiger, which was fired at and severely wounded. In the crisis that ensued, one of the native beaters would beyond all question have fallen a victim to the monstrous brute's first spring but for the deer-hound *Coll*,—of which the man in immediate danger was accustomed to take special charge,—and which, breaking loose at the moment, went in at a bound upon the tiger, so as to seize him from over the shoulder, heedless of consequences, but careful to take his grip at the tenderest and safest spot —namely, behind an ear. The result was that the "beater" escaped, and a bullet through the tiger's skull in front, next moment, ended the business luckily for the dog, which, though holding on, had not received any mortal wound, as he not long afterwards continued to distinguish himself in chase of sambur. "So much," remarked our informant,[1] "for the old instinct of striking from behind, due at all events to true deer-hound stock."

Our own short experience of India, in early life, having been in

[1] J. Dalrymple, Esq. of Langlee, Galashiels, who had been in the vicinity at the time when this incident occurred. He also mentioned the name of the officer who possessed *Coll*, but we have unfortunately let it slip aside among our notes, taken verbatim from Mr Dalrymple's oral account.

fact confined to Bengal, does not enable us to say anything here from personal knowledge; but from having of late repeatedly sent young deer-hounds to various parts of that country, our information has been carefully obtained. As to the northern part of the Bombay Presidency, we learned from Henry Rogers, Esq., an extensive planter there—who already had two or more pure-bred Scotch deer-hounds, besides a young bitch, and intended to procure others, including one which he got from our own kennels—that more than one gentleman of his acquaintance possessed specimens of the breed; the difficulty of course being to keep them up in due vigour under such a climate. We have letters that contain interesting information on the point from Colonel Tweedie (Resident at the Nizam's Court, Hyderabad, Dekkan), in which he says:—

"When you have any puppies to spare, I should be glad to hear. . . . Mere rough greyhounds won't suit: they must be of great size and undeniable quality, fit for work, not show, and of any age from three to twelve months. I was myself a breeder of them, and am anxious to prove the qualities of the race when slipped against some of the large *cervidæ* and *bovidæ—e.g.*, nilghye or "blue-bull," which abound here. A dog some eight or nine months old, which could shift for himself more or less, at the same time of the very best procurable blood, is what I immediately want, dark brindle or dark iron-grey preferred, with of course a hard, bristling, shaggy coat. My stalking propensities in India have as yet been more on the pig-skin than with the rifle, but my intention is, as I am growing heavier, to go in more for the rifle. . . . The 'blue-bull' strikes me as being among the best game for the purpose. I don't remember ever shooting one hitherto, though I have often seen them in the jungle I was beating—on an elephant—for tiger. The jungle natives are keen after the blue-bull, for the sake of his good venison. As they seldom have rifles, they lie in wait at the pools when he comes to drink, thus often managing to wound and kill him with their rude fowling-piece bullets, or even with arrows; and when they have dogs, they are all the more likely to circumvent him. By European sportsmen he is stalked just as red-deer are in our own country, and I know it requires fine tactics to get within shot of him. So far as I know, the only appliance as yet used in chase of this animal, besides fire-arms, is a hunting-knife to polish him finally off when got at close quarters; but the latter is the difficulty, and a wounded nilghye would, I think, be a grand quarry to slip a Highland deer-hound at. . . . In Indian hog-hunting," as the same experienced correspondent reminds us, "the spear, with a firm nerve, a skilful

hand, and a good horse, constitutes all that is required; considering the nature of the ground, the climate, and the limited portion of the day during which such sport can be followed, although the precedent as to boar-hunting by no means extends over the world at large. . . . As to *tiger*," he adds, "no dog of mortal mould ever stood or will stand before an Indian tiger. Many a dog, no doubt, has been game enough to go in at him, but it is simply a kind of miracle when he comes out again alive. Only badgering curs are of avail to keep him in play, such as my old friend and commanding officer—the late Major Nightingale, of the Nizam's cavalry—used to 'breed' for the special purpose, and they get killed off in numbers, in spite of all the good care they took of themselves. The tiger's paw hits like a round-shot."

On this latter important item of Indian large game, the above statement must as a rule be taken without qualification—namely, that with regard to his Supreme Highness "*burra Bagh* sahib" himself, no canine assistance will, ordinarily speaking, be available. Nevertheless, in respect to his formidable cousins-german, panther, leopard, and even (Asiatic) lion, it is not always so, judging from various reliable accounts; among others, that of "The Old Shekarry" (Major Leveson),—an authority which, we are aware, does not go far in most points with present Indian sportsmen, yet which has its own value when careful particulars are evidently given. After panther, at any rate, with the large hounds he then used, the result could not have been wished better than it turned out with him:—

"These dogs were two couple, immensely powerful,—crosses between a big Polygar dog and a rough Brinjarree bitch,—standing over 30 inches in height, and possessing indomitable pluck, but little amenability to discipline." On a female panther being wounded by the narrator, near the Himalayan range, "after the beast had carried one of my smaller dogs as a cat would a mouse, whereupon the aggressor was wounded by a snap-shot," the issue was as follows: "In the twinkling of an eye she recovered her feet, and sprang towards us, uttering a savage roar; when the Polygars, who, on seeing the game, had forcibly broken away from the man who held them, dashed forward. Scared by their sudden appearance, she swerved, raised her head, and looked round for a line of retreat; which action gave a chance to *Ponto*, the foremost of the hounds, and the gallant dog rushed in and pinned her by the back-sinew of the hind-leg, while at the same time *Hassan* and *Ali* fastened on each side of her, one by the ear and the other on the throat. I had received my second gun from Chincah (a beater), the moment my first

was discharged; but I was afraid to fire lest I might injure my dogs, and was waiting for a fairer chance, when suddenly, with a scream of rage, the male panther appeared, and made a leap which would have very summarily disposed of poor *Ponto*, if I had not luckily stopped him in mid career by almost simultaneously giving him the contents of both barrels, killing him at once. The game was now becoming hot, for a violent struggle was still going on between my dogs and the wounded female, whose strength was so great, notwithstanding one of her fore-arms was shattered and useless, that she twice managed to shake off two of the Polygars, although *Ponto* still kept his hold; and fearing lest my favourite might get a mauling before I should have time to reload, I drew my hunting-knife, and, watching my opportunity, plunged it up to the hilt behind her shoulder-blade, when she reared up, gave a hollow groan, and dropped on her side, dead. The two other Polygars, when they saw their antagonist was dead, lay quietly down and began to lick the scratches and bruises they had received in the conflict, but old matter-of-fact *Ponto*, in a most cautious manner, went up to each of the carcasses, and examined them all round, as if to satisfy himself there was no life remaining; after which he came trotting up to me as I was reloading, looked up in my face in a peculiarly knowing manner, wagged his apology of a tail, and lay down at my feet, grunting with intense satisfaction. Having rubbed the blood and dirt off the dogs, and examined their limbs carefully, so as to make sure they had received no serious injury, we again took up the panthers' trail, which led us to a shelving rock, where, in a small cave, we found two young panther cubs, one of which the dogs killed, and the other, a young male, we caught alive." The same or similar hounds were used with success by Major Leveson in stalking the sambur—the red-deer of India, larger than our own: this he did on the Annamulla Hills, along with his friend Mr Burton, during what he characterised as "three months' glorious sport." "In Southern India," he adds, "I had a large nondescript kind of dog—a cross between an English fox-hound and a large Brinjarree greyhound —that was perfectly *au fait* at every kind of sport, and in the jungle he rarely left my heel except when tracking up a wounded animal. When he was with me, I very seldom lost a wounded deer, as he generally managed to bring them to bay until I came up and despatched them. His instinct was perfectly wonderful, for whilst on the trail he would remain as silent as the grave, but when the stag was at bay his deep hoarse bark resounded through the forest and guided us to the quarry. This is real sport; and a stag killed in this manner gives infinitely more satisfaction than half a score slaughtered in a drive or from ambush. In some districts sambur are driven by a long line of beaters, past the sportsmen prostrate in ambuscade; but, although by this arrangement a heavy bag is often made, yet if it is much repeated, the country becomes much disturbed, and the game gets very wild." Here the gallant Shekarry seems to turn the tables with a vengeance upon the majority of our

Highland friends at the present day; and his conclusion is similarly emphatic as directed to another point. "A herd will frequently travel a score of miles during the night to get to a salt-lick, as a *gheel* in which saline incrustations are found is sometimes called in India: the native shekarries, who are aware of this fact, secrete themselves near such places, and thus often kill bison and various kinds of deer during the night with their rude matchlocks. This, however, is rank poaching, and should be discouraged as much as possible, since for one animal that is so killed and bagged, half a-dozen go away wounded to die a lingering death. There is scarcely a sport I know of that affords a true sportsman more pleasure than sambur-stalking, when the hunter, accompanied by a couple of native scouts who know their haunts, and by his dogs, gets on trail soon after daybreak, whilst the herbage still glistens with dewdrops, and when every footprint made the previous night is clear and sharp, so that he can follow up his game."

The obstacles to keeping and using valuable European dogs in India do not only lie in the reluctance to expose them to risks of climate or of the large *carnivora*, but "the danger from snakes, the general absence of pools of water on the ground, with the difficulty of replacing their loss; and not least, the necessity of intrusting their main charge to a low caste of native keepers." Captain Hamilton Webster "found the kangaroo-dog of Australia much prized in India; they could be got readily for a low price in the Australian colonies, and were eagerly bought up by officers and others in the East."

"Those of us," says Colonel Tweedie,[1] "who may happen to be stationed near or among mountains, such as Nepaul, Cashmere, Simla—which is high up among the Himalayas—and about other like retreats, might succeed in keeping up deer-hounds with some concert, and in holding individuals up to the mark." Dr Moir "saw some fine specimens at Simla, especially those belonging to a son of Lord Napier of Magdala; and he himself, when at Agra, had and used upon the plains a large greyhound of the best smooth English sort, which performed one specially good feat—namely, the pulling down of an unwounded *black-buck* (antelope)—though this dog suffered greatly from heat at the height of the season; baths night and morning being essentially

[1] For these particulars and others regarding Indian dogs I am indebted in great part to Colonel Tweedie; also to Dr Robert Moir (late of Agra, eldest son of the well-known poet "Delta"), and to Captain Hamilton Webster (H.E.I.C.S.); all of whom have had wide experience in India.

required by it, and during the day it seemed as much as he could do to keep up by taking refuge in the draught from the *thermantidote* (ventilator) or beside the wet *tatties* at the window-places."

But the part of India where, so far as we know, the best scope has been found for sport of this kind, is the island of Ceylon—judging, at all events, from that model of an oriental sportsman's book, 'The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon,' by Sir Samuel Baker. Never was there a more spirited account of the deer-hound style of action, with the first-rate success and enjoyment to be had from it, than by this animated writer, who enters into and sympathises with the deeds of his hounds in a manner which the keenest Scotch-Highland stalker could not exceed. Among his pack were "some immense seizers, a cross between bloodhound and greyhound, and a couple of large wire-haired lurchers, like the Scotch deer-hound." In describing his experience at that time, he says:—

"I call up the spirits of a few heroes who are now dead, and set them in the vacant places which they formerly occupied in the pack. The first who answers to the magic call is *Smut*, hero of at least four hundred deaths of elk and boar; he appears once more to memory—the same well-remembered form of strength, with the sullen growl which greeted even his master, the numerous scars and seams upon his body: behold old *Smut!* His courage was indomitable. He was a large dog; not high, considering his great length, but his limbs were immense in proportion. His height at the shoulder was only 26 inches; his girth of brisket 34 inches. In his younger days he always opened tongue upon a scent, and the rocky mountains and profound valleys have often echoed back his deep notes, which have now, like himself, passed away. As he grew older he became cunning, and ran entirely mute, knowing well that the more noise an elk heard behind it the faster it would run. . . . When he was a young dog, a challenge was offered, but never accepted, that he should find, hunt, and pull down two buck-elk, single-handed, within a fortnight, assisted only by his master with no other weapon than a hunting-knife. I have no doubt whatever that he would have performed it easily. He then belonged to Lieutenant Pardoe, of the 15th Regiment. He had several pitched battles with leopards. . . . I have seen many dogs that would rush heedlessly upon a boar's tusks, to certain destruction; but *Smut* would never seize until the proper time arrived, and when the opportunity arrived he never lost it. This rendered him of great value in these wild sports, where the dog and his master are mutually dependent on each other.

There was nothing to fear if *Smut* was there, and when he once obtained his hold he was seldom shaken off until in his old age when he lost his teeth. The next dog who claims a tribute to his memory is *Killbuck*, an Australian greyhound of the most extraordinary courage. He stood at the shoulder 28 inches high; girth of brisket 31. Instead of the surly and ferocious disposition of *Smut*, he was the most gentle and affectionate creature, and it was a splendid sight to witness the bounding spring of *Killbuck* as he pinned an elk at bay that no other dog could touch. He had a peculiar knack of seizing that I never saw equalled; no matter where or in what position an elk might be, he was sure to have him. When once started from the slips, it was certain death to the animal he coursed. . . . I never heard him bark at game when at bay. With a bull-dog courage he would recklessly fly straight at the animal's head, unheeding the wounds received in the struggle (!). This unguarded courage at length caused his death when in the very prime of his days. Poor *Killbuck!* his was a short but glorious career, and his name will never be forgotten. Then there was a favourite greyhound of wonderful speed and strength, *Bran;* and his partner, *Lena*, an Australian bitch of great size, courage, and beauty, wire-haired like a Scotch deer-hound."

Fain would we have extracted some of their exciting and truly glorious adventures. Mr Baker says there is no sport in Ceylon, in his opinion, that is equal to *deer-coursing*, but the great difficulty attending it is "the lack of good greyhounds." It is indeed odd enough to read of their being carried in palanquins to the ground; also of their twice-a-day ablutions, and the eccentricities of their dark-skinned, turbaned keepers. Very striking, too, is the passage which tells how the staunch old *Smut* came by his death.

This was the result of a most desperate engagement with "an enormous boar, by which *Bran* being thrown *hors de combat*, *Smut*, having lost nearly all his teeth, was of no use single-handed against such an enemy, though he stuck to the foe to the last. He fell from exhaustion, and we made a litter with two poles and a horse-cloth to carry him home." Even more marked by something of the tragical was *Killbuck's* end: "He had outrun his companion, *Lena*, in chase of a large buck with splendid antlers" (Mr Baker does not here specify the precise kind of deer he refers to). "As we reached the top of the hill, I looked around and saw the buck at bay about a hundred paces from me, upon fine level ground, fighting face to face with the dog, who forthwith sprang boldly at his head. That buck was a noble fellow; he rushed at the dog, and they met like knights in a tournament: but it was murderous work; he received the reckless dog upon his sharp antlers and bored him to the ground. In another instant

Killbuck had recovered himself, and he again went in full fly at the buck's face with wonderful courage; again the buck rushed forward to meet him, and once more the pointed antlers pinned the dog. . . . At this time I had galloped up, and I was within a few feet of the buck, when he suddenly sprang round with the evident intention of charging the horse. In the same moment *Killbuck* seized the opportunity, and the buck plunged violently upon the ground with the staunch dog hanging upon his throat. I jumped from my horse, and the buck fell dead by a thrust with the knife behind the shoulder. I now examined the dog; he was wounded in several places, but as he bled but little, I hoped that his apparent exhaustion arose more from the fatigue of the fight than from any very severe injury. . . . I now put him and *Lena* together in the slips, and with the buck carried upon cross-poles by six men, I rode towards the tent. I had not proceeded far when the man who was leading the greyhounds behind my horse suddenly cried out, and in turning round I saw *Killbuck* lying on the ground. I was at his side in a moment, and I released his neck from the slips. It was too late: his languid head fell heavily upon the earth; he gave me one parting look, and after a few faint gasps he was gone. I could hardly believe he was dead. Taking off my cap, I ran to the little stream and brought some water, which I threw in his face; but his teeth were set, his eyes were glazed, and the best and truest dog that was ever born was dead. Poor *Killbuck!* He had died like a hero, and though I grieved over him, I could not have wished him a more glorious death."

This, to our mind, is the right vein of a hunter when his dumb associates—with whom he has consorted like a friend through every success and disappointment—perish in his service, beside him. The quotation requires no apology among genial readers, whether they be sportsmen or otherwise. Seldom, indeed, since Ossianic days, has such an untimely fall drawn forth so heartfelt a strain of regret. These, too, were in their essential quality, as in their main pedigree, of undeniable derivation from the breed to which our monograph is devoted; while Mr Baker, as an Englishman, and in India, only verifies our too-frequent conclusion, that the Norman or Anglo-Saxon stranger has often appreciated their merit when the Highlander himself—their prescriptive master of old days—has sunk into the modern fashion of ignoring them, under deference to the improved rifle *per se*, if not through consideration for sheep or grouse. But *apropos* of East Indian natives and their ways, we

cannot omit the incident of the fate of *Merriman*, another of Mr Baker's fine hounds:—

"*Merriman* had gone off after an elk" (by which we take it that sambur or Indian red-deer is always meant), "away across jungle-ground towards a large and rapid river, running between stupendous precipices; splendid scenery, but the most frightful locality for hunting that can be imagined. . . . From a deep gorge in the mountains, the large river, after a succession of falls, leaps in one vast plunge of 300 feet into an abyss below. About a mile beneath the foot of this cataract is the village of Pérewellé. I passed close to this village, and spent hours in searching for the dogs, but the roaring of the river and the din of its waterfalls would have drowned the cry of a hundred hounds. Once, and only once, when half-way up the side of the mountain, I thought I heard the deep bay of a hound in the river below, then I heard the shout of a native; but the sound was not repeated, and I thought it might proceed from the villagers driving their buffaloes. I passed on my arduous path, little thinking of the tragic fate which at that moment attended poor *Merriman*. The next day, all the dogs, excepting him, found their way home to the kennel. . . . About a week after this had happened, a native came up from the low country with the intelligence that the dogs had brought the buck [stag?] to bay in the water close to the village of Pérewellé, and that the natives had killed the elk and driven the dogs away. The remaining portion of this man's story filled me with rage and horror. *Merriman*, it seemed, would not leave the body of the elk; the natives thought that the dog might be discovered in their village, which would lead to the detection of the theft of the elk: they, therefore, tied this beautiful hound to a tree, *knocked his brains out with a hatchet*, and threw his body into the river. This dog was a favourite with every one who knew the pack. The very instant that I heard the intelligence, I took a good stick, and, in company with my brother, three friends, and my informant, started off to revenge *Merriman*. Pérewellé is twelve miles from my house across country; it was 6 P.M. when we started, and we arrived at a village within two miles of this nest of villains at half-past eight. Here we got further information, and a man volunteered to point out three men who were the principal actors in murdering the dog. We slept at this village, and, rising at four o'clock on the following morning, we marched to Pérewellé to surprise the village and capture the offenders. It was bright moonlight, and we arrived at the village just at break of day. The house was pointed out in which the villains lived, and we immediately surrounded it, and upon entering, seized the offenders. Upon searching the house we found a quantity of dried venison, a spear, and an axe covered with blood, with which they had destroyed the unfortunate dog. A glorious satisfaction is the law of might! At every blow, I thought of the dog's death, and we thrashed them till we dared not go further. The whole village, which comprises nearly

a hundred persons, took to flight, according to their usual cowardly nature. The captured wretches declared their innocence, and they lay down, pretending to be at the point of death. Taking a fine gutta-percha whip, I flogged them till they revived again; and we forced them to lead the way and point out the very spot of the elk's death. They would not confess the dog's murder, although it was proved against them. It was a frightful spot—about 200 paces below the foot of the great Fall. The river, swollen by the late rain, boiled and strove with the opposing rocks, lashing itself into foam, and roaring down countless cataracts, which, though well worthy of the name, sank into insignificance before the mighty Fall which fed them. High above our heads reared the rocky precipice of 1000 feet in height, the grassy mountains capped with forest, and I could distinguish the very spot from which I had heard the shouts of men on the day of *Merriman's* death. Had I only known what was then taking place below, I might perhaps have been in time to save him! We found the blood and remains of the offal of the buck, but of course saw no remains of the dog, as the power of the torrent must soon have dashed him to atoms against the rocks. Thus ended poor *Merriman:* a better hound could not have lived, and his murderers should have been hanged. Unfortunately, Ceylon laws are often administered by persons who have never received a legal education, and these wretches escaped without further punishment than the thrashing they had got. Of this, however, they had a full dose, which was a sweet sauce to their venison which they little anticipated. . . . No one can enjoy elk-hunting so much as the owner of good hounds: he knows the character of every dog—every voice among them is familiar to him; he cheers them to the attack; he caresses them for their courage; they depend upon him for assistance in the struggle; and they mutually—hounds and master—succour each other. This renders the dog a more cherished companion than he is considered in England, where his qualities are not of so important a nature, and it makes the loss of a good one more deeply felt by his master."

It should be observed that what was so well done by Mr Baker with these hounds, he might have done still better if, instead of being more or less underbred Scotch deer-hounds — as he both describes and implies them to have been—they had been of the thorough Highland kind. In which case, firstly, fewer of them would have been required for his purpose, considering the superior power, speed, and hardihood displayed by the pure breed; while, moreover, it may confidently be affirmed that if they had been so, from their characteristic mode of "striking," such untimely

fates as that of *Killbuck*, at least, need not have taken place; to say less of *Merriman's*—though it be difficult to imagine a mob of Ceylon villagers actually laying hands upon a full-sized Lochaber *miol-cu*, with a slain deer under his charge, and their fastening him alive to a tree. Their veritable exploits were, however, performed when genuine deer-hounds had again become scarce and degenerate in the home country, and Australia was the main source of a half-bred (kangaroo-hunting) supply to sportsmen in the Asiatic East. Nothing could at all events have been better for our purpose of indicating how admirably well suited the true breed are to the foreign field at large; and beyond every modern deer-stalker hitherto, perhaps, Mr Baker has been most thoroughly inspired with the very feeling which these dogs of all others seem to arouse in a fit master, when opportunity occurs.

In the following chapter we shall give some further information on the matter as regards other foreign fields.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE—NORTH GERMANY—BAVARIAN BOAR-HOUNDS—RED-DEER STAGS OF GERMANY—AUSTRIAN HUNTING—GERMAN FIELD-DRIVES—THE EMPEROR WILLIAM—SPORT IN AUSTRIA—BRETON HOUNDS—GREYHOUNDS OR *LEVRIERS DE TESTE*—RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUNDS AND SIBERIAN DEER-HOUNDS—ACCOUNT OF THE RUSSIAN WOLF-GREYHOUND BY MR WRIGHT-OSMASTON.

PASSING back to the continent of Europe, there is not much of a direct nature to be said in the present connection. In all matters where hunting or sportsmanship is concerned, probably the most hopeless case is that of Germany in general, and in particular wherever the Prussian influence is predominant, with its universal bureaucratic system and its cut-and-dry military method; under which, were it — as may Heaven forefend! — to gain the power it covets, all sublunary matters would come under drill, and fall subject to the *cui bono* of its brand-new empire. The Dutch have the excuse of living in a country raised in great part from the deep, where the principal game may be comprised under the head of mole-and-rat-catching; but short of Demerara, where the free black man goes out to pot land-crabs on a holiday, it were difficult to conceive of anything more monotonous than North German field-sport—well symbolised by the Prussian student-*bursch*, with his curly-haired *pödel-hund* or broken-legged *dachshund*, and his heavy china pipe, indulging in the recreation of what he calls

Die Jagd (hunting) after such game as may be found in the carefully divided and closely searched fields of a German State under the new Emperor's dominion. So far as anything like real hounds are concerned, the height of German ideas in this way may be seen in that nondescript product of general cross-breeding, often exhibited at English shows under the anomalous title of "the boar-hound"; on the whole resolving itself into the class of "the Bavarian boar-hound," or, as we have known it styled by Scotch-Highland foresters, "the Bavarian deer-hound." Originally founding upon the stock of the "Great Dane," Buffon's favourite "root-type" for the still greater Irish wolf-dog, and doubtless in reality an early offshoot of that race, whatever we may yet have to say of the Irish original—it results on the average in producing a heavy, sluggish, though almost always ill-tempered and savage brute, without anything like true courage, or even power proportionate to its bulk, to say nothing about endurance and speed. The crosses in our own forests from this line, however imposing in appearance, are now invariably discarded as too "soft" for hill-work, and as incapable of coping fairly with Highland stags. All this is the more notable, seeing that—as will afterwards be shown in due place — the characteristic condition of North Germany comes out in no way more strikingly than in the zoological knowledge evinced by an account of the genuine Scotch deer-hound in a popular German magazine of the day.

At the same time, it should be noted that Germany produces the largest and finest red-deer stags that can be found in Europe, or perhaps anywhere else, at least in any locality short of Transatlantic ground, or perhaps of such Oriental mountain-ranges as were referred to in our last chapter. This, too, of course, along with tracts of country excellently well suited for their proper chase. "Austria is essentially a land of sportsmen," says Major Leveson, a fair authority on the subject; "and as each of the nationalities that compose the Fatherland has a certain innate specialty or *forte*, peculiar to the race, so there may be seen following the Pardubitz stag-hounds as bold riders as in a Pytchley field." This observation refers to a

Hungarian region; while it would appear that "the Bohemians and the Tyrolese, for woodcraft and mountaineering hardihood respectively, are nowhere excelled." But the Austrian baron at large, in his pursuit of what he calls "venery," certainly oscillates between the two extremes of ambuscading for his game—often from up a tree, near a spring or "salt-lick"—or massacring it on the grand scale. It is positively horrible, too, to find how unscrupulously he takes aim at Reynard himself, when that sagacious creature happens by any misadventure to have been surprised into joining the "drive" of all and sundry animals, which innumerable beaters have managed to send past the line of guns. Worse *bêtise* than even that!—*horrescimus referentes*—he, the said baron, along with some prominent chasseur of his train, has been known to steal round in flank of a stag at bay amidst the horde of curs and poodles, and actually—no doubt with most audacious *sang-froid*—to creep upon the gallant quarry in such a manner as to allow of their climbing upon his back at a safe moment, when "one of them seizing the antlers from behind, the other drove home a dagger between the ears, where the back of the head is set upon the neck—the usual mode of administering the *coup de grâce* to a wounded stag in Germany." We read, in the London 'Times' newspaper (November 11, 1879), of a grand field-drive given at Letzlingen, Prussia, by the Emperor William, to the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, at which, throughout "two days' shooting, the distinguished party seem to have had capital sport—no fewer than 604 head of big game falling before their guns." It is somewhat curious to note that the slaughtering prowess of the respective sportsmen seems to have been very nearly proportioned to their relative rank. Thus the Emperor stands at the top of the list with a total of 80 head of big game, followed by the Grand Duke Vladimir with 63 for his score; while Prince Frederick Charles killed over 36 deer and wild boars; his father, Prince Charles, 26. "It is needless to say," concludes the 'Times' correspondent, "in view of this tremendous slaughter, that deer-stalking as practised in the Scotch Highlands is totally unknown in Prussia, and that the art of

hunting in Germany is little different from the art of war, except as regards their respective objects." On another occasion we find that an able sporting writer thus describes "a successful drive in Austria." "Numerous dogs were present on the field, apparently for the most part half-bred bloodhounds, singly led by under-jägers, and solely used in the beating and driving preliminaries; while in all probability they had been assisted on the outskirts by some of their brethren belonging to the poodle and the *dachshund* order,"—the said *dachshund*, by the way, would appear to be a variety which the Germans do, in fact, breed true, even to the most exact repetition of the broken-legged form, but there their technical success ends. Some palliation of their field-system may be adduced from the circumstance that wood predominates in the Westphalian, the Wallachian, the Thuringian, and the Black Forests, where alone anything like real attempts at sport are made; but surely the recreation of the chase is reduced to a level almost comic when pursued as follows, according to the eye-witness already quoted above :—

"After the main rush of deer, innumerable other miscellaneous animals followed in wild procession,"—which might have touchingly reminded a cool spectator, so to speak, of that ancient disembarkation after the deluge had subsided of old round Mount Ararat; however, the German mind did not see the force of such a resemblance,—and "this work continued till the end of the 'drive,' when a *fanfare* of hunting-horns was the signal to cease firing and collect the spoil. When the 'bag' was surveyed, its contents were spread out on the open sward, consisting of 11 stags, 23 roe-deer, 9 hogs, 5 foxes, 1 badger, and 160 hares,—which we thought was a very good day's work. The *débris* of the sumptuous luncheon was then consumed *al fresco;* the liveliness of the whole scene being not a little enhanced through the variety of smart costumes, ornamented or plumed hats, and bright appendages in the way of weapons, &c., by which the chasseurs and jägers were distinguished; to say nothing of the noise due to their many remarkable-looking dogs, when once the fray was over."

Yet, much as has been said in this latter regard—namely, of absurd extremes in "driving," *battue*-shooting, and pot-hunting in general—it is amongst the French Breton that there is to be found the nearest approach to actual sportsmanship that foreigners any-

where evince in the direction of following the chase with that wholesome zest, that energetic yet discriminate temper, which has long marked it in our own country. And notably enough,—whether or not by a mere fortuitous coincidence,—such is the case in Brittany almost alone; where not only does the population remain substantially Celtic, but the essential customs of the chase and the hounds used in it are visibly inherited from the Celtic stock (in this instance from an old Gaulish or perhaps Cimbrian or Iberian origin). Throughout France at large, wherever fit opportunity occurs, wolf-hunting and boar-hunting have been carried out until near the present day, among representatives of the old *noblesse*, with something like a fair balance of the appliances that give real enjoyment to such recreation. It is true, a somewhat ludicrous though good-humoured picture was given of the French manner of going to work in that line by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley; who, being an excellent judge, saw for himself, in so far as regards the main provinces, speaking particularly of his experience along with M. le Comte d'Anchald's boar, wolf, and deer pack. In regard to what he calls "the Anglophobia" (Anglomania?) of some of his French friends, he describes their practice in general as "inefficient, and their hounds unequal to the work, even such as that is." That his opinion does not hold good respecting the extreme western province of Brittany, may be seen from an interesting and animated volume on wolf and boar hunting there;[1] which, from the result of some years' residence, gives a very different account of how Breton noblemen and gentlemen hunt those savage *feræ naturæ*. Four different packs of most serviceable wolf and boar hounds became well known to this writer, who enjoyed numerous occasions of following them, both when mounted and when on foot; their respective masters being the "Chief *Louvetier* or wolf-hunter," the Count de St Prix, the Barons de Keryfan and Kergourlas, and an eccentric English gentleman living in the country, styled in the volume

[1] Wolf-hunting and Wild Sport in Lower Brittany. By the Author of 'Dartmoor Days,' &c. London, 1875.

"Shafto,"—all keen hunters of the said rough game. The hounds are emphatically characterised as "first-rate packs for the object in hand"; so much so that the writer, from manifest knowledge, compares them "favourably, in most respects, with the best in England."

"Big, powerful animals," he calls them; "wire-haired, deep-tongued, carrying a grand head, supported by plenty of bone; yet with these old-fashioned traits, and the total absence of any fox-hound blood in their veins, I don't think I saw a harder-driving lot in my life. Above all, when—as will always happen in cover-runs—a portion of the pack was ever and anon thrown out, it was delightful to witness the struggle among them to fresh-catch the scent, and the freedom from all 'towling' propensity among the tail hounds. . . . I venture to believe that the present *gaudy* English fox-hound would be vastly improved for all hunting purposes," he says, "and that, too, without extinguishing one spark of his dash and ardour, if his mixed blood were again refreshed from the old standard-hound blood—the *sang pur* of Lower Brittany."

This same old blood, it should be remarked, has by all accounts partaken more or less closely of that ancient stock—once confined to ownership among a particular race of men—with which our notices deal throughout. Apart altogether from any historic evidence, distinct proof of the fact may be seen in the old hunting-pictures by Sneyders and Oudrey, where undeniable "crosses" of the large and sinewy rough greyhound take a prominent part.

These Breton hounds did not flinch from going in at even a boar, though *he* certainly is on the whole about the worst enemy that the most powerful dogs, however numerous, can attempt to grapple. Their numbers, probably, told to their own disadvantage on most occasions; indeed their masters generally aimed at keeping back part of the pack when a boar was in question. The practised instinct of the hounds was shown by the experienced ones seizing the boar below the hams, and under the shoulders, or at the back of the elbow; whereas if a rasher leader tried to catch by an ear, he invariably paid dear for his experiment. In regard to the wolf, they distinguished themselves still more ably. A single hound of the best

class, the king of his kennel, *Oscar* by name, in one instance grappling a wolf at bay in the dark recess of a cavern, got quite the better of him, until the Count de St Prix went in and ended the struggle by a stroke of his *couteau de chasse*.

"Two bull-dogs never encountered each other with more fury than *Oscar* and the wolf had done; the courage of the hound, notwithstanding the superiority of the other in point of weight, muscular power, and length of teeth, giving this old hero a decided advantage over his cowardly though desperate foe. . . . The forearm of the dead brute, on being measured just below the elbow, proved to be no less than 10 inches in circumference, while the canine teeth, or 'holders,' independently of that large portion buried in the sockets, were at least 1½ inch in length: in fact, so sharp and formidable were they, and so powerful the beast's jaws, that it was quite a marvel how the hound had escaped alive."

In dealing also with the wild boar, the *couteau de chasse*, in the hands of those daring and skilful French gentlemen, and of their English friend "Shafto," played a most essential part; this indeed, so far as actual danger was concerned, constituting a work considerably exceeding that of the hog-spear in India by mounted sportsmen.

No individual of the pack stood above 25 inches at the shoulder, whatever their power otherwise, and their unquestionable courage when acting together. It is needless to suggest the difference that would have been gained by an additional 5 or 7 inches, if not more, in height; with the proportionate increase of length, bone, and sinew,—such as would beyond doubt accrue from fresh recourse to Scotch-Highland stock of the pure sort. At the same time, there might well be a corresponding diminution in the number required for effective work. The truth is that, on looking back into old accounts of French wolf and boar hunting, it becomes clear that the mode then followed was to use *first* "the *limier* or tracker in leash, in order to find and start" the savage game; next, if the object was really to enjoy a chase, the *levriers d'estric*—light greyhounds, namely, to *try* the wolf or boar—were "placed near the thicket which the animal was expected to make for"; after which, so soon as any decisive issue was required, the *levriers de teste* should be brought

forward and then let loose after him." Whereupon, the latter greyhounds "being stronger and more ferocious than the others, they soon bring him to bay."

"The greyhounds thus placed in ambush," says the same old authority, "greatly abridge this chase, and likewise render it more amusing and certain to the spectators; and as soon as a wolf is taken, he should be given over to the hounds, which come up almost immediately; because otherwise the [large] greyhounds would attack the [ordinary] hounds. It is therefore advisable that these former should be taken off immediately, and coupled, in order to return within bounds, and thereafter to go in quest of another quarry; for it is easy thus to take several wolves in one day."[1]

Such had been the practice, it is evident, in old times throughout France, so long as the wolf and boar were a pest there, really to be dreaded and kept down, if not extirpated. These said "greyhounds or *levriers de teste*" were unquestionably of the great rough mountain kind, whether imported or kept up in some degree of excellence from an ancient date by proper breeding; and this being the case, we can testify from direct proof, as well as from immediate personal knowledge, that a single individual of them might have been more than a match both in power and speed for the biggest wolf ever found in Russia or the Pyrenees themselves. Ireland and Scotland are a standing evidence to the fact of how soon such brutes can be cleared out by that very means, where it becomes available, and when the object is set about in real earnest. But in modern times, not excepting the keenest practice in Lower Brittany among officially employed huntsmen, a very different course is pursued. The "Chief *Louvetier*," M. de St Prix, knew better than to put so speedy a finish upon so choice a recreation.

He was almost as "tender of his wolves," and in some measure of his boars also, as he was on certain occasions inclined to be of his valuable pack:—

"Wolves, however troublesome at various times, and always detested by the peasants, are not constantly to be found when wanted: they become shy

[1] The Hunting Directory. By J. B. Johnson, author of 'The Shooter's Companion.' London, 1826.

when too often run after, they might grow scarce if the hounds were out at all seasons, and, were rough mountain greyhounds to be used, extermination would indubitably soon overtake the entire horde of ravaging prowlers. A wolf-trap is an abomination to these noble Breton hunters. They look upon any wilful attack by the peasants at their own hand, between times, against such *ferœ naturæ*, in the light of 'preservers,' as rank poaching; and are willing to give a consideration in return for the sparing of helpless cubs or young male porkers, and still more for due respect to the female when heavy with young. . . . On the part of the *Grand Louvetier*, owing to the serious depredations so often committed by these brutes, it required no little tact, and sometimes no trifling expenditure, to keep the community in good-humour; nevertheless, having no keepers to deal with, he managed the matter admirably. Among the peasantry, not a shadow of suspicion ever arose to the effect that his hounds were kept for any other purpose than that of destroying the vicious beasts which infested the land; and this impression was most natural, seeing that no sufferer appealed to him in vain, and that, when pursuing such an animal, he meant killing, and rarely failed in doing so if the culprit had been guilty of any daring outrage or had acquired an especial ill-fame among the country folk." Once, when the Count had apparently been upon the point of throwing up his *louvetiership* in a pet at some high official interference—or, perhaps, because determined to respect the wolf-breeding season—a deputation of peasants "entreated him with one voice to continue the *chasse* on his own terms; denouncing the Kilvern pigs as 'destructive brigands,' and asserting the impossibility of preventing their ravages without his help. One of the speakers—a remarkably fine specimen of the farmer class—became quite eloquent on the subject, and asked, with no little excitement, if 'the Government desired to see the peasants of that district extinguished by famine?' He demanded to know 'whether the *Louvetier*, as their neighbour and countryman, would not do his utmost to rid them of the pests? . . . Without hounds,' added he, 'we can neither follow them in these vast woodlands nor dislodge them from yonder inaccessible pile of rocks, the stronghold in which so many take refuge.' The appeal was irresistible. St Prix resumed the *louvetiership* with a good grace, and increased his zeal in that capacity. Yet did he continue to look upon a she-wolf, early in the season, as a master of hounds in England looks on a vixen in February; and when the young pigs were included among those at bay in some mountain fastness where his pack had driven their family, his adroitness in taking care that the former escaped, without serious damage, was inimitable."

After this it is somewhat difficult, with all our sympathy in the narrator's vein, to avoid a smile at his apostrophic outburst when he concludes :—

"If it provided him and his friends with a wild and attractive sport throughout the year, at due seasons, it contributed in no small degree to the public good. *Battues* and beaters are," exclaims he at the close, "an abomination. *Procul, O, procul este profani!* Give me one hour with such dogs as Count de St Prix's or Keryfan's, and pleasantly will my memory dwell on it till the day of my death."

Russia, singular to observe,—whilst independent of the restrictions that are found to limit the chase after big game throughout Europe at large,—is the only "foreign" country possessing a pure race of hounds, at once swift and powerful, which could render such restrictions conformable with good field-sport; these, too, in the form of the sole true remaining congeners of the Scotch-Highland breed, indeed virtually identical with the latter and with its extinct prototype the famous so-called "Irish" wolf-dog. We refer to the "Russian," more properly "Siberian," deer-hound or wolf-hound, —a variety till of late years almost unknown, even to systematic writers on dogs, but now included in popular natural histories under the title of "the Russian Greyhound," and since rendered tolerably familiar by sight at our principal dog-shows. On the existence of this particular breed in the locality where it is found, taken along with the fact of its close kinship to our special subject, much will afterwards be found to turn, in a connection higher than even that of the most superlative field-sport; but, meanwhile, we confine ourselves to giving a brief description of it under the purely technical aspect.

"You ask me for a few particulars respecting the Russian wolf-greyhound," says Mr Wright-Osmaston (before mentioned as one of our most systematic deer-hound breeders for many years). "This dog is now extremely rare. When I passed through Russia in 1860, I made many inquiries regarding the breed, and found them to be then almost extinct. These are immense greyhounds, rough in coat, which is long, and inclined to be silky. They are very courageous and fleet, and generally, I believe, are black and white in colour. They are used, two together, for *coursing* the wolf, and also in the same manner for deer. There is a nobleman living near Simbirsk, on the river Volga, who still has the breed. There are, moreover, two specimens, both male, in the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris, lately presented to the Society there by the kindred Society at Moscow. This pair are handsomely

marked, greyish-black and white; their coats long and rather silky, not so rough nor anything like so hard as in a Scotch deer-hound; their heads almost smooth; their tails feathered like that of a setter; their ears small, and of true greyhound form—in fact, in every respect, they show all the characteristics of a pure greyhound. They are very large, each measuring full 29½ inches from the ground to the level of their shoulders, with a girth of 33 inches; length of head 11 inches. Their only apparent defect is in the form of their feet, which, instead of being round and cat-like, are far too much elongated, like that of a hare—certainly betraying weakness in that part. The common greyhound of Russia, of which I saw many, is much smaller than this wolf-hound; being about the size of our smooth English courser, but having also a long, silky coat, though there are besides some smooth ones throughout the country. Both kinds are inferior, respectively, to our own of either description, taking in our large Scotch-Highland breed."

Mr Wright-Osmaston considers the "Siberian" to be "of essentially the same race with our Scotch breed, in whatever way the notable coincidence can be accounted for, in the case of two marked varieties severally existing in countries so far apart, and this without any intermediate links being traceable in the intervening space!" Confident in such thorough relationship between the two varieties, he has unhesitatingly applied "Siberian" stock for his purpose of restoring quality to the Scotch,—having thus not only produced numerous very fine examples, but also, while obtaining greater length of frame in general and of head in particular,—and in some cases greater height,—having decidedly invigorated the north-country blood so far as regards those notorious drawbacks attendant on every "Colonsay" kennel, to wit, infertility and "distemper." He quite repudiates any such notion as is often taken for granted by technical men, not so well-informed on the matter, that "'Russian' blood implies 'a cross.'" We have ourselves occasionally followed his precedent,—which was, indeed, if we mistake not, first set in a very high quarter, after the present of a superb pair of these "Russians" from the Czar to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; subsequently to which it is understood that their "line" was to a certain extent combined with that of the Royal forest-kennel, by Mr Cole, the head-keeper at Windsor, so as to be now present in the very grandest

specimens that exist of our true mountain breed as seen at their proper work in the north. From close knowledge of the pure "Russian" or "Siberian" himself, there is the objection to note, that a more mischievous and noisy animal in kennel cannot well be conceived, or one more difficult to train for forest work as that goes on "at home," although his docility is otherwise unexceptionable: moreover, he has bad feet, too soft for heather; he is defective in tenacity of jaw, which shows itself in an inclination to snap like a wolf, instead of holding on like the true Highland dog; but his soundness of health and zest as a feeder—not to say "fertility"—are most commendable, and all his merits, clearly, can be imparted with advantage to the old Highland stock, at the same time leaving behind, through gradual judicious selection, his faults. Reference to chap. ii. will show that the first promoters of the "Colonsay revival," some fifty years ago, had tried this same or, at least, a similar recourse for the object they had in view, but soon gave it up—whether from not having persevered sufficiently, or perhaps having used the better-known and much more abundant Russian greyhound.

About the exact locality of this so-called "Siberian" breed, a word or two are essential for after-connection. The earliest distinct mention of it, so far as we are aware, is to be found in Dr Clarke's 'Travels in Russia, Tartary, and Turkey,'[1] where he says: "Passing along the frontier of Circassia, to the Cimmerian Bosphorus, . . . and particularly about the river Kuban, we observed a noble race of dogs, like those of the Grecian Morea, and of the province of Abruzzo in Italy, guarding the numerous flocks. . . . We also saw several of a gigantic breed, resembling the Irish wolf-dog, in especial toward Kara-Kuban." Those first-mentioned would thus appear to have been more or less cross-bred, and of the Pyrenean sheep-dog form; whereas the last alluded to were expressly of the remarkable type now in question. Siberia is a wide word, which Russians use with considerable ambiguity; and from all that can be ascertained, distinct evidence points to the fact that these distantly located kindred

[1] Published in 1813. London.

of the Scotch and Irish race belong originally to the Caucasian direction,—that is to say, have spread from the same geographical source whence ancient Scytho-Celtic migration must have streamed north-westward into Europe. Their last ownership—except in so far as they are still kept up, in a detached, exclusive way, under aristocratic Russian hands—should properly be ascribed to Circassia, from which country their specific name would come better than from its *parvenu* Muscovite invaders and usurpers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW WORLD—THE PURE BREED IN AMERICA—WASHINGTON AND THE BREED—PARTICULAR DOGS—WILD SPORT IN THE FAR WEST—ACCOUNT OF SPORT BY "THE RANGER"—A CALIFORNIAN EPISODE—WAPITI ELK—FRANK HOBLER—*GAUL, GALLZIE, FRU, HECTOR MOHR*—ADVENTURE WITH A "GRIZZLY"—NEW SOUTH WALES—AUSTRALIAN WILD SPORT.

F all new fields for the kind of sport referred to, there can, however, be no doubt that the widest and most varied lies beyond the Atlantic,—over the boundless extent of hill-ranges, prairies, savannahs, and forests of the New World. More particularly does this apply on its northern continent, with the indescribable diversity of ground and of game that is to be met with there—from the bank of river or lake to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. So far as our own experience goes, with that of others similarly interested, North America surpasses all other parts of the world put together—with perhaps a single limited exception—in taking *con amore* to the use of pure deer-hounds as the best possible for every variety of wild sport in which dogs are required. Canada seems to present a very marked case in this respect. The number of instances in which deer-hounds have been heard of in that direction, and have even been known to be brought home with beneficial results to the native Highland stock, would be altogether unaccountable unless the circumstance is in some way connected with the wholesale deportation of the Glen-

garry Fencibles to Canada, many years ago (previous to the European "Peace" of Waterloo), headed by their faithful priest, Father Macdonell, subsequently their bishop; and their settlement in that region, where their district has since become a thoroughly Highland one, with a Gaelic-speaking population, using the purest Erse now to be found anywhere, and cherishing the old creed, along with the old customs. Certain it is that they are in no case far from abundance of game, amongst it deer of various kinds, some surpassing even the Highland sort; and the Highlander's love of venison won by his own effort is not likely to have fallen into abeyance. Old family records show that in more than one case they took with them their favourite hounds—through whose strictly Canadian descendants may in some measure have been derived the said occasional benefit to the home breed, which we have just mentioned as falling within our knowledge. As respects the United States and their dependencies at large, a marked amount of lively practical interest in the matter has been brought up, to judge by epistolary correspondence regarding it, as well as by other testimonies, which, at the present day, show a decided tendency toward fairly establishing the breed throughout the great Republic. Facts and indications in this connection are multiplied from various parts of the States. Chief among them is a remarkable circumstance, probably known to few, even in America, in connection with the great President Washington, showing him to have been—over and above his special care of his horses—a zealous amateur as to the old Scotch deer-hound race, and hence to have been applied to by those who, at that period, wanted such dogs for hunting purposes, both in the States themselves and in Europe. Particulars of this will be seen in due order further on. To Americans, moreover, are due more than one interesting anecdote of Sir Walter Scott's *Maida* in characteristic connection with his illustrious master—otherwise irrecoverable, and which must also be afterwards quoted at their proper place.

Of present-day incidents to the effect above stated, we have

them in abundance; from the account of "*Cap*, a New Zealand dog—a cross with the stag-hound," making him the handsomest animal I ever saw; standing so tall that he could with ease put his nose over the middle of the breakfast-table, with elegantly curved neck and silky ears," his "peculiar ways in every respect, his extra aversion to blacks, his contempt for inferiors, usefulness as 'a help,' great sagacity," and so forth,—down to the story sent us the other day by a Boston correspondent: "This is told of a pair of magnificent Scotch deer-hounds, owned by Hon. S. L. Barlow. As the tale runs, one mate of this pair accompanied the farm-cart to the residence of a neighbour, where it was savagely attacked and dangerously injured by a most ungallant mastiff kept there. The injured animal was carried home in the cart, insisted upon being her own doctor, and, when fully recovered, started with her mate to interview the mastiff, upon whom they jointly fell without warning, and only left him when they had torn him in pieces; which accomplished, they trotted home with every sign of self-satisfaction." Another story comes from Major Butler (author of 'The Great Lone Land,' &c.), in his serial paper entitled "A Dog and his Doings," his hero being "a superb Esquimaux, at Deer's Lake Fort, called *Cerf-Volant*." He mentions that "two large Scotch deer-hounds had been brought from England by a gentleman," a friend of his; and that "*Cerf-Volant*, on their entrance, rushed at one of the new-comers, by name *Douglas*, whom he overthrew and kept down until the bystanders interfered;" whereof the least that can be said is, that the deer-hound and his companion must have been far under average, as to courage, temper, and power, if they were so treated with impunity by any Greenland sledge-dog whatever, since the very largest specimens of that race cannot compare for size with what *we* have been accustomed to know as Highland deer-hounds.

Taking cases in which we have ourselves been concerned, so far as regards sending over specimens of the pure breed to America—which are not a few—some special interest arises with reference to

those that went to a gentleman in New York (J. O. Ward, Esq., of Messrs Moss & Ward, shipping merchants), who thus writes about two of them, successively received by him, dog and bitch :—

"I shall look forward to getting another of the same at first chance. . . . *Oscar* and *Lufra* are both doing well, and quite lively again in each other's company. The other morning my cow got into the grass-meadow, and my man feared hard work to get her out. I sent both dogs to him, and Mrs Cow got out very quickly, I assure you. The dogs went to work, it seemed to me, in true style; and I was almost afraid *Oscar* was going to use his teeth on the cow's neck. By the way, when I was bringing *Lufra* from the ship by the wharf, it was odd enough to see how dazed she seemed for a while, along the streets and amidst the stir of Broadway; but as soon as she arrived at the confines of the city and saw grass and trees, she continually turned her gaze first to one side and then to the other, as if awaking from a dream, and doubting her own eyes; until at sight of *Oscar* in the yard, it would have done your heart good to witness the meeting."

Writing some months later, the same genial correspondent adds :—

"You will be glad to hear that there is a strong likelihood of fixing a 'strain' of them in this country, as puppies are already spoken for by a sportsmen's association in Maryland, who have a large tract for deer and all sorts of game. They have had a pack of foxhounds long established in Virginia, in regular first-rate style; and I see no reason why we should not do likewise with coursing deer and other wild stock, the bigger the better. So far as we have already gone, as to trying it, we have done excellently well. . . . Odd though it may seem to remark, my own short experience goes to show that one's notions of good sport are not a little raised according to what dogs one can command. They do, somehow, begin to set the fashion as regards anything like woodcraft hereabouts. Trapping, and going out of nights with a fire-pitcher on a pole, after deer, are rather too 'nigger' for my taste, and some of my friends think likewise."

The truth is that, as no well-informed reader need nowadays be told, the perfection of sport is to be found in the Western States of the Union, and down south toward the New Territory; with every desirable facility for getting within reach of such ground as may suit the particular choice of individuals.

"A man who has only seen forests as they are called in England, can form little idea of the extent, appearance, and real nature of an American wilderness: even the Hampshire New Forest, whatever it may seem to the view of

Dawsons, Ph.Sc

Lufra. Bred by George Cupples, Esq.
From a drawing by P. Gérome, Paris.

a city-bred man, is but 'a *patch*' upon the woods of the States of America. Most of them, for variety, quantity, and quality of game, with open and rough ground if required, far exceed Scotland — to say nothing of the climate. Texas, in particular, is the very paradise of hunters." "The taste for such wild and adventurous shooting as can thus be carried out to the full is innate in every man who is worthy of the name of man; and to finally eradicate it takes a long course of luxury, battue-shooting, hot-luncheon-eating among the brown fern, and general coddling about ball-rooms or betting-houses!" "There is no class of sportsmen in whom healthy modes of thought on these matters are more sure to be found than in men who have tasted the delights which wild regions of the world furnish in abundance to the adventurous spirit, with rifle and other appliances, used in good hands. It is difficult for any one who has thus relied on his own skill and prowess, amid scenes of free nature, for his daily subsistence, to understand what pleasure and satisfaction there can be in much of what goes on in Europe under the name of sport. And unfashionable as it may be to promulgate one word in depreciation of the tastes now too prevalent among young Englishmen of rank, it is impossible to refrain from looking upon the blind *furore* for mere killing of game in numbers, otherwise than as being pretty much on a par with the inhumanities of reckless vivisection." [1]

Regarding all matters of field-sport in America, particularly the States, an unexceptionable authority is to be found in a graphic and very practical volume by the animated writer who has contributed largely on that head to the 'Field' newspaper under his *nom de plume* of "The Ranger." He (Captain Flack) says:—

"The money required for a trip from the old country to such scenes of first-rate shooting is by comparison a bagatelle for men who hire a Scotch moor for £600 per season; whereas in the other case, the expenses of a six months' excursion to the Southern States aforesaid, everything included, ought not to exceed half that cost. . . . A couple of rough stag-hounds might be carried out, if the sportsman is fond of coursing: in this case he would course deer instead of hares. Cur-dogs for bear-hunting are common, and so are some pretty good hounds for deer-driving. . . . I once passed nearly twelve months in the forest with no companions but my dogs, and no means of subsistence but the produce of my gun," and, of course, their help; "yet no one need lead this solitary hermit-like existence against his choice, for in

[1] The above is put together verbatim from several standard writers on sport, among them the well-known distinguished editor of 'St Paul's Magazine,' Mr Anthony Trollope, with whose opinion the paragraph closes.

every little town it is easy enough to find two, three, or perhaps half-a-dozen comrades who desire no greater enjoyment than a month, or two months, of camp hunting."

Of bear-hunting he tells us that, so far as his considerable experience in the matter goes,—

"the danger to [good] dogs is often exaggerated in accounts, as both men and hounds are generally too wary to allow the bear to inflict any serious injury. Very savage dogs are not, strange as it may appear, the proper animals to hunt the black bear with; for a dog that would at once rush upon the foe, seizing in front or sideways by the throat or head, and hanging on, would most certainly come to grief: he would, as they say 'out West,' be 'killed before he knew what hurt him!' But active wary dogs, animals that seem to know how to fight and run away, and that watch their opportunity to give the bear a severe bite when his attention is distracted, can bound out of his reach: these are the dogs for bear-hunting."

The remark should apparently be taken by way of qualification to his previous statement about "curs" being often used for this object; and as advocating what he illustrates by more than one instance in his own practice—namely, that a bear-hunter may find it essential to have at hand well-bred auxiliaries of the species in question, if not the very best. Similar rules apply, with *a-fortiori* strength of argument, in regard to all wild game throughout western America, down from grey-wolf and panther—indeed the cat tribe at large—to bison and deer of every kind; Texan peccaries, or wild-pig, alone excepted—which, however small, constitute a drove that require nothing short of a brigade of billhook-and-scythe-men, if possible supported by artillery in the shape of steam reaping-machines, to deal summarily with them when roused.

There has come within the range of our own immediate personal knowledge a curious little episode of Californian life, here brought forward as bearing direct on the foregoing statements, to the effect that in every case the Scotch-Highland deer-hound breed, when genuine, will be found far and away the most reliable, as well as the cheapest in the end, for all backwood purposes involving field-sport. It is mixed up with some of those strange coincidences that take

place in real life; and is given in the narrator's own words, partly from letters sent home by him to Scotland at the time, partly from an off-hand journal which he had jotted down in his redwood shanty, with the view of whiling away solitary hours passed by him as a settler in the Gold State. The narrator—now a staid citizen of the State of Massachusetts—is for us most suitably designated by his once familiar name of "Jack," who, as must be premised, was in his juvenile years at top and bottom of a deer-disturbing escapade in a glen of the West Highlands, before alluded to in connection with Lord De Folcoville's unique forest-kennel, and with the still grander dogs belonging to Major M'Voil. In consequence of the Earl's condign indignation at the circumstances referred to,—as expressed through his head forester, and still more effectively evinced through his factor (a lawyer of high provincial standing),—the M'Voil family themselves had incurred no small unpleasantness; a circumstance doubtless leading indirectly to the eventual expatriation of our school-friend, Fergus M'Voil, as an Australian sheep-farmer, if not to certain adventurous wanderings abroad in our own individual case: at all events, beyond question, the effect was most distinctly visible in what befell our youngest associate in the affair—to wit, the said "Jack." When not very far on in his teens, and without anything like spontaneous choice in the matter, he was consequently sent out to San Francisco, in order to take advantage of what was called "a first-rate opening" in the employment of a prosperous Scotch firm there established. As too often happened in such cases at that time, the "first-rate opening" ended in a sudden "bust-up." No one could, however, be more remarkable for falling on his feet, when occasion required, than Jack. From bottle-washing at a restaurant in town, to solitary ship-keeping in successive vessels deserted by their crews in the harbour, he managed it wonderfully for his years. In his ship-keeping time he became somehow or other possessed of a huge kangaroo-dog, whose proper name he did not even know, and which, therefore, on the next night of his return on board ship—after he had left the newly-acquired

dog in sole charge—gave him great trouble before he could get back into his own rightful quarters in the cabin. This he at length effected, very characteristically, by first gaining the ship's shrouds and then slipping down with extreme caution "from aloft into the booby-hatch," whence he proceeded to use every expedient in the way of coaxing and canine nomenclature, ultimately hitting on the very unsuitable name "*Ponto*,"—which, however, he says, "turned out to be the right one"; and according to him, thenceforward "there was no more trouble." *Ponto*, undoubtedly, had Scotch-Highland blood in his veins; his leading traits partook of the same origin; and though it was not on him that Jack's sequel mainly turned, yet there can be no question but that their next step followed as a most natural result of the companionship. The two together soon joined a party to "the Mines" on the Yuba river, where, through *Ponto*, considerable benefit ensued in the commissariat department, from the variety of game around. There the animal, after being sold to some American miners—when his young owner left in an invalided state, with "fever and chills"—broke off from his new possessors and followed Jack, to the no small peril of the latter on a supposition by the angry purchaser that a trick had been designed, until satisfactory explanations had been made, and *Ponto* was conclusively parted from. Jack's strong encomium upon him was summed up in the expression, that "the game somehow seemed always to draw to him,"—a remark which would apply equally to Jack himself. His "last change but one was to enter Government employ with Judge Tracey's surveying party on the Contra-Costa, opposite San Francisco city," where he "spent a number of months in Uncle Sam's service" (the phrase for United States' Government work), and evidently paid much more attention to the ground-game, to the zoological curiosities at large, to the snakes and the four-footed *feræ naturæ*, not to say the wild "mustangs" (horses) and the half-wild Spanish cattle, than to his own advancement in professional knowledge. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that he, along with a somewhat "thick-

headed, red-haired young Pike-County man from Missouri, by the name of Billy Rufus," ultimately "levanted from the Survey, but not leaving much in debt to Government for any advances of pay that had been made them. Rufus soon found himself down on his luck," and returned to the service, a penitent; whereas Jack engaged with a Mormon settler, a Welshman, in whose employment he came to grief by falling from horseback, though a practised rider, and breaking his collar-bone. In short, he was then amidst a set of people by no means to his taste, nor with much chance of an independent livelihood for some considerable time to come, whilst

"owing the doctor about $100, when," as he says in a letter home, "I set off with the view of getting along anyhow to Oakland, and crossing at the ferry for town once more; but it so happened that I got a job at a shanty on the way, merely to walk about and look after some cattle for a few days; and chancing one morning to be near a corral where a number of milk-cows were put in to be milked, I was there when two men came along, one of them a tall, fine young man, with a big beard and moustache, carrying an enormous demijohn in each hand, to get the spare milk for his hogs, which he kept round his shanty in the neighbourhood. The other was to my surprise an individual I had known in San Francisco,—leader of the orchestra in the American Theatre, though he did not look at all like recognising me in my circumstances. However, it was otherwise with his friend, who turned out to be a very pleasant fellow, particularly fond of sport. As he came every day for the milk, we got to speak together, and the upshot was an agreement between us. He made me an offer of fully $40 a-month to come and work for him, which I thought very good, as it would be at least a month before I could use my right arm completely, so I accepted the offer. His name was Frank Hobler, and he with his father and the whole family had come over from Australia, owing to losses they had had there in the way of stock: the old man now having a new farm on a surveyed claim not far off, whilst Frank and his younger brother Albert had built a shanty about two miles down the creek, toward San José, where they had squatted down, and were laying themselves out for poultry on a large scale, besides pigs, and also bees, in order to meet the 'Frisco' market.

"When I got over to Frank Hobler's, I found that he had three large Scotch deer-hounds, which he had already told me about; the mother and father having been taken out to Australia by an officer in the army, and then given to Frank, who brought them out with him to California. The name of the dog is *Gaul*, a very large one, and every way first-rate; the slut called *Fru*, and the young dog *Gallzie;* but they are in a way to be spoiled by their

master, who is rather passionate, having been troubled with them chasing Spanish cattle and occasionally killing one, which is apt to cause mischief. He has given the young dog *Gallzie* such awful whippings for this, that its spirit would soon have been completely broken; and to show how knowing its dam is, she has been seen, when she had her pups, to go over all the way up-creek to old Mr Hobler's farm, and come back with a fowl for the young ones. She came near being shot for it by Ikey Dunrimmons, the trapper and still-hunter, a squatter in our neighbourhood, who is generally about the redwood ranges on the look-out for game and other *curios* for the 'Frisco' market: he took her at first sight for one of the grey hill-wolves, only for something out of common about her as she stood and stared at him with the fowl in her mouth. Ikey told me himself that, as there was a travelling menagerie at the time in Oakland, come over from 'Frisco,' his next thought was it might be what he called a 'high-annie, or some other strange critter that had escaped away;' consequently he didn't shoot, and *Fru* meanwhile made a dive right into the chapparal scrub, making tracks for home. He has a dog of his own that he keeps for scenting black-tail deer and the like—a spotted one, pretty much of the sort that follow carriages at home; and it went off in chase, but to no purpose, as *Fru* swam the creek and so got safe back. When Ikey found out afterwards how the case stood, and whose she was, he felt glad he had not 'drawn a bead upon her'; and I thought likewise. Not only so, but if his animal had managed anyhow to overhaul *Fru*, he would to a dead certainty have been chawed up. Good dogs are very scarce in the Gold State; accordingly, the spare pups are in demand, fetching high prices, Californians thinking nothing of $100 or more for one. And Ikey Dunrimmons himself is first on the list for what are bespoken out of next litter. Generally speaking, none of them will follow any but their master; and as for *Gaul*, it is of no use, even for me, to try it with him. By the way, he is much larger than his mate, and to the best of my recollection is not far short, if at all, of being as big as old *Hector Mohr* that the M'Voils had in the Highlands when you and your brother and I, if you remember, used to go there in our school holidays."

We certainly *do* remember old *Hector Mohr*. It might have been as well, perhaps, for Jack at least, if not for all concerned, had old *Hector* been more like *Gaul* in that usual characteristic of the true breed, the declining to accompany juvenile sportsmen in their favourite exploits. This odd occurrence was nevertheless a turning-point of a lucky kind in the adventurer's eccentric fortunes. Over and above the obvious link it had occasioned between him and the young Australian, it was the beginning of his still closer good-

fellowship with the younger brother, Albert Hobler, resulting before long in their joint enterprise to work the live-stock farm in partnership,—an agreement which in the end, despite of some mischances, turned out profitably for both. The elder brother Frank—as our narrator lets out indirectly through his home correspondence—had all the English taste for field-sport in a degree quite incomprehensible to born Americans; the consequence being that he evidently spent too much time in "gunnery, fowling, and even hook-fishing with a rod," as his favourite pursuits are termed in the said record, until his dissatisfaction with Gold State circumstances became clear, tending decidedly to his return to the British colonies. It would exceed our bounds to attempt the merest enumeration of Frank Hobler's many hunting and shooting excursions, increased as they seem to have been by his possession of these dogs, amidst an abundance of wild animals of various kinds which the Contra-Costa afforded; whilst at the same time the numerous live-stock that was reared at the shanty went far to "draw" no end of troublesome redwood aggressors,—vermin, skunks, and, on occasions, beasts of the most savage nature. Jack himself shows in this connection a quick disposition to boast of American superiority, so far as regards creatures of the chase. "We have," he writes home, "red-deer at least half as big again as in Scotland, only yellower, and perhaps not just to match for size, called here elk" (more properly "wapiti"), "besides two other sort of deer; then not to mention different kinds of wolves and bears, there is panther, and so forth, with occasionally a chance of a puma, and what goes far beyond the whole for danger, no little risk of grizzlies." Meanwhile, however, there occurred to them an event even more unwelcome than any visit from a grizzly bear itself would have been.

The Government surveying party, from which our narrator had about two years before taken French leave, was still engaged in the Contra-Costa direction; and having been occupied for some considerable time over behind the Coast Range, toward the San Joaquin river, had now worked its way down the redwood ranges

again, till, at the beginning of the rainy season, to the irrepressible uneasiness of our young friend, their camp was eventually pitched one day within two or three miles of the "creek," "between the shanty and Guzman's Ranche at the foot of the Redwoods." He was in hourly expectation of some accidental meeting, or some chance mention of his very peculiar family name, which would infallibly lead to what he calls "a turn-up, not so much from the chief surveyor, Judge Tracey, who was an Empire-State's man, and commonly speaking good-natured enough, but from the compass-man, Mr Higley, a pretty smart Down-Easter, who always made a point of looking after Uncle Sam's rights, no matter if it were in regard of an extra pound of coffee; and he had an eye like a gimlet." The surveying camp itself, nevertheless, became one night subject to an alarm that turned out fortunate so far for the youthful defaulter from duty. Knowing all the individuals composing the Government party, he was able to relate the occurrence pretty closely as it happened, and what followed is given in his own very expressive words.

"The chain-men and axe-men of the party, when at work on open pasture-ground during the day, where the half-wild Spanish cattle were very numerous and troublesome, had been furiously charged by a bull that took offence at their red marking-flags; so that the dangerous brute, not accustomed to any but mounted vaqueroes, had to be summarily shot there and then with the revolvers the men of course wore while on duty. Judge Tracey rode up at once, as Government was particular about not offending the Spaniards; and Mr Higley, the compass-man, gave strict orders to have the bull's carcass buried out of sight and carefully turfed up. This the axe-men forthwith did. The work was then proceeded with as before for the rest of the afternoon, during which some miles of survey were completed; and, as usual, by sundown they got round home to camp.

"Nothing more had been said of the accident of the bull until supper was being served up for the bell-tent, where the two surveyors had their quarters, whilst at same time the men's own supper was being got ready outside the main tent, where the cook had his fire. Little Andy, the Malay cook, who was always very clever in his line, was busy along with old Tobin the teamster, making what they called a '*blind* frijole,' or some sort of a nameless fry on the foundation of the perpetual salt pork, the camp stores having in fact run short during their long spell of work over toward the San Joaquin. Till they should get back to Oakland township again, they were not

like to get much change in the way of meat upon Uncle Sam's main staple, unless they had looked more after proper wild game than any of them were then able to do since my leaving the party. The pork was of course rather rusty by that time, and there was no making sure of what additions might be made in the 'frijole' between little heathen Andy and old Tobin, who, being a New Orleans man, was a little addicted to 'possum-ing,' in the coloured style, after any small ground creatures that might come convenient. The two chain-men and Steinberg, the head-axeman, had just got themselves washed and made comfortable, and came and sat down in the main tent, opposite the fire, till supper was brought,—the majority of them rather inclining to sniff at what was set down. As soon as old Tobin and Andy had come in to join, Steinberg the axe-man looked round for Billy Rufus, his under-mate (the same young Pike-County fellow who had left without due form when I did, but had gone back), and asked where he was. The men all looked at each other, the same notion striking the whole of them, and little Andy said, 'Him be gone after dat bull, for sure!' 'You may bet your entire system on *that*,' says Steinberg. In fact, he had taken his shovel along with him, and had been seen giving his sheath-knife a quiet rub on the grindstone, so that it was clear he intended securing some tit-bits for a private roast to himself. Billy was not the sort of character to trouble himself about any extra supply for his friends, and he knew it stood against rules to go at all; but there was a particularly big she-oak tree close by the spot where this prime fresh beef lay *câched*, so that he could have no difficulty as to finding it again: indeed the likelihood is that, if some others had only thought of it early enough, they would have been off under cover of the dark along with him. In short, as it happened, he could not have been many minutes gone when, on listening after him from outside the tent, they could hear plain enough that the coyotés [ground-wolves] had been beforehand, by the scared noise these vermin made at scattering off, which was likely to save Billy some of his work in shovelling up soil. All at once, in the midst of their din, the coyotés gave a louder yell than before; close upon which Billy Rufus's voice could be made out, apparently giving them a Missouri war-whoop to quicken their flight. It then occurred to the joky old teamster, Tobin, that the cook and he, both being fresh, might give Squire Billy a start in turn, as he well deserved—namely, by setting off quietly athwart his tracks on a short cut over the open, for which they got the right bearings from the men that had been employed before. Accordingly away they set, at a good rate, first signifying that the supper might perhaps not lose by waiting a little, whatever might be said of the fare that had been served already to the surveyors—which was, in fact, the very same in quality as their own, barring the 'frijole.'

"It so happened that Frank Hobler was then out with our Mission Indian, Perez, on the way toward a salt-lick spring, up-creek, about a mile

or less on our side of where the survey camp was, intending to try for black-tail and other deer; and his brother Albert and I were busy at home, after supper-time, seeing to the hog-pens and poultry-sheds before we turned in to our bunks for the night. All at once we heard Frank's well-known '*Coo-ee*'!—an Australian cry that he was in the habit of making when he wanted anything, as it could be heard a long way off—and after that a whistle on his dog-call, showing that the dogs were required. Albert had just got out big *Gaul* and *Gallzie*, as *Fru* was then in no condition to go, when the Indian was heard running back. He told us that Frank wanted us to bring our rifles and come, also to fetch his own new rifle which he had just got from England — a Deane-Adams-and-Deane's it was, carrying an extra heavy conical bullet for large game—he having only taken his small-bore American one for deer. This we did and set off, whereupon we found that Frank and the Indian had heard an uncommon disturbance toward the surveying camp, showing that somewhat was up thereabouts, evidently in the panther way, or worse. The dogs were wild to get ahead, and the coyotés yelling like mad, just as when scattered from over a dead deer by a bear; so we held on, rather cautiously on account of the dark night, and it had begun to rain, the wet season being on.

"By old Tobin's account afterwards, he and the Malay steered fair for the clump of bush, with the big oak for a mark; and when they got there, everything was as dark as pitch inside, and all quiet except the pattering of the earth on the leaves, where Billy's shovel was apparently hard at work. Going up nearer, the teamster, as he thought, caught sight of him busy at it in the dark, evidently never dreaming he had been followed, but hodging up and down in the hole, and tugging and cutting away like a good one. Tobin then made little Andy wait whilst he stole softly in behind himself, flattening his hand to come down slap upon the fellow, and setting his mouth for some suitable remark in Mr Higley the compass-man's sharpest style. At the same time he thought he heard a rustle out of the tree overhead, with something like a husky whisper from aloft; and the worthy teamster being as superstitious an old boy as ever was raised alongside of the Mississippi, this struck him strange at the moment, as he expressed it. Billy Rufus's manner of handling the meat had caused a horrid notion already, for all the world as if he was nuzzling at it whole, in the raw; so, with a pretty smart smack on his shoulder, Tobin commenced a speech of his own, most likely little short of what Mr Higley himself would have given, barring oaths. The words stuck in his throat, however, for he found himself turned round upon with a growl like thunder—his escape being partly due to the depth of the hole, with the other's hands being full at the time, and his jaws likewise. It was no less than an enormous old grizzly that he had tackled in this fashion. As for poor Rufus, he was fast tree'd overhead, gasping for breath to explain how matters stood. Tobin fired one shot at random

with his 'Colt' as he bolted off and tumbled over little Andy; whereupon they ran direct for camp, meeting the Judge and the rest, who had taken the alarm and come out, though more on Government account than Rufus's, as may be supposed.

"When we got near enough to understand the state of matters, they were trying to draw out Bruin, if not to scare him off, in order to give the Missouri man a chance to slip down and run for it, after which the Survey would no doubt have readily dropped the concern. At any rate, the bear was either too much bent on his night's meal or had an eye to the tree besides, for it proved no use attempting to make him leave on any reasonable terms. Back he always would go again, growling most savagely. Rufus had to scramble up again before he was well down, and just narrowly missed being gripped; in fact, the grizzly seemed to be of two minds whether he would not try a climb in chase. There was nothing for it but, if possible, to fire the brushwood to windward, notwithstanding the damp, which was at last cleverly done by the Malay creeping in with a bundle of stuff that the men clipped under cover. Here it was found they had brought things to a head and no mistake, for the bear on a sudden took the open, and at a rate that had not been counted upon. Judge Tracey, being mounted, and a first-rate shot, as well as most extraordinarily cool when put to it, had got too near; but the blaze from the chapparal and scrub gave him light enough for a fair aim, and he put a ball straight into the bear as it came at him full drive, more like a locomotive engine blowing than aught else, with his swinish little eye at red-heat, and the hoar-frost, as it were, bristling out of him. Near a dozen more shots were fired at the brute next moment, most of them taking effect somewhere, amongst them Albert Hobler's and my own, yet you would have thought he never felt them; and our Indian, who held the two dogs, let them both go at a sign from his master, whereupon they went straight at 'Old Ephraim,' first one and then the other taking a snatch at him to draw him off, as they had learnt to do with bears, though with anything short of *that* they always held on like grim death. Notwithstanding all, the old monster was down in a twinkling upon the Judge, whose mare had shied and thrown him. Luckily for him, this was just in the deep channel of a dry arroyo [water-course] where he fell, the bear uppermost, and making the sedge fly like rags as he searched into them, whilst, being then almost in the dark, we did not know which was which to fire at. The next moment *Gaul* had his fangs in at the back of 'Old Ephraim's' one ear, and *Gallzie* followed suit from over the other shoulder at the tenderest part under the cheek. All three became then plain enough to be seen as the grizzly reared up on end, roaring, with poor *Gallzie* fair in the hug of one fore-paw, whilst he whirled *Gaul* round him as if the big hound had been a puppy, and gave him a side-wipe with the claw of his free forearm, the staunch dog nevertheless holding on, worrying at him so as the bear could not bite. Frank Hobler was right in front,

within a couple of yards, and before he levelled his rifle—which he had not once fired since first loading it that night—he took care to turn it lock downward for a moment, and give it a shake lest the damp might have caught the priming,[1] and he had actually waited to put on a fresh cap; then aiming direct at the brute's eye, he sent his bullet right into its skull. The grizzly dropped dead on the spot, like a stone, into the bed of the arroyo, with *Gallzie* under him, Judge Tracey fortunately escaping a squash, having managed to work himself clear. All that was wrong with *Gallzie*, when taken up, was a squeeze of the ribs that had taken the breath out of him for the time; whereas *Gaul*, his father, had got a wound that looked at first sight as if he would never be got home alive. It would no doubt have gone harder with the dogs if the bear's one forearm had not been partly crippled by a shot beforehand. You should have seen Frank Hobler, the tender way he went to work with *Gaul;* he, Albert, and I managing to sew up the main wound, after which he was carried straight off on an off-hand litter to the shanty, where we took turns to tend him. His worst wound had taken the skin and flesh right off the whole of one side, as if it had been sliced with a knife; and another went up to one eye, which in the end was completely blind. However, by dressing the wounds every day with sweet oil, and keeping a pad and Indian bandage to the chief place, to our astonishment he came quite round again, and is now, I believe, as well as ever he was."

As may well be conceived under such circumstances, our narrator's previous misdemeanour in having without permission left the American Government service was freely condoned, seeing that Judge Tracey's life would in all likelihood have been sacrificed but for the youth's companions, with *Gaul* in their train. The Judge —whose legal designation was, it seems, derived from the fact of his having acted in that capacity at more than one "Lynch" case near the gold-mines—left their neighbourhood on the most cordial terms with them, his surveying camp being ere long shifted onwards in due course to a different locality. Shortly thereafter Frank Hobler carried out his intention of returning to "settle again for good in South Australia, as he did not suit well with American ways," and took thither also his faithful *Gaul*, "with whom he never once thought of parting, as well as the best pair of young ones, leaving

[1] In taking this precaution at a critical moment, when damp weather prevailed, Mr Hobler showed himself an experienced hunter. See the similar practice of a thorough expert in rifle-practice, Col. Robertson (of the 79th Cameron Highlanders), *ante*, chap. v., p. 94.

behind him the old slut, *Fru*, and their grown-up son, *Gallzie*, with others of the breed." But while closing our extracts from this "redwood journal" and its writer's intermediate letters home, there is another very apposite passage which should not be omitted, referring to a previous date, at the time when young Mr Hobler was keenest after field-sport there.

"One morning early, as I happened to be out up-creek, it being hazy before sunrise, I got rather a start on seeing what I took to be a clump of wood that had sprung up overnight, when all of a sudden, almost as if there was an earthquake, it shook all through; then next moment came a whistle like an engine with the steam blowing off at me, and away broke a whole herd of immense wapiti-elk, their stags for all the world like trees on the stampede, and their young ones making tracks after them. I sang out like mad for Frank and Albert, they being near by; in fact, the rush went past them in their direction, so that they saw the wapiti plain enough, but before a rifle could be got it was no use. The dogs, moreover, had been let out, and flew off in chase till the herd was lost sight of in the fog, after which they came straight back, as they would never run by scent alone. . . . After that we had more than one hunt, though with little better success, . . . until, not long subsequently, a mere chance brought better luck. We were one day down-creek, near its mouth into the bay, a very hot forenoon, when out after black-tail deer with two of the dogs, and it so chanced that I had pushed off in the dingy to reach a float-line that had been set the previous night for mullet, and as I passed clear of the wide thulé-bed"—apparently similar to our own water-lilies and sedges by a loch-side, but tangled to a far closer degree alongshore—"I saw by *Gaul's* pricked ear, and his way of standing, that his quick eye was fixed on something in the water. The rest of the party had lain down, with enough to do knocking off the flies and smoking at them; but on following *Gaul's* look I saw a bubble from near the stalks of the thulé-bed, which proved to come from the black nostrils of some animal or other, till its great shining eye next met mine, and then I detected the points of the immense antlers of a wapiti stag most cunningly concealed among the floating plants. The beast had sunk itself down into the creek-edge, and at my first whisper to warn my companions ashore, followed by a dart of my boat-hook toward the wapiti, up sprang not only that stag, but at least a dozen more of enormous deer after him, some taking off afloat toward the bay, some right across creek, others direct ashore. Such a burst there was as I never saw before or since! Both Frank and Albert were up in a moment, and fired at the nearest stag as he went past, apparently neither of them hitting him; whilst as for the two dogs, before *Gallzie* could be slipped *Gaul* was out of sight in chase, collar and all, he being on the strap.

Having our mustangs [native horses], off we rode full speed after them, Frank far ahead, and myself last—owing to the circumstances—so that I did not see the whole. The two dogs had soon singled out that leading wapiti, and turned him direct up creek at a rattling pace, seeming to gain on him till he made for the face of the hill over Guzman's Ranche, toward one of the steep redwood gulches that enter to the Coast Range mountains, where he got a start uphill, thus evidently having some advantage; besides which the trees would soon have been in his favour, as, notwithstanding their tremendous antlers, it is most extraordinary how they can lay these backwards and get clear off through a wood. Just then, Ikey Dunrimmons happened to be up the gulch still-hunting, and caught sight of the chase; whereupon the elk took a swerve, no doubt at sight of Ikey's old white horse—at all events, his spotted cur had the assurance to join the hue-and-cry chevy that Ikey made; and there was a shot fired likewise. Amidst the excitement, it could not be made out exactly where this came from, as there were Indians and others about; at any rate, not many minutes after it, the two deer-hounds had the wapiti in their hold, *Gaul*, according to Frank's account, seizing the huge stag in a way to have pulled him down without *Gallzie's* help, which they both soon did. So effectually, indeed, did they grapple him, that nothing further was required except to bleed the venison. There was a single bullet found in it, much to Frank's annoyance. He felt sure that both Albert and he had missed their aim at first; while as to Ikey Dunrimmons, he swore he had not fired, nor did the bullet seem to fit any of their rifles. The reason of Frank's indignation was that he thus lost the chance to make certain of an unwounded wapiti being run down and killed by a pair of his dogs—which, in fact, he then took a bet that *Gaul* alone would do at next fair opportunity. The said wapiti elk must have stood not far short of 4 yards from the ground to the uppermost tip of the antlers; though I cannot say that the venison was particularly to my taste, being much inferior to black-tail, not to speak of our Highland sort at home."

There remains but one more distinctive field in connection with that department of our subject which bears directly upon wild sport —to wit, those same South Australian colonies whither the foregoing incidents point. Here, indeed, lay the special exception before adverted to, as requiring to be made when the North American continent is set above all others for the purposes in question. A whole chapter would have been necessary to do justice to New South Wales alone under such an aspect; but all that can be done here is briefly to state the main circumstances as at this date existing throughout that quarter of the world. For this object it is

fortunate that we have, from time to time, had adequate information from a most reliable correspondent, in the person of our aforesaid quondam schoolfellow and companion, as well as lifelong friend, Fergus M'Voil,—along with whom, of yore in Glen Buart, some joyous days of most congenial Highland recreation had been spent.

After he had first heard of "Jack's" relative experiences in the Far West, a point was made by M'Voil to trace young Hobler's whereabouts in Australia, already sufficiently well indicated as being southward, within our friend's own quarter of that widespread range. In a letter he writes as follows:—

"I have with some little difficulty succeeded in hitting upon Jack's friend, young Hobler, and find him a very good fellow indeed—none of your high-and-mighty stuck-up Englishmen who, if they haven't had a regular introduction to you, fight shy. There is, to be sure—as yet, at any rate, I am thankful to say—little of such nonsense in the colonies. We have had three days on end of keen sport in company, notwithstanding the long ride before meeting. As for his gallant dog, *Gaul*, whose feats have deservedly excited your strong interest, *he*, alas! is no longer above ground. I came too late to see him, as he died, full of honours and years, a short while before my arrival at Frank's sheep-run, though not without having proved himself first-rate after various big 'boomer' kangaroo. But descendants of his stock, thoroughly pure bred, are in our friend's possession; and I have taken care to secure for my own kennel a good offshoot from *Gaul's* pedigree. By your help I hope to make out exactly the line of blood that the grand old dog came from in the Highlands, which I have reason to think was close akin with that of my father's fine kennel."

Touching the question as to what breed is the best for use after kangaroo of any sort, Fergus lately writes:—

"No doubt, with the exception of *nose*—if by that ground-scent be signified—all the qualities you mention are required. Yes! And where shall we find them so perfect as in a *pure-bred* one—a genuine *miol-cu* of the old stamp? None of their cross-breeds for me, or, for that matter, among any of us hereabout. Give us the real game blood that has stood the test ever since hunting began among the sons of Albyn—however long that may be,—and the purer you keep to the original race the better. Kangaroo, generally speaking, is of course nothing like equal to a Highland stag, nor

the ground either, and consequently we have to ride to it, like Southerners. Still we can't complain, for we have had not a few good days of late."

They make the best of things, in their part of the world, those active, homely, healthy-minded, and sound-bodied colonists at the antipodes. At the same time many of them, especially the Scotch, and above all when from north of Forth or Tay, cling fondly to the old associations. Several of the settlers around Warra-warra are "Macs"; not a few of them, through some coincidence or other, are Macdonalds and Grants. It is a fact that they have among them contrived to import heather, and to diffuse it in as wide patches as possible around their homesteads, besides broom, furze, and other kindred accessories. Fergus himself, when not requiring to be much on horseback, usually wears the kilt; and as to his own place—which cannot by any stretch of phraseology be designated a glen—he has called it Buart-side. With regard to the game to be hunted throughout that district—up the Murray river and near the line of the Darling, farther north—they are by no means confined even to kangaroo, since the emu often affords good sport, and so does the troublesome dingo on occasion. As concerns present Australian hounds, these, if not in all cases of our pure Highland stock, are invariably, as near as practicable, imitations of its form and character and quality, bred from unavoidable crossing with mastiff or other blood; but the Scotch Highland breed, whenever to be had without such adulteration, is by far the best, and always takes preference.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HISTORICAL AND ETHNOLOGICAL CONNECTIONS OF THE BREED—ITS UNIQUENESS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SERIES—THE CHARACTERISTIC POINTS OF THE PURE BREED—SIZE, ETC.—ZOOLOGICAL VIEWS—AN UPWARD HISTORICAL LINE—HYPOTHESIS OF WOLF ORIGIN—LORD SALTOUN'S STATEMENT—COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENT OF SEXES—MR DARWIN—DARWIN'S VIEWS QUOTED—LEADING HISTORICAL QUESTION: WHO, THEN, WERE THAT NAMELESS RACE OR RACES OF PEOPLE THROUGH WHOSE NECESSITIES, AND UNDER WHOSE BREEDING, THIS GREAT TYPE OF DOG WAS FIRST FIXED, PRESERVED, AND TRANSMITTED?—CAN WE, ALONG WITH THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE DOGS, IDENTIFY THOSE OF THEIR ANCIENT MASTERS?

MUCH as these notices have depended on considerations of a practical nature, there is, as indicated beforehand, other ground without which the subject could not have been taken up in anything like its present form. Such ground lies above all in the remarkable historical, and still more the ethnological, connection attaching to the breed, over and above its own mere hereditary fortunes as long continued under use for (recreative) hunting purposes,—a peculiarity so marked beyond anything else of that kind throughout the entire zoological series, as to be more or less obvious to every intelligent compiler of a handbook on the species, even for what are called sporting men, since the period of the "Colonsay restoration."

The difficulty here lies in passing without abruptness from the sportsman's point of view to that in which his interest, while carried onward into a different sphere, may be more fully shared by general

readers. The ordinary mode of doing so — in field-manuals and others when necessarily referring to this — has been to change at once to some account of the supposed derivation of the race, putting it in a retrospective order back from the present to the earliest times, till it is lost in the mist of unknown ages; thus following the model so ably set by Mr M'Neill of Colonsay in his monographic chapter of Mr Scrope's work on forest deer-stalking, where pure Highland deer-hounds were first described with anything of distinctness and research. The result is nevertheless apt to become little better than a summary of references to old authors, dim traditions, and extracts quoted with unavoidable abstruseness — most frequently at second or third hand — from the remains of classical antiquity. In a dog-fancier's handbook the effect is simply to give the impression of dry if not pedantic learning at second-hand, valueless to all but the curious amateur or the antiquary. In order to carry out our monographic plan to completion, it is evident that the historical element cannot be neglected. This were in fact very much like attempting "to represent Hamlet with the principal personage left out." On the other hand, here it would be most of all unadvisable to take the backward or retrospective order in showing how ancient is the origin of the breed. In that case, we should have first to return to the date of starting — namely, just when Pennant the antiquary had seen his rare specimen at Gordon Castle, and thereupon pronounced the race to be "on the verge of extinction," shortly after the middle of last century; also when the great Dr Samuel Johnson crossed in the boat from one of the Hebrides, with "the young laird of Coll's large hairy greyhound at his back," as he meditated on the spuriousness of the Ossianic Fingaliad. Our clue would then have to be taken up at a point where very limited social customs, and the traits of a perverted clanship, come but too prominently forward, so as to fall quite flat, after expatiating as has now been done over the four quarters of the globe, where suitable work is to be found for the dogs. On the contrary, once out with them thus far afield, we will not for a

moment think of getting home by so prosaic a course. It seems greatly preferable to set forth on the ground that the origin of this noted race, as such, can best be traced from out abroad in the open where we have taken it. A direct and altogether natural mode of passage for the required object is supplied through means of zoological views, as these have recently been brought to bear upon it. In fact, by a little attention to "the points" and natural history of the breed, technical knowledge is led straight on an upward historical line from primitive times till now; nor only so, but gaining by the way an amount of subsidiary information which may well be considered unique among such matters.

In a high-class "canine manual," published from the 'Field' office, and edited by "Stonehenge," entitled 'The Dogs of the British Islands,' is to be found the statement that

"no distinct recognised breed of retrievers exists, unless we make an exception in favour of the liver-coloured Irish water-spaniel, the rough Russian, and the deer-hound, . . . the old celebrated Scotch deer-hound, now probably extinct as a separate species, . . . the nearest approach to whose old stock is the refined, thoroughbred, game, strong greyhound of the present day. . . . Few if any dogs will pull down a stag at bay, . . . but we doubt whether the old Scottish deer-hound would have failed to grip the throat of the largest hart in the forest of Glengarry." In another similar work, 'The Dog,' by "Idstone," it is remarked: "The deer-hound is one of the oldest breeds we have. I should be inclined to think that it is an *imported breed*. . . . He may be, and he probably is, the last remnant of the boar-hound, that most colossal and courageous of the canine species." "He possibly is," say several good writers—"probably is," say others—"the same as, or descended from, the celebrated Irish wolf-dog." "It is understood to derive from the bloodhound and greyhound, and such was Glengarry's opinion," is a remark we have seen and heard more than once quoted by even well-informed Highlanders. Of like character is the Scotch and apparently the Irish ascription, among popular manualists,—unconsciously founding on old Pliny and Strabo, that "the breed was originally got out of a race of wild dogs that ran in the woods of Gaul, or of Hibernia, each pack having a chosen leader of their own"; again, that "they came of wolf stock"; lastly, as is supposed by some, from a vague tradition, that "the gipsies brought them over." "There was once"—so we have both heard and seen it stated in print by some picturesque writer—"an old snake-headed sort, best of all, which is now quite extinct." Under somewhat the same category must be placed asser-

tions, often repeated on high authority, of "a fine pencil or tuft of black hair on the tip of the ear being a mark of purity,"—"fawn-colour a sign of crossing,"—"smooth dogs keener and more courageous than a broken-haired kind." Finally, to close with a tabular summary of the proper "points," which we own is too arithmetical or even algebraic for our thorough comprehension, "Stonehenge" offers this authoritative dictum: "We should give as the points of the deer-hound: head, 25; neck, 10; shoulders, 15; legs, 15; feet—looking carefully for a strong, sound, thick sole—10; loin, 15; temperament, 10—total, 100."

Such is about the sum of articulate statement regarding their specific origin, technical traits, distinctive characteristics, and natural history at large, which can be got from innumerable modern works that touch one way or other upon these in connection with field-sport, as well as with amateurship. With respect, first, to the "points" in question, we now briefly substitute what is derived through our own immediate knowledge, as well as through corroboration on the part of authorities who speak from familiar experience, again premising that the *pure* dog is meant.

This is, before all things else, the sole true representative of the original greyhound. The chief difference from any other so-called greyhound has been put by Mr M'Neill of Colonsay as consisting in

"greater height of shoulder, thicker neck, larger head and muzzle, and coarser bone; his character being more sagacious, his disposition more playful and attached, his temper much bolder and fiercer when roused; the hair peculiar for a strong and wiry elasticity—thought by Highlanders to be a criterion of breeding; the foot hard, the speed equal to that of the deer uphill, an over-match for the latter on low ground, but surpassed by the stag over rocks, or when running obliquely up or down."[1] The same first-rate expert has stated that "both the grey and the fawn colours are accompaniments of genuine blood, and anciently so, seeing that" (as Mr M'Neill adds to his monograph in Scrope's book, in a long subsequent letter to the present writer) "the one is described in old MSS. as large *cu-lia*, or grey dog, the other as *gaother-bhan*, or yellow hound; the grey being most prevalent in Badenoch and Lochaber, the yellow in the north of Perthshire and Inverness-shire."

[1] Scrope's 'Days of Deer-stalking,' chapter by Mr M'Neill.

From the same source, attention was first drawn to the trait which is of all others, especially under our present point of view, the most curious, and has attracted notice from the highest scientific quarters—namely, "a striking peculiarity in the deer-hound, the great difference of size between male and female, in favour of the former, and more remarkably so than in any other variety of the canine race." Again, as regards the point which is most important for sportsmen, the instinct for "striking from behind the shoulder, and making at the ear or throat," instead of doing so indiscriminately at the body of the animal pursued—like hounds in general—and of attacking direct from the front—like those which have any bull-dog blood in them. Mr Scrope was, we think, after his able contributor, the first who gave emphatic testimony to this. It should be added that the ear is not only small, soft, and shaped—as more than one old record expresses it—"like a birch-leaf," but when showing an inclination to be half-erect or pricked forward, certainly denotes the best and most energetic stock. The same holds good as to the harsh bristle of the whole coat; also as to the close-set, "well-knit" feet, with the "hard, elastic, and full soles," the "rounded fore-toes, like a cat's; the perfectly straight fore-legs, and the marked, sinewy bulging of the broad and deep thigh behind. The upper arch of the loin should rise well, from thence taking a gradual stretch to about the same level as the top of the shoulder, with a reach of neck that carries the head high. The eye is a feature no less distinctively characteristic; round, well-opened, and keen, "brown as the water of a mountain-stream is brown over pebbles," though partly masked by the hairy brows,—for beyond question this should be conspicuous, much more so than is the case at shows; while no less requisite is a tail in full proportion to the length of the frame, not curling, but gently curved, toward the tip. Lengthiness is, in fact, an indispensable point throughout, and when found subordinate to the appearance of what is styled "a fine upstanding dog," constitutes a sure test as to whether adequate speed is possessed. In proportionate length of head and muzzle, with

consequent power of jaw, the true breed far surpasses every other variety of the species; and in this respect at the present day there confessedly lies great room for improvement before anything like the old standard is reached. It is still more markedly so, too, as to deficiency of sinew, muscle, and bone in the hind-quarters. Colour, within certain limits, is a point of little importance. Between fawn and dark-grey there are numerous intermediate shades, the former tint invariably constituting at any rate the under-coat; and we have known a singular case in which, after being for two or three years the outer colour, it rapidly changed to a deep iron-grey, so much so that on our then again seeing the animal, her identity had to be explained to us. Puppies, when born of a dark hue, without exception become lighter; whereas those that are born light-coloured will often darken considerably. Hence no difficulty arises from ambiguous reference to this point in traditional accounts.

The quality of the true old Highland breed that has from the first been to our view the most unique, is *size*. After long and careful attention, fully borne out by similar experience among qualified judges, we come to one or two conclusions that seem far from unimportant on this particular head; not only that the attribute can be made out to an unparalleled degree, but that it is an inherent property, always lost in so far as we leave pure stock of one kind or other. In agreeing with this conviction, no adept has gone beyond Mr Wright-Osmaston—than whom probably no more scientific breeder exists, applying as he does well-ascertained principles to the improvement of stock in various high departments. Subsequently, the like conviction has been stated to us by Captain Graham, notwithstanding his systematic and very successful endeavours, continued throughout a number of years up to the present time, to reproduce the old Irish greyhound or so-called wolf-dog in its full dimensions, by means of choice selection from different breeds which he considered suitable for that purpose. Some years back, the first-named gentleman drew our attention to a principle which

has been increasingly verified since—namely, that "although what is called 'breeding-out' (into various pure deer-hound strains) may for a time be desirable, and promote size, yet to 'breed inward' again from time to time is often actually conducive to the desired result; and what is more, the true deer-hound above all other breeds *can bear it.*" Danger aside, from "distemper" and loss of fertility, the Highland breed has indeed shown a singular vitality in this sense, as evidenced by the noble specimens belonging to Mr Menzies of Chesthill, whose stock, as he informed us, had "been in his family for eighty years, though without being more than three times recruited from beyond their own kennel during that time; the males on an average standing 31 inches at shoulder, some of them more." Although he had "seen bigger," he "never saw better ones for a fair spin after a stag."

With respect to obtaining increased size from crosses of whatever kind, the balance of testimony is strong against it, and the agreement all but unanimous to the effect that after the first cross, at best, you lose size again. The size has not as yet by any means been restored to its old well-recorded standard, even through the most assiduous care, obstacles against it being neither few nor difficult to account for. But by what has been done, there is sufficient indication to serve for guidance here. A deer-hound dog of 34 inches in height is stated by various good authorities—among others by Mr Snowie of Inverness—to have been produced by Sir St George Gore, one of the most scrupulous and painstaking breeders, from the Highland stock over which he so largely extended his selection some twenty years ago. Captain Graham has enumerated to us several instances of like success attained among skilful English amateurs. As "Idstone" says, referring to the above-mentioned 34-inch specimen (in his book 'The Dog'), "some idea of the size may be formed when we compare him with the American 'monster-dog *Prince*,' and remember that this latter was but an inch higher." This so-called "giant-dog" was indeed asserted by its owner to be 37 inches high, an assertion requiring to be qualified by the know-

ledge that sporting men in general are wont to measure rather loosely. *Prince* was, we may observe by the way, simply an abnormally large example of what is called "the Great Dane," from whose stem Buffon affirmed that the old Irish greyhound was derived. Strictly speaking, the famous French naturalist ought to have just reversed his statement. It is notable, to our view, that this said American prodigy very closely resembled the figure of a gigantic greyhound to be seen in the sculptured group of dogs surrounding an antique statue of Actæon, in the British Museum.[1]

Among four superb specimens from the Royal Windsor kennels, shown at the Islington Exhibition in 1869, by Mr John Cole, her Majesty's head keeper, there were some not far short in size of Sir St George's extraordinary one. Early in the present century, Macdonell of Glengarry possessed several at Invergarry House, which were actually about 36 inches in height at the shoulder, as we were informed by his old keeper before-quoted, Alexander M'Donnell,—the reference being specially to a time when "Glengarry" was still breeding *pure*. Some natural exaggeration may be allowed for in this statement; at all events, from an accurate source —the late Mr Peter Robertson of Black Mount, as previously quoted at large, said in a different connection—we find that "Glengarry," after his brief recurrence to pure stock, presented a magnificent pair to the Marquis of Breadalbane, of which the male stood 33 inches good. Without here going into further detail as regards Scotland, or to show the identity of the Highland deer-hound with his Irish congener—on which head there will necessarily be occasion to say something afterwards—it is sufficient to adduce the following: Between thirty and forty years ago, several canine skulls were found in Ireland, under soil which was for some cause or other being removed, at a place named Dunshaughlin. They came into the hands of an Irish medical man, Dr Wylde, who directed scientific attention to them on his own part and on that of others in Dublin, describing their conclusions in a paper read before the Royal Irish

[1] As given by Berjeau in his 'Ancient Varieties of Dogs.' London, 1863.

Academy. These are here given from a very excellent little popular manual, 'The Dog, its Varieties, &c.,' by H. D. Richardson, an able writer on animals in other similar works, who—modestly styling himself "a Fancier," with the candid remark that "in no other way was there a possibility of handling the subject"—says in regard to this discovery :—

"The skulls found by Surgeon Wylde afford a very rational mode of determining the size, or at any rate the *extreme* size, of the wolf-dog in ancient time. The length of these skulls, at present preserved in the Royal Irish Academy," adds he, "measures 11 inches in the bone, which, allowing for muzzle, hair, skin, and other tissues, would give 14 inches as the length of the head in life; and as the skulls are those of greyhounds, we must take the head of a live greyhound to furnish analogy. *Oscar*, the property of J. J. Nolan, which so long proved an ornament to the Zoological Gardens, Phœnix Park, measured 9½ inches from muzzle to occiput; his height at shoulder was 29 inches. The calculation is thus resolved into a common sum in proportion, which may be stated thus. For the sake of brevity, we assume *Oscar's* to have measured 10 inches—10 : 29 : : 14 : 40.6. That would give a height of 3 feet 4 inches; but among these skulls—namely, of the disinterred specimens—I have taken the largest, therefore we may fairly come to the conclusion that from 36 to 40 inches was the ordinary stature [at shoulder] of the wolf-dog—a height attained by none of our modern Highland deerhounds, or by any dog with which we are acquainted. The old skulls were evidently those of rough greyhounds, differing from those of the modern Highland dog only in their superior size, of which more anon."[1]

On the above calculation it should be observed that, with all due allowance for the shortness of *Oscar's* head, as that of an Irish dog, he should properly have measured nearer 12 inches there for anything like symmetrical proportion, which would, of course, reduce Mr Richardson's result. Such inferences, however, are fortunately not left dependent on so indefinite a basis. A scale is in several distinct cases supplied from ancient sculpture, carvings, and

[1] This writer, Mr Richardson, certainly gives the ablest statement that has as yet been made regarding the curious "Irish wolf-dog question," and is equalled by few in his general knowledge of the species, which he gives with admirable succinctness—although his account of the Scotch deer-hound is but meagre, except when taken at second-hand. The edition of his manual here quoted from was published in 1853. London, Orr & Co.

other decorative art, as well as from pictorial representations of subsequent old date, with regard to the height and length of the *veloces*, the κύνες θηρευταί, or greyhounds, used in the chase by those Celtic nations which were known to classical Greece and under the Roman empire. For example, "judging from their models on the Arch of Constantine" by comparison with its human figures, or "using Trajan's slave with the spear as a similar standard," the "height of 30 inches at shoulder is a moderate computation for them." "I have seen," says "Idstone," "an engraving from the antique of Celtic greyhounds chasing deer, wild-boar, and fox, which represents the hounds as not less than 36 inches in stature" at shoulder. Indeed, as he remarks, "the greyhound type is frequently to be found upon antique gems, roughly cut, it is true, but giving an idea of the fleet dog of the day; . . . and as a couple are often sculptured of each breed, it would seem they were of two distinct races." Accordingly, there was more likelihood of correctness than might have been supposed in the answer that used always to be given by old main-Highland keepers of a past generation, when asked what was the height of the deer-hounds (*miol-con*) they had been accustomed to see or to take charge of belonging to chiefs amidst clan districts. Without reference to Sassenach or any other standard measure, the flat of the hand was raised near the haunch-joint—of a good-sized man, or sometimes of a tall one—to show where the top of the dog's shoulder-blade came; and this with so much of evident familiar recollection, as well as of ready agreement between separate witnesses on the point, that its substantial correctness could not well be doubted. In like manner, when our friend "Jack," in California, replied to the same question about Mr Frank Hobler's *Gaul*, he could not give it in inches (after the dog was gone) except by calculating how he himself and *Gaul* used to stand together; so, too, does Fergus M'Voil, of Buart-side, South Australia, in testifying what he had been told about the same dog by its owner. That natural off-hand guide-mark is, on the whole, quite as sure a one as the modern "slide-rule," which is often ap-

plied at an unsuitable moment, or under circumstances of considerable variation; and the former will be found pretty reliable in bringing the said height to not far short of 36 inches (3 feet), especially for the period before good "strains" had become few, disused, or degenerated through the effect of abrupt local change throughout our Scotch Highlands.

So far, in fact, from this being an exaggeration as to size, it may be seen from the most scientific of those higher-class works on "cynegetics," or classification of the canine species, which the wide extent of modern research now furnishes, that "the gigantic rough greyhound of antiquity may be credited with having reached, under his most favourable conditions, a height of about 40 inches, with proportionate length."[1] Consequently, there must be a decided mistake on the part of those, otherwise ranking among our best authorities on the subject in general, who are of opinion that "the old race were not of great size,"—foremost to this effect being no less distinguished an expert than Mr (Horatio) Ross of Rossie himself, whose words on the point are: "The original and pure breed were not very large, and one reason why people crossed them was for the sake of getting greater size." On similar ground has arisen the erroneous prejudice during recent years to a large "strain" for actual use, from presuming that the objectionable weight did not bring along with it—at least in the pure breed—proportionate stretch, sinew, and endurance, as well as height. For full answer to any such present-day supposition, our practical readers may confidently be referred to Lord Saltoun's experience (given in a previous chapter) that "a 31-inch height" went along with first-rate efficiency on the hill; and to Mr Menzies of Chesthill, who, in stalking with dogs at least as large, "never saw better, although he had seen bigger ones" do well; also to other like cases cited throughout. True, general forest precedent would doubtless tend against size, along with its cognate points of speed and courage, under

[1] See especially Colonel Hamilton Smith's two masterly volumes; also Martin (Knight's Weekly Volume Series).

preference for mere use in "beating," tracking, "baying," and retrieving at large, as quite subordinate to that brilliant marksmanship which the new Express rifle facilitates. But from innumerable circumstances already adduced, no one can fail to see that a much wider and more exciting field has opened abroad, where the very opposite becomes growingly the case; while, moreover, in order to meet its full demand, there are at any rate numerous English home-breeders who can and will produce what is here indicated as the chief appliance required to make foreign wild sport enjoyable to the full.

Under the wider zoological aspect now in view, a strong argument would thus appear to come up, on the side of those who controvert the long-entertained hypothesis that this dog is originally of wolf origin. Other objections apart, the wolf, like the hyena, stands disproportionately high at shoulder, and even then does he seldom attain an average of from 27 to 29 inches in height, his ordinary "running weight" being from about 60 or 70 to 80 or 90 lb., though one monster of 110 lb. is recorded as having been killed in Russia. No degeneracy has been affirmed, or supposed to have occurred, in regard to any of his various tribes. Deviation from his stock, and recurrence to crossing from it, has perhaps really taken place in respect of the hunting or other dogs used by savage races of men; but as concerns the great mountain greyhound, the admitted original of our own Highland type, there can scarcely be any plausible ground alleged for attributing his distinctive qualities to lupine blood. Modern zoological science, in its very highest form, seems to fully justify this proposition. We find a corroborative statement in that great biological work which has thrown altogether new lights over natural history, 'The Origin of Species,' where, after reference to the "opinion that tame varieties of the canine species have descended from several distinct wild sources," the author says, "It seems, however, that remains have been found in the later Tertiary deposits more like those of a large dog than of a wolf, favouring the belief of De Blainville that our dogs came

from a single extinct species."[1] Coinciding with that important remark from so high a source, a curious fact is given in Mr Richardson's popular manual already quoted from. Writing about 1850, he says:—

"A large skull was recently found in a bog at Westmeath, of which an account was published in the newspapers of the day by Mr Glennon, describing it as a skull of our Irish wolf-dog; its length being between 17 and 18 inches, which would have furnished a living head of upwards of 20 inches, whence its owner must have been at least 4½ to 5 feet high at shoulder; but I do not myself believe this to have been a skull of our wolf-dog, although I cannot, at the same time, agree with those who suppose it to be that of a bear. . . . To a close observer, it will be found to present many discrepancies from the character of the ursine group of animals; it certainly differs also from the canines, in the absence of the molar tooth in the upper jaw, and in some other particulars. My own opinion is that this is the skull of an extinct animal allied to, but by no means identical with, the dog, and an animal with which we are now unacquainted, nearest approaching, among ursines, to the white polar bear, whose muzzle is not at all unlike that of a shaved deer-hound. This skull, then, I only mention in order to avoid any misunderstanding . . . or any misrepresentation of my views respecting it."

Postponing at present any express monographic inferences from the above line of research, as concerns *absolute* size, there is meanwhile some emphasis to be laid on another "point"—namely, on that which comes out in a similar respect through comparative measurement between the sexes. This is a point to which we have all along given particular attention, and have latterly had special occasion to keep it in view, for the purpose of verifying, from the knowledge of others, what our own experience had led us to conclude. It was first definitely put on record after the celebrated fresh Colonsay stock had begun to acquire fame, in Mr M'Neill's aforesaid brief subsidiary monograph; no further explicit notice being anywhere taken of it, so far as we know, until the notable change in present zoological views was making way, when Mr Darwin published his second important work on natural history. In that

[1] 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.' By Charles Darwin, F.R.S., &c. Vol. i., chap. i.

work (on 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication'), also in its eminent author's succeeding well-known book (his 'Descent of Man'), and, although not so directly there, in his previous very notable one (on 'Origin of Species'), the subject was adverted to as follows: "In regard to the origin of domestic breeds, the tendency will more or less be, in accordance with local circumstances, slowly to add to the characteristic features of the breed, whatever they are. But the chance will be infinitely small of any record having been preserved of such slow, minutely varying, and insensible changes."[1] Treating next, at a later date, of artificial or intentional influence as contrasted with higher laws of "*natural* selection," he quotes—as from Scrope's own immediate authority—the said original statement about "very marked disparity of size existing between deer-hound dogs and bitches, in favour of the former," and remarks that, "judging from analogy, this is more so than was primarily the case in the aboriginal parent stock."[2] Recurring to it more distinctly afterwards, in his third principal work,[3] our great naturalist includes the same alleged characteristic trait, among various others, from animal life at large, that are brought forward by him to illustrate "two *sub*-principles" in his main disquisition on "the grand evolutionary progress"—namely, as regards "the effect of varied *sexual* selection in gradually increasing specific difference," and, moreover, as concerns the "influence of what may be designated *sexually-limited* inheritance." It is under the latter head that he assigns most value to the "point" now in question, along with similar or opposite peculiarities in other animals. To show what is the remarkable conclusion then drawn by him, we in the first place extract some sentences, and will further state certain corroborative facts.

In the course of his argument to prove that difference of char-

[1] On 'Origin of Species,' alluding particularly to the canine species, above all to the greyhound variety.

[2] 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication,' vol. ii.

[3] 'The Descent of Man.' Our extracts are from the second edition (1874), chaps. viii. and xvii., supplemented from its author's direct communications on the subject.

acter between male and female animals is in some cases transmitted *unequally* to the one sex or to the other, thus showing exceptions to the general rule of inheritance, Mr Darwin instances various kinds of birds, *cetacea*, and a few land quadrupeds, which exemplify his inference :—

"That peculiar traits, if showing themselves very early in life, tend to be transmitted *equally* in both sexes, whereas when the traits develop themselves nearer the stage of maturity, there is reason to think that these tend to be transmitted more in one sex than in the other; and that the said latter difference would probably under certain conditions become gradually still more marked, as belonging exclusively to the same sex in which the variation first occurred." "For example," so he adds in a subsequent letter, "and before I in the least knew what the result would be, I fixed on this as a crucial instance,—the reindeer *alone* (of *cervidæ*) has horns in both sexes, therefore, according to my rule, their horns should be developed very early in life; and I now hear from Sweden that these appear within two or three weeks after birth: whilst with all other deer, in which the horns are confined to the male, these do not, as far as I have hitherto ascertained, appear till nearly a year after birth. So it is with the horns of antelopes. Now you will see that if a large part of the variation in stature [size] occurs late in life among male deer-hounds, this variation will (on such a principle) tend to be transmitted to the males alone, and will not affect the females as any other ordinary variation would do."

In his 'Descent of Man'[1] we thus read :—

"With mammals, when, as is often the case, the sexes differ in size, the males are almost always larger and stronger. I am informed by Mr Gould that this holds good in a marked manner with the marsupials of Australia, the males of which appear to continue growing until an unusually late age. The most extraordinary case is that of the seals (*Callorhinus ursinus*), a full-grown female weighing less than one-sixth of a full-grown male. . . . It is probable that the successive variations in strength, size, and courage, whether due to more variability or to the effects of use, by the accumulation of which male quadrupeds have acquired those characteristic qualities, occurred rather late in life, and were consequently to a large extent limited in their transmission to the same sex. From these considerations I was anxious to obtain information as to the Scotch deer-hound, the sexes of which differ more in size than those of any other breed—though bloodhounds differ considerably—or than in any wild canine known to me."

[1] Second edition, p. 515.

The result of careful statements received from numerous experienced breeders of this dog is then given, accompanied by an express reference to Mr M'Neill's valuable information as both originally and afterwards founded upon, also to Richardson's excellent manual; their wide induction of facts being taken for the basis of inference on the point of actual disparity in size. Furthermore, puppies of pure breed had been weighed, during a sufficient period, by several such breeders; consisting of litters from as many separate strains, whose respective rate of growth was thus noted in order to furnish reliable data. Among others who not only did so, but who had been in the habit of doing it for a succession of years, was Mr Wright-Osmaston, quoted by Mr Darwin as writing: "I have taken notes on the sizes and weights of puppies of many litters, and, as far as my experience goes, *dog*-puppies as a rule differ very little from bitches till they arrive at about five or six months old; and then the *dogs* begin to increase, gaining upon the bitches both in weight and size. At birth, and for several weeks afterwards, a bitch-puppy will occasionally be larger than any of the dogs, but they are invariably beaten by the latter further on." Mr M'Neill of Colonsay had testified to the same effect, adding that "The males do not attain their full growth till over two years old, though the females attain it sooner." So, too, had been done by notes from the experience of others, including our own, along with that of a long-practised judge, the late Mr Peter Robertson of Black Mount; also of Colonel Robertson, Captain Graham, Mr J. G. Barr, and several more.[1]

[1] The list then comprised numerous gentlemen, both in this country and elsewhere, who had given practical attention to the matter, whether as sportsmen as or amateurs; besides foresters, keepers, and others remarkable for old local knowledge throughout the Highlands: to which joint testimony has since been added that of many similar correspondents, including the late Cluny Macpherson, Cameron of Lochiel, the late Rev. Father Macdonald (Fort William), Captain Morse, the late Donald Robertson, Esq. (of Mull), Mr John Cameron (Glack-Eriska, Appin), Æneas Macdonell, Esq. (of Morar), Arthur Parsons, Esq. (Nottingham), &c.; thus placing beyond doubt the facts in question—viz., as to the unique superiority of size in the male deer-hound, and as to his showing this characteristic at a later period of growth than is generally the case with young animals.

"From these various statements it is clear," Mr Darwin says, "that the full difference in size between the male and female Scotch deer-hound is not acquired until rather late in life. The males are almost exclusively used for *coursing*" (when that form of the chase is practised), "for, as Mr M'Neill informs me, the females have not sufficient strength and weight to pull down a full-grown deer (stag). From the names used in old legends it appears . . . that, at a very ancient period, the males were the most celebrated, the females being mentioned only as the mothers of famous dogs." (Here might well have been added what Colonel Robertson states from old local tradition, recollected by his veteran uncle, Captain Ross of the 92d Regiment, that "ancient Highland custom was to place the lighter hounds in ambush at the passes whither the deer were driven, these hounds consisting of bitches chiefly, whilst *dogs* alone, being much larger, were employed at the height of the chase."[1]) "Hence, during many generations, it is the male which has been chiefly tested for strength, size, speed, and courage, and the best will have been bred from. As, however, the males do not attain their full dimensions till rather late in life, they will have tended, in accordance with the law above indicated, to transmit their characters to their male offspring alone: and thus the great inequality in size between the sexes of the Scotch deer-hound may probably be accounted for."

In addition to the significance turning upon this point, there is reference made in this same well-known scientific work to one or two other respects on which information, if possible to attain with accuracy, might have been of similar value; such as on a question with regard to *numerical* excess, if any, in the births of either sex—"which, in the common greyhound, appear from tabulated returns, long kept, to show that more *males* are born, while with regard to race-horses the preponderance would seem to be slightly the other way; and so, too, as far as could be ascertained, with deer-hounds, whose proportion of births is thought by breeders to incline decidedly in favour of females, but no record for a long enough period is available." "In regard, moreover, to yet another point on which some interesting facts were obtained—that of individuality among this breed" in what is zoologically called 'sexual selection'—

[1] Notes by Colonel (James) Robertson, containing his uncle's reminiscences.

the like scarcity of evidence presented a bar to any positive induction on that head.[1]

Thus do slight traits in animal life, that appear trifling to the casual eye, often present matter of significance to the naturalist, whose research is yet at the same time hindered by that lamentable carelessness in examination, and that paucity of genuine observers, which has too much characterised a former day. A new spirit is fortunately now astir, even among technical men. Over every foreign scene where our countrymen range, there are many explorers animated by this desire to contribute data, however apparently slight, that may bear on scientific knowledge of the kind.

Whether or not to be easily reconciled with preconceived notions at large, such facts as the above in regard to a single canine variety are by no means anomalous or without parallel among other animals. The case is similar with the large kangaroo of New South Wales, as we are informed by friends there that the male is nearly double the size of his mate. It would, in fact, seem an odd coincidence if this latest object of chase—the "boomer" kangaroo—as well as that oldest glory of hunting, the stag (in regard to that said inference from his antlers coming late in life), should be found actually to agree with their inveterate pursuer, the ancient mountain greyhound, in indicating back toward some primeval law or sub-law as to specific origins whereof there is hitherto but a dim perception! The case is strikingly reversed in some large birds, such as the eagle and the falcon, also in some smaller birds, and in those large running ones, the ostrich and the emu (*Struthiones*); whilst the great carnivora, in common with quadrupeds generally, do not exhibit any similar very marked disproportion in size between their sexes. Yet in the highest case, that of man himself, it appears as if, under certain conditions, there were a similar disparity to that which has now been particularised. In Lord Milton's and

[1] For all these references, whether given verbatim or condensed—as in the last instance—see chiefly 'The Descent of Man,' *in locis*.

Dr Cheadle's narrative of 'The North-West Passage by Land,' they mention that the North American Indians they met with in the earlier part of their expedition to British Columbia were "splendid *men*, very tall, models of strength and athletic grace;" but at the same time they specially remark that "the women of the same tribe, or tribes, were short, round-faced or flat-faced, and by no means attractive nor anyway to be commended as to appearance." Corresponding traits mark the population of several islands in Polynesia (the South Sea Islands), where the native men are of very large frame, often immensely so, whereas the women are characterised by attractive softness and grace. History distinguishes in like manner the old Norsemen, Vikings or sea-rovers from the Scandinavian North, who overthrew Roman dominion, spread over Europe, and gave our own nationality its most predominant character; whose women — though occasionally no Amazons could better have shared their lords' exploits—were as a rule celebrated in chivalry as gentle dames, retired housewives, and tender maidens. Modern civilisation has a good deal mixed and levelled down this contrast; the mutually distinctive characters have more and more tended to develop themselves at an earlier stage in life than before; the relations between the sexes have admittedly become more precocious, and it may be said that our present social culture is by no means the least suggestive testimony to the influence of some such "law of inheritance" as zoology points out. Might it not be inferred that when an old pure race has by any set of conditions been kept apart from others, with which it was capable of fertile crossing, the characters of its primitive origin have tended to be increasingly developed under "the law of natural selection" with its subordinate principles of action, whatever these may be? And when to the effect of these has been added for a long period the power of *intentional* selection, however unconscious or otherwise, under the hands of masters,—may it not be then that the most striking result of the whole process can be looked for?

Thus much, then, in regard to *comparative* measurement between the deer-hound dog and his mate, showing a fact that is on adequate evidence established as unique among the entire species; nor only so, but as an uncommon one throughout zoology at large,—this, too, it should be observed, to a degree which comes out the more markedly in proportion as their strain has been derived from pure old blood, and their unparalleled hunting qualities thus kept up. That it was an ancient historical characteristic, well recognised in Celtic tradition, pointing back to some earlier prehistoric era when the trait had become fixed—if not even inherited from their primary wild state—will appear manifest by what we afterwards bring forward regarding them.

From their great *absolute* size, full justification apparently arises for a belief that we have here the true direct representative of that unknown "extinct" progenitor of all the *canidæ*, of which our advanced palæontologists and naturalists speak. Presumably drawn from that colossal stock, the purity of type may not only have been in substance retained, but more and more fitly adapted to all succeeding human requirements "among those primitive tribes who, alone amidst the main original population of the globe, possessed the famous gigantic greyhound of antiquity, asserted by ancient classic writers to have contended on almost equal terms with the lion, or with the elephant; and seeing, accordingly," thus observes one of our most systematic specialists (Mr W. C. L. Martin in his 'History of the Dog,' &c.), "how we can clearly trace the greyhound (*true* greyhound) for full 3000 years back, we cannot easily assent to Buffon's opinion; . . . indeed we believe that the true greyhound deduces its lineage from an original root, of high antiquity and distinctness, nor do we think we should hazard too much in saying *specific* distinctness." To similar effect are Colonel Hamilton Smith's very careful investigations. Both these writers now gain support, as above shown, from the highest existing authority. Obsolete hypotheses regarding the shepherd-colley or "the Great

Dane," as canine prototype, may hence be left aside; all inter-canine parallel with even "the ancient Thibet mastiff" falls into the like subordinate category, along with every question of wolf-origin, or of the lower wild *canidæ*, according to that distinguished old-school zoologist and comparative anatomist, Bell.

On one leading question above all, however, no theorist seems yet to have proposed anything like a definite view. To that, most particularly, let some consideration be here given. Nor will any congenial reader, we think, find our detail under this head to be without interest of a striking kind. It must next be asked, Who, then, were that nameless race or races of people through whose necessities, and under whose breeding, the said great type of dog was first fixed, preserved, and transmitted onward, with such specific distinctness as not now to be susceptible of "crossing" without degeneracy—not now, from any alien stock, even within its own species, to be renewable in point of instinctive action, of characteristic form or coat, and still less so in point of stature with all that it implies? How did the type become so uniquely and perfectly fitted for its use as that—were it once altogether lost—there could admittedly be no restoration now, not "even through the skill of the most scientific of English breeders, those indefatigable experimenters in all that concerns production of live stock"?[1] And is it

[1] *Success of English Breeders.*—"Few persons, except breeders, are aware of the systematic care taken in selecting animals, and of the necessity of thus having, so to speak, a clear and almost prophetic vision into futurity in such a respect. . . . Lord Somerville, in speaking of the marvellous improvement of the new Leicester sheep effected by Bakewell and his successors, says, 'It would seem as if they had first drawn a perfect form, and then given it life.' As Mr Bailey, the great judge, remarked to me, 'It was formerly ordered that the comb of the Spanish cock should be upright, and in four or five years all good birds had upright combs; it was ordered that the Polish cock should have no comb or wattles, and now a bird thus furnished would be disqualified.' . . . Beards were ordered, and out of fifty-seven pens lately (1860) exhibited at the Crystal Palace, all had beards. It took Mr Wicking thirteen years to put a clear white head on an 'almond' tumbler's body—'a triumph,' says another fancier, 'of which he may be justly proud.' If you wanted to put horns on, or take them off—to remove a beak, or obtain it—in short, it is difficult to place the limit. . . . If a dog with six toes on the hind-feet, or without canine teeth, or without tail, were wanted, he would be produced as a breed."—'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication' (Darwin).

possible by any mode, with a degree of clearness, to identify the former ownership under whose hands such success had been attained —so investigating this type, in short, from its aboriginal source, as that, along with the footprints of the dogs, we may identify those of their ancient masters, up toward the ground where, in our opening chapter, we first came upon the joint track?

CHAPTER X.

PREHISTORIC DOGS—EVIDENCE OF "STONE AGE" DOGS IN SCOTLAND—FOSSIL CANINES —VIEWS OF SIR D. WILSON, DR HODGKIN, HERR STROBEL, DR STEENSTRUP, M. FIGUIER, SIR C. LYELL, PROFESSOR OWEN, DARWIN—"STONE AGE" DOGS AND GREAT GREYHOUND TYPE—EXTRAORDINARY SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY REGARDING THEM—HERR PROFESSOR KAUP'S AGNOTHERIUM—DOMESTICATION OF THE DOG— THE DEER-HOUND FIRST DOMESTICATED—ORIGINAL LOCALITY—THE DELUGE— ANCIENT EGYPT—DÆDAL FORMS—HOW WERE THEY TAMED?—VIEW OF "HONEST OLD TOM BELT"—ANALOGIES AS TO TAMING—FOLK-LORE AND CLASSICAL LEGENDS —COLONEL HAMILTON'S GREAT-GREYHOUND ORIGIN—IDENTIFICATION OF THE TRIBES WHO HAD ORIGINALLY EXCLUSIVE OWNERSHIP OF THE BREED.

CLEAR evidence now exists to show that mankind possessed and cherished dogs at a very remote prehistoric era, long before the time from which even traditional information regarding them is handed down. One such remarkable proof came to light in Scotland,—among the first of its kind that has been circumstantially described, and to our mind the most striking of the whole number as yet on record. Below an old green knoll in the parish of Cruden, on our Aberdeenshire coast, was found a burial-place of undoubtedly aboriginal time, with a "cist" enclosing two skeletons nearly entire, one of them that of an adult, the other "apparently of a youth not above thirteen years of age," along with which "were also portions of the skeleton of a dog." In the same receptacle lay seven flint arrow-heads, two flint knives, and a polished stone, "the latter probably an article of personal adornment"; and outside the cist were two clay urns, "slightly ornamented with encircling lines, but

containing no incinerated [burnt] remains." In a standard work on Scottish antiquities,[1] with reference to the above and to other similar but considerably less ancient relics, it is mentioned that "canine remains have often been found in sepulchral mounds throughout the three kingdoms"; the learned author there expressing his "regret because such facts have hitherto been recorded, so far as concerns Scotland, without any precise anatomical attention to the canine skeletons, in order to ascertain the respective varieties of the species thus found, and thereby to supply, perhaps, some clue as to whence or from what birth-land their masters had originally come." He adds that "before a meeting of the British Association at York, in 1844, Dr Hodgkin read a paper on the Dog as the companion of Man, chiefly in order to prove how much light might be thrown on obscure old national affinities through the study of those inferior animals which, by accident or otherwise, have attended man's diffusion over the world." We find, on referring directly to Dr Hodgkin's essay (as given in 'The Zoologist,' edited by Mr Newman, and largely quoted in Maunder's 'Treasury of Natural History,' where it is called "an ingenious treatise on the dog as the associate of man in his geographical distribution"), that the said able writer fails to make out anything definite by his intended clue regarding human kindreds or divisions, at least in behalf of ethnology; and this, we think, just because, when attempting to promote that important branch of inquiry through such means as he so suggestively proposes, he has taken in the whole canine species wherever found or however varied. The natural consequence is, he wanders off hither and thither, alike at view of a colley, a Chinese pug, a Thibetan mastiff, or a water-spaniel, until he gets bewildered between the innumerable varieties which human caprice alike with human necessity has educed out of their ever-plastic dumb servitor. Here, as is manifest, be it tiny Italian greyhound or bulky Esquimaux, nothing like a trace of guidance through the labyrinth in question will ensue on following them. The case becomes somewhat

[1] Professor Daniel Wilson's 'Prehistoric Annals of Scotland.' Edinburgh, 1851.

otherwise, indeed, when any single good variety is chosen, if at all entitled to claim back upon true practical requirements during a period while ethnic distribution still went on; for even the Esquimaux breed, duly isolated from others, and tracked through its icy hyperborean range, might lead far in explaining various mysteries of the so-called "Stone Age" when man, according to present anthropology, had never used metal for his wants. What result is gained by fixing monographically on our one grand type—first "*naturally* selected," afterwards bred with unremitted care during so many ages—remains to show.

When the above-cited interesting suggestions were made, comparatively little knowledge was available in this country as regards what had been done by Continental research to explore the great "primitive" period of antiquity; but within the last thirty years an immense advance has ensued among our own archæologists, from the date of the celebrated discoveries at Kent's Hole and the Brixham Cave.[1] From the latter in particular, where a flint implement turned up beside the limb of an animal whose species was extinct, new and most essential improvement arose among British antiquarians toward zoological study as reflecting on their own department. The effect was that they almost unanimously accepted the conclusion at which their Continental brethren had before arrived regarding the vastly greater age now assigned to the human species; and since then, headed by Sir Charles Lyell himself, previously the most distinguished opponent of such doctrine, they have directed very minute notice to the slightest connection between animal and human remains, in concert with general European science. With reference to the matter here in view, we may say that no stone has been left unturned in any country where the said period has left traces. For it should be observed that these have been under investigation not only in tombs belonging to isolated tribes, but abroad wherever mankind could have dwelt, resorted, fought, feasted, hunted or been hunted in turn, over the four quarters of the globe,

[1] In 1858.

leaving their rudest or most improved stone implements behind. The handles and the shafts may have quite disappeared; the only bones that remain may be those of creatures beyond question undomesticated—nay, even these may be all but mouldered to dust; still, the acuteness of science is seldom at a loss to detect some significant fact in connection. Direct anatomical view of a dog's skeleton is now by no means always indispensable for the purpose of knowing whether it was domestic, what was its general character, or even the class among living wild congeners to which it most probably pertained. The indications occur more or less plentifully and clearly in Europe, Asia, in some parts of Africa, on the American continents, and to some slight extent in Australasian localities and in the South Sea Islands also. They were anatomically observed in one Pyrenean cave of the period (by MM. Garrigon and Filhol); in Italy, among exceedingly old remains—"referred with apparent likelihood to the Stone Age"—the same has been done by learned experts (Herr Strobel and Signor Pigorini), "in this instance denoting two breeds, of different sizes, to have existed." In the Scandinavian *kjökken-mödden* (or ancient refuse-heaps), "unquestionably belonging to the period," that skilful Danish naturalist, Dr Steenstrup, "observed embedded bones of a canine animal, ingeniously argued by him to be those of a tamed or domestic dog, because a large proportion of the *long* bones of birds are there preserved, which, it is found on trial, such dogs cannot or will not devour."[1] M. Figuier, the popular *rédacteur* of Stone-Age discoveries, says that, "In various deposits of the period there are evident marks of animal-gnawing upon bones in caverns that had been inhabited, and in such circumstances otherwise as proved dogs to have been associated with the inmates." Sir Charles Lyell's weighty evidence completes the proof: he "was enabled to pronounce, moreover, upon their average dimensions all along—namely, that, as found throughout the Stone Age, they were at most middle-sized." Italian and Danish *savants* prove, in addition, "that in many cases the canine skulls discovered

[1] Darwin, 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.'

had been intentionally broken"; whilst M. Figuier mentions that "their bones, broken by the hand of man, and still bearing marks of having been cut with a knife, are amongst the remains found,"—a fact which he considers "demonstrative that this faithful guest or servant was occasionally, in default of some better food, and doubtless without regret [?], used as an article of subsistence."

What might be the likeliest class, or classes, under which *they* ranked among their kindred at large, we are not here concerned to say. As showing that none of them were great-greyhound in type, Lyell's statement in regard to size might be sufficient,—verified, too, as it is by the skeleton enclosed with two human companions under the Scottish burial-mound at Cruden. Inferences to the same effect would arise from the proof that they had been at times killed for food, more especially when connected with the evidence, attested by Professor Owen, as to "cannibalism having been practised by the tribes in question, whereof distinct signs have been traced to those inhabiting Scotland at the period." Being possessed of an obvious resource at hand—so much more convenient and natural under the circumstances—in shape of wild game, it is very unlikely that any extreme stress could have often reduced primitive men to kill a valuable hound for food, or at all events to tolerate what M. Figuier styles "the occasional habit of eating them."[1] On the like ground it is plain that no such hounds could have had their proper range among the bare Norse fiords, nor along with people whose coast-frequenting, fishing, and other aquatic pursuits are manifest; joined to which is the extreme improbability that large hunting greyhounds were kept where they could feed upon the sea-birds, the molluscs, and the fish that compose the bulk of the old Stone Age refuse-heaps throughout Northern Europe. Certainty on the matter, indeed, follows from Lyell's additional remark, that "the middle-sized race continued unaltered through the Stone Period, till, in the

[1] Cannibalism is known to be still preferred by some savage tribes to the expedient of using their dogs for food under pressure by famine; and the wild natives of an American coast on one occasion frankly avowed this to a European voyager, saying that "their old women were not so useful as their fox-like curs!"

ensuing Bronze Age, a larger breed appears." And it is further stated by the very highest authority on succession and synchronism in all animal breeds whatever, that "the ancient domestic canines were succeeded during the Northern Bronze Period by a larger kind, with certain differences; then again, during the Iron Period, by a still larger kind; while in Switzerland there was a similar succession—a still larger dog coming during the Bronze Period, closely resembling in jaw a dog of the same era in Denmark."[1] Whether the changes were *introduced*—as said by the last-quoted great naturalist—or, as supposed by Lyell, could have been "due to creation by breeding," is a different question for technical experience to consider: at any rate, it seems clear that no sign of the great-greyhound canine type having existed among primitive savage tribes has ever been found, whether by direct proof or by implication.

But the strangest circumstance discovered regarding dogs in the Stone Age is one to which we have not as yet alluded, if indeed it has anywhere met with the notice it appears to deserve. A passing glance at the facts on that head will be found of some consequence, as ably stated by the eloquent popular *rédacteur* of what may be called palæolithosophic knowledge, M. Figuier, who thus writes:[2]—

"Man's whole chronology falls, according to the most generally received classification, under three principal periods—the following convenient synoptical table of which is taken from Lartet's careful arrangement:—

THE STONE AGE.

1. *Epoch of Extinct Animals* (such as the great cave-bear, mammoth, &c.), when only rude wooden and stone implements had been invented by man.
2. *Epoch of migrated existing animals* (or *the Reindeer epoch*), when stone-manufacture and various other progressive steps occurred.
3. *Epoch of existing domesticated animals* (or *Polished-Stone epoch*), when man attained notable advancement towards civilisation.

[1] Darwin, 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.'

[2] In his 'World before the Deluge,' and more at detail in his 'Primitive Man.' See the English translations, published 1870 and 1872. London, Chapman & Hall.

The duration of that entire age is variously computed from 7000 years up to 15,000 or more, and by some high authorities, even to 100,000 years at the least.[1]

The Metal Age.	1. *Epoch of Bronze* (comparatively civilised, with much artistic skill), extending back from about 400 B.C. to considerably before the siege of Troy, say to 1200 B.C. 2. *Epoch of Iron* (decidedly civilised), reaching back from the origin of Teutonic European kingdoms —after the fall of Roman empire—to considerably before the commencement of the Christian era, say to *circa* 350 B.C.—Macedonian conquests.
The Civilised Age.	*Epoch of History* (comparatively enlightened, philosophical, scientific), back from to-day to beyond Norman conquest of Britain, 1088 A.D.

Hence do obscure prehistoric ages, while man remained savage, bear at their most reasonable average estimate the proportion of about twelve times, or even of about twenty times the amount, compared to those three short periods, now well styled modern, each scarce ten centuries long, during which he has so fast advanced on the path of civilisation, latterly enjoying its highest privileges."

Judging from the result of much minute inquiry that has been turned on this said question by Continental archæologists in particular, as distinctly brought forward by M. Figuier, it is only in the *third*, or latest, of the three Stone Epochs—to wit, in that of "Polished-stone implements" or "migrated existing animals"—that any canine traces are to be found in amicable connection with those of man. He expressly says: "None such have been discovered by the most careful research among all accessible deposits from the foregoing epochs." "By various indications," he remarks, "we are led to the belief that this intelligent creature had been at *this* time [the *beginning* of the tamed-animal epoch] reduced to the state of domesticity, and that backward in the *middle* epoch [of migrated

[1] As regards the whole term of human existence, a leading English biologist of sober views, Mr Alfred Wallace, lately wrote that 25,000 years would be no immoderate computation for it, and that it was probably much more. In the rapid advance of anthropology since then, 150,000 years have become something nearer the estimate—of which duration the greater part would of course fall within the Stone Age.

existing animals, chiefly reindeer] not the slightest sign of gnawing by dogs is perceptible." In support of his conclusion, and of that of his scientific authorities, there is besides "an apparent total omission of any canine figure among the very curious proofs of human skill in then representing animals by marks upon bone or horn—a circumstance which might well be held to imply that there was no knowledge of such a creature as worth attention, nor remembrance of it as having ever been possessed." The reindeer at that time, it seems, constituted man's chief dependence for food, moreover, as a source of useful material; and "perhaps, toward the end of it, there had been some advance made in employing it when captured, for draught purposes, as well as for continuous service in the way of diet." It is not, however, until the still preceding epoch is looked at, that the original condition of primitive humanity, as regards attendance by the inferior creatures, can be understood. Even the reindeer is stated to have been then, from various causes, quite absent throughout the range over which the early population of the globe extended. Primitive man had accordingly been surrounded, during that epoch, by wild animals only, inclusive of at least some remainder of those formidable beasts, now fossil—at which, even in pictorial representation, the ordinary mind shudders—but whose extinction used to be supposed final before *his* origin took place. On the contrary, according to science, their existence seems to have borne an important part in calling forth his earliest energies, in conducing to the formation of his rude weapons, and in thus causing the first steps of his gradual progress. Facts so opposed to current belief are really most in unison with what has been advanced among present philosophical writers on the growth of civilisation. The relatively late acquisition of household live-stock may without offence be considered a logical result, on the ground now taken up by anthropologists.[1] A promiscuous human horde, not divided

[1] The reference is to the works of Mr Tylor on 'Primitive Culture,' Sir John Lubbock on 'The Antiquity of Man,' Mr Maclennan on 'The Primitive Law of Marriage by Right of Capture,' &c.

into tribes and families, would thus appear to have formed the world's original population; the earliest great discovery must have been that of fire,—most likely hit upon, in fact, through stone manufacture, rather than by the chance friction between dry sticks, which M. Figuier and others suggest. Thence naturally arose a superstitious custom of worshipping, after their death, sundry such fortunate inventors; so that it is not difficult to see how tribal differences began between rival localities, with the consequence of leading to "primitive marriage through right of capture"; and the effect was slowly to originate family relationship. Before then, success in the training of animals could scarcely have occurred on any wide scale, and still less their thorough domestication. The reindeer itself, however young when taken, had doubtless to be reared about the doors of many caves, beside the mother and the children, ere a tractable breed was formed; and as for horses, if ever broken in from a really wild stock, it is not likely to have been done while they belonged in common to a tribe. With dogs, it was clearly impossible. No wild whelp could have learnt the merest rudiments of his education so long as he had to obey more masters than one. By the purely savage if not half-brutal community, we may be sure, this was never felt as a want,—the idea of true sport was one that could never have crossed their minds: yet many a natural stratagem against beasts would be all the better devised; the "driving" and *battue* system would be carried out to the full, with a multitudinous swarm of "beaters." Accordingly the most reasonable acceptance seems due to the averment made by science, that what was done throughout these aboriginal epochs, whether during thousands of years or during myriads, was done with stone, with fire, on foot, and unaccompanied by either hound or tracker or any other variety of the species.

If so, then in this respect we think the case of the entire Stone Age must have strongly resembled that of South America as concerns horses, from a time before it was first peopled until the date of the Spanish Conquest; when they had never been seen by

the Indians, except among the ranks of modern European invaders, although under the soil, as fossils, horses were lying innumerable.[1] The parallel would, according to our view, be complete if the fossil American horse were of large size—presenting some traits like those that mark the old Arab courser—and if, after its extinction there, herds of truly wild *mustang*-ponies had migrated down through the Isthmus of Panama or otherwise, and had been gradually brought into use by the natives, for burden and general service, instead of the llama; then finally, if the Spaniards of Cortez and Pizarro had come riding on thoroughbred chargers whose descent from Arab blood was manifest. That the world should have produced the unique type twice over, without hereditary connection, is a hypothesis not now tenable according to science, which prefers—on the logical principle of "parsimony"—to suppose rather that geographical changes had allowed of the same type having been preserved, modified, and transmitted, however circuitously, from uninhabited to inhabited place. In like manner as to the dog of great-greyhound variety, no doubt can remain but that it must trace continuously back to a prototype whose fossil remains exist. As authoritively stated in our preceding chapter, "remains have been found in the later Tertiary deposits, more like those of a large dog than of a wolf,—favouring De Blainville's belief that our dogs come from a single extinct species."[2] Furthermore, Colonel Hamilton Smith, the most careful of all specialists on the matter, says of fossil canines that "a large species is said to be indicated in the older or deep strata of ossiferous caverns; one which," as he considers, "must have been adequate to walk the earth at a period when colossal forms of various kinds abounded: it is noticed by Herr Professor Kaup, a German *savant*, under the name of *Agnotherium* (Unknown Beast), and stated by him to have been in size equal to a lion." He (Colonel H. Smith) calls this "questionable as progenitor of our known varieties;" and goes on to add: "Whether domestic dogs have ever been found in a fossil state, is still more questionable;

[1] *Equus curvideus* of Owen and of Darwin.

[2] Darwin.

the *Canis speleius* (cave dog) of Herr Goldfuss, found in the cavern of Gailenruth, has its muzzle shorter and the pallet wider than the present wolf, and may be the most ancient representative of the family, which in that case *may not have preceded the first hunters or the later shepherds*" (here the italics are our own), "*who migrated from high Asia westward;* for goats and sheep are equally wanting among ossiferous *débris*, or occur under doubtful circumstances, as if the progress of man with his flocks had been attended by wild or domestic canines, and their presence in the West was thus coeval."[1] As for the Irish instance of a very large skull found deep in a bog at Westmeath, and imagined by the local anatomists to have been that of an ancient native "wolf-dog" (as before adverted to), little stress need be laid on it; nor does any issue of consequence turn upon Surgeon Wylde's discovery of actual Irish wolf-hounds' remains at Dunshaughlin, which, though certainly large, were not much more so than can be found in living Scotch-Highland specimens. Meanwhile let it be kept in mind how notable is the fact of no canine-attendance whatever having been traced in connection with primitive (savage) man throughout his first Stone Age epochs; and this indeed leading to a decided and scientific certainty of his total isolation, during such early time, from the whole species in question.

Indubitably, however, at one period before man's arrival on the globe, some gigantic primeval canine type had held a wide northern range, under climate which was then not extreme either for cold or heat, with probably to some extent mountainous ground, pasturing large swift animals of chase, such as the immense ancient elk and other like *Cervidæ* now fossil, being itself, of course, a venatic species, pre-eminently adapted to hunt, as distinguished from various less open modes whereby slower *carnivora* approach their prey. Its proper scope having been thereafter suddenly much contracted during the two great Aqueous Catastrophes that took place over

[1] 'The Natural History of Dogs,' by Colonel Hamilton Smith, 2 vols.; in the "Edinburgh Naturalist's Library."

North-Western Europe — when both climatic and subterranean change would destroy its means of food, if not terminate there its own existence, followed as these geological cataclysms were by the strange Glacial Period—it doubtless became more and more narrowly localised, together with its chief objects of pursuit, about that nearest region where suitable ground occurred, apparently in a particular tract toward the south-east, which, though situated beneath torrid skies, amidst conditions otherwise unfavourable, is yet mainly so high as to possess every character of mountain-forest land in the temperate parts of Europe, on the most varied surface, containing abundant wild stock. Somewhat so, beyond all reasonable controversy, did the process of "natural selection" assign for any living remains of this type their special *habitat*, at a period still anterior to human life on northern soil. Evidently, too—from foregoing proof and from what follows—it did not *proprio motu* of its own accord—*i.e.*, without human ownership—pass again much farther north, west, south, or east; nor was it ever in any region possessed among primitive savage men, who were demonstrably unacquainted with the use of metal, whether they be considered *autochtheones* (sprung from the soil[1]), as according to modern scientific doctrine, —or be thought migrated tribes, as according to old popular belief.

There, in that said restricted *locale*, its descendants at some stage came within reach among the ancient shepherd-hunter race, who were, as is known, originally spread throughout the neighbourhood. Every circumstance points to the likelihood of *their* having been earliest to obtain, rear, attach, and domesticate individuals of the species at large from out of a feral state; moreover, that this particular variety now in question was the one first brought under human command. So far from any insuperable hindrance being presented by its strong venatic turn, its natural fierceness, pre-eminent size, and power, such traits would, on the contrary, mark it out as the most desirable for help in guarding and managing

[1] That is to say, so sprung through lower animal forms successively.

flocks or herds amidst predaceous beasts, more especially amidst the wild *Canidæ* of surreptitious nocturnal habit, which by that time doubtless existed plentifully around, constituting offshoots, more or less mongrel, from lower down in the same typical line. Opposed though our view may be to usual belief, yet practical experience will bear out the statement that a swift hunting kind becomes more readily tractable than do the slower, bulkier, more naturally shrewd nocturnal varieties; and that the hound, standing nearer primary instinct, having less immediate change required of him, is easier broken-in to service than is the colley, the terrier, spaniel, or mastiff sort, or even than the large prick-eared Esquimaux draught-cur, which latter seems taken among recent anthropologists as the likeliest domesticated prototype. His still half-feral character, with his irrepressible vagaries when loose from his yoke, imply indeed a very probable subjugation at some late epoch in the Stone Period, by mere dint of force on the part of rude tribes who, under stress of want, had compelled him to their use, but could never, it would seem, do more. On the other hand, in the case before us, there were occupations tantamount to actual hunting, whereby out of individuals perhaps casually got, from a race to all appearance intractable, a docile and attached breed would step by step be formed. True, compulsion did not avail for that purpose with *its* original stock. Direct force was useless as concerned a kind so large, whose temper, like its strength, became dangerous to rouse. No requirement, however vital, could have made possible any yoking of such high-couraged creatures before a sledge, or their training for mere household defence, or their learning to retrieve and go by scent. One "point" appears to have been aboriginal in them—to wit, their running chiefly "by sight"; another, to have been at least equally primitive, their "striking from behind the shoulder" of their quarry, whether at speed or when "at bay": so, too, does their grand characteristic of *size*, both as regards length and stature, show always the more manifest as we trace them further back.

In this respect with all domesticated and semi-domesticated breeds throughout the zoological series, including ordinary dogs, a general rule is that they have by degrees become larger under human management; yet there are various known exceptions,[1] under which class, along with forest-enclosed red-deer—curiously enough—good reason exists for comprising the unique great-greyhound type. Technical grounds, well established to that effect, receive confirmation through available prehistoric evidence, showing the descent of the race to have been from a stock originally largest, rather than from one that has enlarged under artificial selection by breeders. Signal failure on the whole marks the recent zeal on their part for improvement of size, even for renewal of anything like what tradition attests, corroborated by verification of a historic and monumental kind. Like in import is another prominent circumstance that characterises the matter ever since record of it began—a frequent verging towards "extinction," namely, followed by partial success in restoring the breed, yet each time by unquestionable signs of "degeneracy." Whatever can be said of other points, degeneration as to size — most probably inseparable from loss of quality in every way—becomes thus the aspect that must with reluctance be given to the whole case. Here indeed a question comes up in regard to comparative sexual dimensions—that peculiarity which (see foregoing chapter) ranks among a few zoological instances of the kind that have attracted modern scientific notice as being not a little significant. These, it will be recollected, "illustrate a *sub*-principle found modifying the great law of natural selection, although in a manner as yet obscure."

"The above-mentioned principle is, that in certain species or varieties of species, all of course propagated with traits that follow the rules of inheritance, the transmission of character by parents to their offspring is *sexually*

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[1] Among quadrupeds, in the *Cervidæ;* for example, domesticated reindeer, and semi-domesticated red-deer—which are far less in size than their immediate kindred in India and America: among fowls, in the case at any rate of turkeys, "whose domestic kinds are in America much smaller than the wild."

limited—that is to say, in some races there is a transmission of peculiarities rather to the male than to the female, and *vice versâ;* the apparent rule being, so far as is yet known, that this takes place according to the alternative whether such said peculiarities are devevoped in either sex at a late period of their growth toward maturity. When the male is the one that tends to inherit the peculiarity concerned, it appears *late* in the young. . . . The sexes of dogs do not differ, except that in certain breeds, especially in the Scotch deer-hound, the male is much larger and heavier than the female; and . . . the male goes on increasing in size to an unusually late period [of growth], which, according to [my] rule, will account for his increased size being transmitted to his male offspring alone."[1]

Now, apart from corroborative and consequent remark as before made, it seems necessary to make sure lest any essential bar should hence arise against our monographic inference that the ancient type has decreased instead of growing in size. Is this view, in short, quite incompatible with what has been quoted above, and therefore —as we should then be ready to acknowledge—untenable? We ventured to refer the supposed case—of slowly degenerated size rather than of slowly increasing size—to Mr Darwin's own authoritative judgment. And the following, marked by his unfailing patience and kindness, was the reply:—

"Is it not probable that the finest young male dogs have been selected during very many generations (for I understand from various authorities that the males alone were used for hunting), and that such care has been less constantly and closely applied (on several accounts) to the females? If so, and [artificial] selection were applied to the males at a not very early age, I believe that increased size would be transmitted chiefly or exclusively to the male offspring. But then it must, I believe, be *assumed* that from some quite unknown cause the variation in size supervened at a not very early age. The above notion would apply equally well (as far as I can see) if there had been a tendency to degeneration in size affecting both sexes, for each degeneration might have been checked (by careful selection) in the males. As far as I can remember, the reindeer is the only quadruped of which the domestic races are known to be smaller than the wild or aboriginal stock."

In reference to our own suggested prototype for great-greyhound descent, a remark is also made by the same authoritative hand, that "little dependence can be placed on the ambiguous Irish

[1] 'The Descent of Man,' chaps. viii. and xvii. Second edition, 1874.

statement about a canine skull of abnormal size, somewhat resembling that of an Arctic bear, yet differing from the latter, with apparent approximation to that of the Irish wolf-dog;" but with regard to Colonel H. Smith's mention of the fossil *Agnotherium* or immense canine type, as traced by a German *savant*, Herr Professor Kaup, we have, moreover, this favourable comment, "Kaup was a good man; Goldfuss, I believe, antiquated."[1]

This being so, in point of any intrinsic obstacle against our postulate of *greatest* size for the ancient stock — a view consequently agreeing well enough with zoological law—some attention is now due as regards that particular local habitat where their fixed type had at a very early period become indigenous. Colonel Hamilton Smith, whose book on the 'Natural History of Dogs'[2] is unequalled in its way, was the first to suggest "that all the facts taken together seem to fix the origin of the greyhound" (elsewhere shown by him to have been of "gigantic, rough-coated, mountaineering type") somewhere to westward of the great Asiatic mountain-chains, where the easternmost Bactrian and Persian plains commence, and where the steppes of the ancient Scythic nations are spread toward the north." The region corresponds with that of ancient Colchis, lying round the Cimmerian Bosphorus, where early Greek legend placed its chief marvels from before Homer's time. Thither, in a general way, the source of "the Caucasian races of man" is popularly referred; and much modern scientific attention has on other grounds been directed there. By those writers who hold most stoutly to the doctrine of an Asiatic Deluge as having been total in its effect on mankind, geographical and geological argument is advanced, closely connecting that very region with the occurrence of such a catastrophe.[3] They adduce topographical

[1] Extract from letters *penes nos*, dated May 1878.

[2] In "Edinburgh Naturalist's Library," 2 vols.

[3] These arguments were first brought forward by the Rev. Dr Pye Smith; afterwards, more notably, by the well-known geologist, Hugh Miller; and again, with much force, by the Rev. Professor Duns, New College, Edinburgh, in his work on 'Biblical Natural Science.'

and other reasons for their hypothesis "that far back during the Human Period, a rapid depression had taken place over the surface, from the vast steppes of Astracan downward to the wide Chaldean plains, causing great oscillation of the main level between the inland Caspian Sea and the Gulf of Finland, in coincidence with strong volcanic action, and attended with much atmospheric disturbance, producing long-continued rain over a wide range of country; the result being to submerge a very extensive area, at that time densely populous, which, indeed, comprised the whole human family as then existent. Moreover, that the same cataclysmic movement involved a process of subsequent upheaval, in some directions to more than the former altitude, and not least so — judging from various local facts — over the Caucasian region." We find even M. Figuier, that congenial historian of the Stone Age, — on some theory not easy to understand—coinciding substantially with orthodox commentators on this matter; although he cannot be supposed to have there the sanction of his own chief authorities, while at the same time he himself writes, in certain passages, as if primitive savage men had been going through similar perils in the northwest, either before or contemporaneously, and had somehow managed to continue their stone-using race, by mere resort to elevated ground or into caves or ice-floes that were advantageously situated. Hence, perhaps, he would account for the fact of a Noachic tradition being so widely held sacred as it is. At all events he (M. Figuier) deliberately supplies an answer to one principal argument against the traditional Deluge, by stating "an apparent strong likelihood that Mount Ararat, in its present great height, is of volcanic origin at the time when early Asiatic people were almost without exception destroyed by a flood, as chastisement for their corrupt social state." No one now imagines—at any rate outside a narrow and fast-lessening circle—that in the stock of animals then preserved for after-propagation, along with a human family, the whole coexisting zoological series was represented; which "would have required some 70,000 species, or at least varieties, to be taken in."

It is instructive to note how essential a part has of late been borne by facts of natural history in determining the ebb and flow of belief as to man's condition at distant eras. The consequent savage-origin hypothesis has done much to enlighten theologians. Opinion became in no little degree revolutionised by that native Zulu chief whose arithmetical doubt concerning the possible number of animals held within the Ark, in answer to the Bishop of Natal during a eloquent missionary address, is now so famous :—

> "The friendly and flowing Savage, who is he?
> Is he waiting for Civilisation, or past it and mastering it!"[1]

Practical common-sense judgment will nowadays be found everywhere at one with science in holding that stocks could thus have been saved only from those animals which the inhabitants of the submerged region had domesticated, and from those others, in a wild state, which were suitable for keeping up an intended balance of Nature, wherein "even the creeping thing"—as modern zoology has so beautifully shown—"is required, seeing, for example, how insects promote fruitful vegetation, and bumble-bees are known to be essential to the particular *flora* of a district; nor, probably, does our ugliest reptile form a useless link in this chain of existence." On some such principle might the last slight difficulty have been got rid of, which troubled so sensible a writer as Dr Kitto with regard to the raven,—"a bird not likely to have been taken in," he thought, "if the Deluge were but partial to a certain region, because it could soon have been naturally replaced from elsewhere;" yet on the face of the Biblical account it straightway became useful as a pioneer in respect to the subsidence of the waters from its own favourite habitat. *Ex hypothesi*, in fact, according to revised orthodox doctrine about the Flood, population had before then become so dense over the greater part of the inhabited territory, that its *ferœ naturæ* could not have been numerous, unless on its rugged hilly tracts, which rose on the outskirt northward, where our already-named mountain-region ex-

[1] From Walt Whitman (the very singular American poet).

tends; and something truly noticeable lies in the circumstance that *hunting* is not enumerated among the various employments attributed to antediluvian men in the Mosaic narrative. Whatever may have been the misdeeds and vices therein so darkly ascribed to them, we can infer that these were in the main due to constant aggregation in one mass, probably even still more so than anything now seen in our most overgrown capital cities,—a tendency, beyond doubt, at that time opposed, if not altogether destructive, to the primal instinct for "multiplying and replenishing the earth." Hardships of climate, and the perils of contention with wild beasts, had evidently been provided in nature for man's best interests; but men were in those days growingly set against this. A shepherd tent-inhabiting people, comparatively few, are implied to have ranged more or less apart on the hills, cherishing a simpler patriarchal life; among whom alone, doubtless, could anything like the wholesome excitement of the chase have been enjoyed, yet who themselves became increasingly infected by the growth of evil.

"Wider die Dummheit kämpfen ſelbſt die Götter vergebens."
Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new;
And God reveals Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Patriarchal record affords clear ground, though of an indirect kind, for our attributing as we do to some small number of such people the first ownership of the grand canine type in question; since to them is attributed the act of having "chosen *sevens* from such animal species as were fit for use in diet or other like ways, and considered proper for sacrificial purposes; whilst of the rest there were *pairs* chosen,"—all with a view to that preservation which is affirmed to have then taken place. And if, as seems strongly probable, domesticated dogs were among the number, our obvious inference is that a pair of the great-greyhound race was thus preserved, whatever may be supposed respecting any other variety of the species. In such case the likelihood is that they were by much the largest

animals of a carnivorous kind in the whole assemblage. Notably enough, on behalf of this proposition, there exists a very striking mythological testimony in archaic Egyptian form. The symbolical shrine appears to have been a most sacred object in temples throughout Egypt from time immemorial, before even its Pyramids were built; for the priests themselves do not seem to have understood what was meant by these hieroglyphics. Along with the subordinate figure of a bird is to be seen a decorated canine figure—they two being the only animal emblems contained by the boat-like shape. In curious concurrence with it, is the fact that the sacred Egyptian city of Thebes is understood by learned decipherers to have been named from the *TBA*, which signified in the first place a box or ark, and secondly a bitch—"a supposed compound term for the productive principle in Nature."

A more explicit attestation is furnished by the same invaluable monuments of dædal antiquity. Colonel Hamilton Smith, when following his traces of "the gigantic mountain-greyhound variety or species," between its north-eastern source among Caucasian people and its later diffusion around, points express attention toward Egypt as showing, in hieroglyphic record, how "this said type had there become well known at a period the most remote,—moreover, was graphically figured, with every distinctive trait quite identifiable now; indeed proving that no important specific change has since then taken place in regard to it." To corresponding effect is the Duke of Argyll's remark, in his very able volume on Primæval Man: "Domesticated species are there seen virtually what they now are; the negro's physiognomy, his hue, do not much, if at all, differ from what these appear at present; the greyhound looks much as it does to-day." So far, in fact, from its being (to use the phrase of worse-informed writers) "depicted upon Memphian, Theban, and other Lower Nilitic architectural *pylæ* as either half-bred or ill-shaped,"[1] which may be taken for an opinion from mere English

[1] See, *e.g.*, an otherwise correct and excellent practical volume on field-sport, Mr Rooper's 'Flood, Field, and Forest.' London, 1869.

turf-coursing experience, there are, on the contrary, among early Egyptian tomb-paintings, referred in some instances further back than the Pyramids themselves, various prominent representations that figure an animal no way essentially different in form, character, or otherwise, from the great rough Scotch-Highland breed of our own day, and yet less from their immediate congener, the still-extant "Russian" (more properly Caucasian). The very colours, where remaining on the antique plaster of the wall, as here and there they do, agree to a nicety of tint and shade with those that characterise respectively the two modern varieties just named: ashen blue, slate-colour, iron-grey, with perhaps a tendency to brindle; white, running into piebald with black, as in the rare extant Caucasian breed, and as was doubtless often seen in the so-called "extinct" Irish strains which our imaginative neighbours of the sister Isle *will* persist in calling the Great Wolf-dog. Regarding their size, as denoted by any primitive Egyptian effigy, no precise indication is available. Along with like doubtful evidence concerning their coat, this main "point" would appear to have been rather vaguely denoted among early Coptic artists or hieroglyphographers. Other and yet earlier facts pretty plainly imply that before specimens of the race reached Egypt at all, time had already allowed it too far to degenerate under southern climatic influence, together with unsuitable use, partial "crossing," and too close interbreeding under foreign hands, as more or less to approximate it toward the sleek low-country model which, in varied degree of inferiority, has doubtless long constituted an artificial offshoot from the true mountain sort. Here, in fine, passing allusion is due to one little-known circumstance of life among the oldest Egyptians, pointed out by Professor Piazzi Smyth[1]—namely, that at a time before even "Great-Pyramid-building date, if we may judge from their earlier tomb-paintings," a period occurred when, "although abundantly provided with the fattest of oxen, sheep, and goats, that Cain-following people were engaged in endeavours to domesticate other animals from a wild

[1] On the Antiquity of Intellectual Man, &c., p. 380, note. Edinburgh, 1868.

state," and particularly "hyenas in place of dogs." Brindled feral African *Canidæ*, resembling the hyena (*chien sauvage de chasse* of some modern French naturalists), seem thus to have been figured—an indication apparently implying ancient Egypt's entire ignorance, in said early period, with regard at any rate to a proper hunting kind under due mastership. And referring back to one aforesaid curious discovery of late made in respect to primitive Stone Age man, might we not thence draw material for a very apposite question, Since all savage stone-using tribes are proved to have been, throughout "the two first great epochs," wholly destitute of canine help, does there consequently arise no shrewd suspicion between various learned palæolithosophists in respect of their awful chronology? Some 7000 to 100,000 years thus unattended by the most serviceable and faithful of all dumb creatures! Why, on the face of it, either M. Figuier must have committed some gross error as to the strange zoological affirmation he brings forward from the statistics of primitive savage society, or else his scientific authorities furnish therein an apparent strong argument for old-fashioned belief, not only against their own vast computations of bygone Time during the Human Period, but also against their whole Savage-origin theory. Just look at these underground vestiges, how they occur. Not very numerous at most, one while scattered as by a moving band, elsewhere run together as with horde-like confusion, here tribally isolated, there most domestically fixed down; found in caves, disinterred from fluvial gravel-beds, traced out on to pile-built settlement over a lake, otherwise principally along coast; first traversing those of palæozoic monsters, next following those of reindeer, still without any proximity whatever to those of domestic animals, though eventually joining them: always far detached on every side from that mild mid-terrestrial climate which valid presumption assigns as their primal centre, and in many ways showing signs of precipitate, haste-impelled though bold adventure toward outer regions of the globe. What can be most naturally inferred but that such tokens — their separation, above all, from tamed

serviceable animals, like their very lack of metal implements or weapons — point backward to just some such memorable diluvial cataclysm as patriarchal tradition attributes it to? Dispersed, dividing from each other, seeking every straightest route to escape from the scene of former ruin, too much in haste to settle by the way or to fabricate provisional appliances, yet often denoting a most significant handiness at boat-construction — to put them across intermediate water—did they not so at length carry out the wise designs of "Nature" (or of One above Nature) by then hurrying "to replenish the earth," and to assert, through dint of individual peril, their heaven-given right of "dominion over the beasts"? If such be the case, does it not become manifest that no immense chronology can be intercalated between the dawn of European civilisation and a presumable Noachic Flood? The last-named event being, of course, as well-revised interpretation allows, dated a considerable number of centuries earlier than old commentators had thought; but certainly nothing like myriads of years back, as according to recent anthropologists in general. Setting all that aside, assuredly Asiatic man had meanwhile domesticated most of the animal species now held under human service, and had done so from an era which cannot be foregone by scientific analysis; nor is there inferior reason, to say the least of it, for affirming that Intra-Caucasian people had, from the same era, been possessors and masters—in an exclusive sense, too—of their special canine breed, supreme in size, of greyhound form, essential for more than one purpose, admirable above all for hunting. Its ultimate appearance in North-Western Europe was due—*not* to any progressive improvement through skilful manipulation of wild stock, whether under Stone Age hands or otherwise, but—to migratory *introduction* along with its special owners. To verify this, and to show, moreover, what interesting elucidation the facts reflect on some obscure points in ethnology, further prehistoric evidence will be brought forward.

The following relevant query has often been put—seldom so well, however, as by a graphic writer on English field-sport,

Mr Rooper, in a lively volume already mentioned, where, after quoting practical opinions on the mystery of how wild creatures could originally have been made tractable, he gives particular weight to his own gamekeeper's naïve but sturdy dogma, that "some of them that are well in hand nowadays were never broken-in at the first, anyhow as we can shape it—no, nor so much as fancy it either." "Domestic cats," goes on this sportsman himself, in corroboration, "are to be seen unmistakably delineated among Egyptian hieroglyphs. . . . Savages, with their notions of mere force, could never really tame any fierce brute. . . . If such was the case, why has not the change been progressive? The lanky, prick-eared, long-sided Eastern cur is not, as we know, the perfection of his race. We cannot do it now, with all our means and appliances; it has been tried, . . . and utterly failed." In similar vein writes that thoughtful astronomer, Professor Piazzi Smyth, along with his geometrical deductions from "Great-Pyramid structure": "The pastoral pursuits of an ancient Asiatic, say of 'Abel,' . . . could not have been at once put into execution at any one epoch of time, unless animals had (at least) been *prepared beforehand*, in their nature and inward parts, willing and suitable to become the domesticated attendants of man." "Philology directs us with indubitable clearness," says Professor Max Müller, "to a time when all Indo-Caucasian or Aryan nations were under one roof" (meaning the sky of one region). Into which judgment from high quarters may fitly be pieced the humbler sentiment expressed by Mr Rooper's plain Lincolnshire gamekeeper: "'I beg pardon, sir,' said honest old Tom Belt, 'but *I* think 'twas the Deluge that done it. I think the tame ones were bred from them that Noah brought out of the Ark with him, and the wild ones from them that were left on parts of the earth as parson says the Flood never reached.'"

To the view of "honest old Belt," let it be said, individually speaking, I lean. According to this view, at one time all nations, Aryan or other, were compressed together not merely under one roof (of limited climate), but, if it may so be phrased, on one deck.

Hence considerable explanation would seem to fall upon live-stock breeding and training—difficulties which no one better understands than does the intelligent keeper. Nay, pointing even further back, these might appear to denote some such primary influence on man's part over the lower animals he at first required, as non-technical modern experience can render conceivable. To say nothing of ancient Hebrew record from primeval sources, mythological classic legend embodied the like tradition: for example, through that story of Orpheus, whose potent lyre or lute drew forth the beasts from the wood, thereby charmed into obedient movement around him, amidst which, in one old Greek carving, the dog sits conspicuous. Again, on another similar relic of antique art, where supreme Zeus gives the newly-formed Prometheus (Adam?) in charge to the *Moirai* (*Parcæ*, or Fates), a hound can be seen lying under Jove's creative throne, as if prepared for bestowal above all his other gifts of cow, sheep, and horse. Considerable qualification must nevertheless be made upon plain practical men's notions, even of such a familiar department. It will not do to run off with their idea that savages never succeed in the way referred to. True, negroes are said to have failed all along with the African elephant; there are, besides, not a few analogous proofs to the same effect: yet it has been observed by travellers that particular human races have special gifts in this line. The Mongolian or Turanian nations, who form so large a proportion of the earth's inhabitants, are often thus peculiarly distinguished "by an aptitude for taming and training animals." Dr Pickering noticed it especially among the North American Chinooks, on the Columbia river, "where they seem to live," he says, "in the happiest intimacy with birds, beasts, and animated nature in general, their prick-eared curs not excepted." Rude Stone Age tribes *did* undoubtedly, at some forward stage of their migration, manage by degrees to bring in stock from the wild *Canidæ* around, and through means of patient crossing, to improve them into useful varieties for the sledge, for guardianship, or for tracking, and for herd-driving purposes. Yet does our monograph here found upon an apparently

good specific basis in implying a conviction (which the author's own immediate experience would lead him to endorse), that the great rough Caucasian greyhound had never been brought in by any such mode. No practical man need be told how precarious, dangerous, and unserviceable an animal this would have been to deal with if taken direct from a wild state, whence even the whelps were sure to inherit their fierceness too long for mortal patience. In the island of San Domingo are found a race of *feral* dogs clearly traceable, both by intrinsic and circumstantial evidence, to a pure stock of this very kind; and it is well known that these emancipated Haytian hounds are objects of dread to all the rest of the species throughout the island. When reclaimed they are but partially so, their masters being seldom able to make sure of them; whilst they are not for a moment to be trifled with. In Persia, again, the large hill greyhound—a coarse strain of the same derivation, which seem to have been imperfectly transferred from their original breeders, through some means that left them half-wild—are not seldom known to turn in a savage way upon their owners; and a similar disposition is attributed to their powerful Arab congeners in the Akaba district, on the eastern or Asiatic coast of the Red Sea (near akin to the so-called "Morocco deer-hound"). Along with these facts may be taken Colonel H. Smith's inference regarding the large Pyrenean wolf—(of course quite irreclaimable), which, if I mistake not, is greyhound-like, and hunts singly or in pairs rather than in packs—that it has sprung from a true canine variety at some former time domesticated.[1] On the other side, their Indian kindred, as possessed among Brinjarree and Polygar hill-tribes, are, though a coarse stock, well under hand, and remarkably useful for hunting purposes; not only so, but in certain cases they manifest extraordinary intelligence. Ancient classic literature records two or three ever-memorable anecdotes concerning individuals of the old Greek Epirote stock, which in due place require notice. That most famous of all their branches—at least as respects loud national celebration—the "great Irish wolf-

[1] Dr Kitto's Cyclopædia, article "Kelb" (Syrian feral canine), by Colonel H. Smith.

grew," was, until its alleged extinction, an animal against whose repute there never has been breathed any charge of intractability or ill-temper. Lastly, how perfectly docile is the thoroughbred deer-hound of our own Scottish forests and stalking-ranges! His master —if not always his keeper—can at a word force him from the very throat of the stag he has gripped, has pulled down, and has worried like a wolf, so that he comes quietly to heel. His inveterate keenness, no less than his strength, renders him about as bad a foe as mortal creature need wish to face. Yet how gentle and familiar a housemate is he; of all dumb favourites the most decorous by the hearth and table; a marvel of patience with the little dogs; and among the children a plaything that can be handled as they will! Add to all, that though there are ailments to which he is peculiarly liable, and which, in fact, appear to have done their part toward cutting short the continuance of his race, there is one terrible disease from which, so far as I can learn (after careful inquiry), his whole line has been almost altogether exempt. Within it at most only three instances of "rabies" are on record, apparently not one of them *spontaneous* in origin,—an allegation much more difficult to advance for any other breed.[1]

When the world began to be repeopled from near its original Asiatic centre, after all change by diluvial action had ceased thereabout, families of a shepherd-hunter turn having again detached themselves toward suitable mountain-ground, Caucasus, presumably, became once more their first resort, favoured through old associations that were traditional from father to son, affording, moreover, the nearest, widest, safest, and most attractive range for following their chosen pursuits, without obstruction to those of others, amongst whom, at large, the favourite previous occupations were being renewed of city-building and its relative handicraft, accompanied by such elaborate agriculture, busy stock-grazing, luxuriant garden-work, with similar employments as still characterise the same fertile level around buried Babylon and Nineveh,

[1] This has been claimed for the pure-bred "bull-dog," but quite vaguely.

where evidently they must once have done so on a most magnificent scale. Intra-Caucasian settlement remained little if at all affected by any subsequent main dispersion off the wide Chaldean Plain from around Babel. Tradition agrees with antiquarian science in showing that vastly the greater proportion of mankind continued long to hold together southward, and that the principal ethnic migrations, when made, bore up north-eastward and due westward, passing apart either way around the strong natural barrier offered by

> "Frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
> Mist-hung, repellent, awful,"

stretching like a wall across between the Black and the Caspian Seas. There it is certain that the inhabitants, throughout a long prehistoric period, enjoyed more or less perfect immunity from molestation—in fact, were scarce known to exist, save as dimly reported of through fable, until their race had become too numerous for their territory to maintain. The region is abundantly metalliferous, with veins of iron and copper that perceptibly approach its surface; containing in one locality petroleine wells, whence at certain points naturally-kindled flame has arisen, so as doubtless to have originated the ancient Colchian fire-worshippers, with their perpetual sacred light. Hence, too, by early Teutonic superstition, some wizard armourer was supposed to have established his forge near the central crags of Mount Elb-Urz (High Caucasus)—a personage thought to be identical with the Greek Vulcan, as well as with the underground "Wayland Smith" of old English folk-lore. Thither also did classic mythology refer Jason's adventurous voyage, in the ship Argo, to obtain the Golden Fleece, wherein he was fabled to have had among his company—significantly enough—Orpheus himself, the magic beast-tamer, with his aforesaid lute. Jason's Argonautic crew were likewise affirmed, by classical legend, to have settled in the country and become the progenitors of the Colchians. Some few sentences from an old-fashioned geographical

gazetteer will here appropriately suffice, by way of leading on to our ethnological connection:—

"It presents an exceedingly diversified surface, of terrific precipices, deep valleys, ample slopes, and capacious plains; in some high parts excessive cold prevails, while in others the heat is very great from the sheltered character of the bottom. There are great numbers of deer, wolves, some jackals, also a kind of leopard, two species of wild-cat, numerous hares, and many of the smaller wild creatures" (boars have in this account been omitted, although plentiful), "not to mention abundance of winged game, which can readily be found by those who know the proper ground. A large portion of this wide tract is extremely fertile, abounding in fine fruits. The inhabitants have from time immemorial been tribes of great variety, each differing from the other in numbers and civilisation, some of them understood to be an indigenous race, in religion subject to neither the Pagan, Mahometan, nor Christian authority."

Colonel Hamilton's reference of "Great-greyhound origin" to "somewhere westward of certain grand Asiatic mountain-chains," well-considered though his statement is, might have been still more definitely localised if he had but given closer attention to data and authorities which he himself to some extent quotes. Not only so, but with complete certainty might he thus have identified the precise tribes with whom the breed was there in exclusive ownership, whence he could forthwith have seen, more clearly than he appears to have done, the joint connection with their respective kindred throughout other countries. The tribes now adverted to, who are first found possessing such dogs, were undoubtedly those said "indigenous inhabitants" round the Cimmerian Bosphorus, or the Colchis of mythic antiquity, whom we have brought forward to particular notice in our foregoing pages.

But to do anything like justice to this point will require its being taken up at the outset of another chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MYTH OF A TIGRINE-CANINE CROSS OR HYBRID—*HOI INDIKOI*—EXAMINATION OF AUTHORITIES: XENOPHON, HERODOTUS, THE STORY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE KING OF ALBANIA'S DOGS, ARISTOTLE, QUINTUS CURTIUS, PLINY, CAIUS JULIUS SOLINUS—THE TOPOGRAPHICAL QUESTION—THE LOCATION OF THE ALBANIANS, IBERI, GEORGOI, CIMMERII—THE PHILOLOGICAL QUESTION—ETYMOLOGY OF ALB, GEAL, SCUIT (SCOT), ALBYN, ETC.—ERRONEOUS DERIVATIONS—VIEWS OF PROF. D. WILSON—DR CLARKE ON RUSSIAN GREYHOUNDS—EVIDENCE OF EUROPEAN MAP-WORDS AND PLACE-NAMES—THE AUTHOR'S THEORY OF THE ORIGINAL HABITAT AND HISTORICAL RELATION OF THE PRIMITIVE HOUNDS AND THEIR CELTIC MASTERS.

VERY minute and confident statements would appear to have been at one time received in ancient Greece direct from India about a supposed tigrine-canine cross existing among certain of the Oriental tribes. Rumour alleged "how the barbarian hunter, with such intent, was wont to leave dams of his ordinary stock amid some forest's depths;" how, moreover, "hybrid whelps thus obtained from the tiger were too savage for hunting use until a second generation" (doubtless bred at home); and how "those of the third became extraordinary for excellence." "Canine in form, similarly docile, tractable for the chase, hostile against every wild beast, yet some were striped, some were spotted, none without some mark of the higher parentage; all of them much surpassed any pure kind whatever of the domestic species, in size, power, speed, and courage:" so much so, apparently, that ancient Greek zoology, at its most scientific stage, was in hesitation as to what class they

should rank under, if indeed the correctness of such accounts should be verified on further report. By way of provisional title, they bore meanwhile the suitable epithet *hoi Indikoi*. It is clear from Xenophon's masterly field-book, of previous date, that a like-named but genuine breed (κύνες Ἰνδικοί) had already been long known and prized among northern Greek sportsmen, as being very "strong, big, swift, enduring, and noway deficient in boldness at large forest game." Herodotus also beforehand had said, "They [the κύνες Ἰνδικοί] abound near Babylon for hunting purposes, and in order to their maintenance there are four adjacent towns held exempt by the Babylonian government from all tribute. There can be no doubt that Aristotle—whose zoological treatise[1] gives the earliest mention of the strange *Indikoi*, and first names them, containing all that was directly ascertainable about them—had here held himself open to fresh intelligence if not to speedy ocular proof on the matter, during Alexander the Great's celebrated Eastern expedition, then in course of progress. For "the great king made zoological facts and rarities be gathered throughout Asia on behalf of his quondam preceptor, the illustrious Stagyrite sage; whereto posterity in great part owes one of the philosopher's most valuable works, the Animal History" (Περὶ τὰ ζῷα ἱστορίαι). As is well known, Alexander never returned. His premature death at Babylon was the signal for Aristotle's immediate banishment from Athens; and the latter died in exile the following year, whereupon the care of his text fell to Theophrastus, an accomplished yet secluded Attic scholar, more learned in plants and the study of human character than in zoology, and still less of an adept in cynegetic matters. Actual samples of *Indikoi* would seem to have become known among practical men in Greece after the return of the Macedonian army, without anyway tending to invalidate Xenophon's former judgment as to the merits of their namesakes: whether because some proved, as is thought, to be specimens of the cheetah (tamed hunting leopard), or to be simply a purer and larger strain of the

[1] Bib. viii. x. 33 (date about B.C. 330).

previously known Indian hound as still possessed by hill-tribes of the Dekkan, with brindled marks, does not appear. Theophrastus, although well in favour with Macedonian generals, edited the passage in question without casting light upon it; indeed he elsewhere said that the model Attic gentleman of the day "would most prize Laconian bitches for shipment eastward to friends in the island of Propontic Cyzicus, in like manner as Hymettian honey to Rhodes."

Ample additions of the mythical element were spread around essentially the same nucleus of fact during almost four centuries more: always in close personal association with the famous memory of Alexander, his characteristic love of animal favourites, and his delight in their feats. His successive Greek and Latin biographers, from Polybius down to Arrian and Quintus Curtius, seem to have availed themselves without scruple of every embellishment by the poets, or from popular hearsay, in giving to each such anecdote an additional touch of verisimilitude, specifying sometimes one detail, sometimes another, again ingeniously combining all together, and often being particular to a shade about superfluous points, yet in one main respect—namely, as to definite localisation—never supplying the slightest guide-mark to inquiry. The nearest approach to such guidance on their part is furnished by Curtius, one of the last of them—a Latin historian of Alexander's campaigns, writing after the Roman empire had been established, though his precise date is doubtful. He affirmed that "a certain Indian prince showed a combat between four dogs and a fine lion to Alexander the Great, and one of the dogs suffered himself to be cut to pieces without relinquishing his hold; for this breed were great enemies to lions, and left off barking on seeing a wild beast."

Some years after the commencement of the Christian era, Pliny took up the statement left by his great predecessor in zoology about those same Indian hybrids. Having first briefly mentioned them in words borrowed from Aristotle, he goes on to observe, with evident deference to his geographical compeer Strabo's elaborate work, that

"the Gauls are said to do likewise with the wolf and the dog; and their packs of hounds have each of them one of these dogs, which acts as their guide and leader in the chase and is carefully obeyed by them, for these animals have even a notion of subordination among themselves." Thereupon he proceeds to give what he evidently intended for a more correct version of such traditional anecdotes as Curtius and others had related about the famous combat exhibited before King Alexander in the East, if not indeed to hint at some ascertained ground for Aristotle's original account. In thus professing to set the matter right, he naïvely substitutes a tale the most preposterous on the face of it, so far as regards zoological fact, inasmuch as it represents individuals of a genuine canine breed to have achieved exploits beyond anything that had been alleged about a marvellous hybrid. At the same time there are peculiar claims upon our notice, plainly observable, that entitle his story to be viewed under a far less trivial aspect than it has taken among field-manualists and even systematic writers on dogs. First, he is the primary means of assuring anything like a local habitation and name to the myth, for which he happened to possess special knowledge, though his friend Cneius Domitius Corbulo being then an imperial general in that quarter, and (as he elsewhere says) supplying him with information about it,—whilst, moreover, his own nephew and adopted son, Pliny Junior, became Proprætor there, and subsequently edited his works. Secondly, the period was one remarkable for the amount of literature devoted by both Greeks and Latins to what they called *Cynegetica* (or the whole subject of dog-breeding and management, with its relation to science)—a much more convenient and becoming term, by the way, than any similar modern one, and which we here find useful. Lastly, nothing was more characteristic of Rome under Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, the emperors then reigning, than the grand public displays in the Circus, where fashionable taste ran upon just such combats between animals as Pliny describes. Imitation hunting-scenes were exhibited in the arena, surrounded by

every possible feature of *vraisemblance*, each savage beast being baited in the way most suitable to form a test of its powers, and often by antagonists brought from its native habitat. Every fresh triumphal entrance of a consular general introduced some new monster, fitted to produce novelties of the kind; while, on the other hand, in order to match them, imperial *procuratores cynegii* ransacked the known world: and it was in face of all this that Pliny deliberately made his statement. Without doubt he knew that his allegation could and would be subjected to a speedy test—if indeed he was not rather mentioning a breed from which specimens had already appeared in Circensian combat at Rome, with performances so striking as to reflect plausibility on the legend of their former renown. Not only so, but from time to time after his day—notwithstanding, too, the superior excitement that had followed when martyrs were given to the lions—other authors in succession reiterated his story, with further circumstances, implying that they had some basis of supposed personal knowledge. And quoted piece by piece as their statements are, altogether out of connection with certain other passages of Pliny in particular, the truth is that the story is quite as much simply puerile as it seems to have been thought by those who have cited it at second-hand from each other, ever since Buffon first extracted it from the Roman naturalist's original Latin. These remarks being premised, it is here given entire, for a purpose most essential to our subject.

"When Alexander the Great was on his Indian expedition," says Pliny,[1] "the King of Albania presented him with a dog of unusual size; and Alexander being greatly struck by its noble appearance, ordered bears, and after them wild boars, and then deer, to be let loose before it: but the dog lay down, and regarded them with a kind of immovable placidity. The lofty spirit of the Macedonian conqueror became irritated at the sluggishness thus manifested by an animal of such vast bulk, and he ordered it to be killed. The report of this reached the Albanian king, who accordingly dispatched thither a second dog, and at the same time sent word that its powers were to

[1] Nat. Hist., lib. viii. cap. 61. Bohn's English Pliny (a translation by Dr Bostock and H. T. Riley, B.A.) is here quoted, our corrections referring to the Latin original.

be tried, not upon such inferior small animals, but upon the lion and the elephant; adding that he had originally possessed but two" (*duos sibi fuisse*—a phrase quite as properly to be translated "that they themselves, the Albanic people, had at first possessed only *two*"), "and that if this one were put to death, the race would be extinct" (*præterea nullum fore*, rather that "no more could then be spared to give away"). "Alexander, without delay" (showing facilities best compatible with the supposition that he was then on his return march from India, probably near Babylon), "procured a lion, which in his presence was instantly [speedily] torn in pieces. He then ordered an elephant to be brought, and never was he more delighted with any spectacle; for the dog, bristling up its hair all over the body" (*horrentibus quippe per totum corpus villis*), "began by thundering forth a loud barking, and then attacked the beast, first leaping at it on one side and then on the other, assailing it in the most skilful manner, and then again retreating at the opportune moment; until at last the elephant, being rendered quite giddy by turning round and round, fell to the earth and made it re-echo with his fall."

So far from the Roman naturalist's tale being scouted as preposterous, or at all challenged by any of those numerous cynegetists, zoologists, and Alexandrine memoir-writers who abounded throughout both the classical languages until long after his day, on the contrary some of them appear to have vied with one another, if not with this unapproachable model, in subsequent descriptions to the like effect. To say nothing of real concurrence under different appellations, this account is again brought up in an equally hyperbolical manner by another Roman eulogist, the gossipping topographer Caius Julius Solinus, writing in the third century A.D. "Solinus," writes an old medieval naturalist,[1] "recounteth Pliny's story, but a little differingly, for thus he saith: 'The dogs of Albania bring under all other beasts, throttle bulls, kill lions, stay all that is thrown against them, and therefore are very famous in histories. . . . They grow very high, and bark with a stronger voice than the roaring of lions.'" And in fine, "According to Isidorus, one of the early Fathers of the Church, 'the great dog of Albania had been more powerful than the lion.'"[2]

[1] Camerarius, in his 'Living Library,' quoted by Jesse, 'Hist. Brit. Dogs' (1866).

[2] Martin's 'Hist. Dogs' (London, 1845). Whether St Isidore of Spain or his Egyptian

Along with extravagance so manifest, there is joined an apparent indifference to any particular topographical direction, that has further relegated these statements into cloudland. The fact is, no Asiatic kingdom designated as above was ever anywhere known, except in a map laid down by Greek and Latin geographers during Augustus Cæsar's reign, according to coloured plans sent to Rome from every part of the empire, with their titles written upon them (see Pliny, lib. vi. c. 15). Those titles, in the present case, did not outlast Nero's accession, when the country referred to was nominally taken within the bounds of a new (Pontic) province. Additional ambiguity ensued from the circumstance that when Roman power was yielding amidst inroads from Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Tartars, some five centuries after, at the beginning of the middle ages, one European country began to be so denominated—the region before called Epirus, in Greece, which under its modern name, however, at no time ranked higher than a princedom. What kingdom was really meant, becomes evident on turning back to a different section of Pliny's Natural History (see lib. vi. cc. 11, 12),—passages that seem never to have been once looked at in this connection, for otherwise they could scarce have failed to suggest some very interesting conclusions, not only of a mere cynegetic but of an ethnological kind. He is there describing a region nearly 2000 miles farther east than modern Greek Albania—the Asiatic mountain-tract between the western shores of that great lake, the Caspian, and the inland waters of the Black Sea—a territory which at his time lay within the Pontic province, but still retained its old name of "Cimmerian Bosporus," and in ancient Greek legend had been called "Colchis," whither Jason had sailed on his famous voyage with the mythical ship Argo. Thus placed, with water on either hand, and being along its southern side divided from Armenia by the river Araves (Aras), northward also having the two great

namesake may be here meant, Mr Martin does not say. Both were of the third or fourth century; but either might have quoted from Isidore of Charax (first century), who wrote 'The Parthian Halting-Places,' a much likelier source of correct information on the matter.

rivers Volga and Don for a boundary against Outer Scythia,—a boundary all but complete, as those rivers made each a bend toward the other,—the country forms a large peninsula, intersected midway by the great Caucasus range; while at the same time, outside its western shore on the Black Sea, there is another smaller mountainous peninsula belonging to it, called in Pliny's day *Chersonesus Scythica* (now the Crimea, whose etymology from the Cimmerii, Cimbri, or Kymry, is plain). Eastward, on the main portion, "along this western coast of the great lake [Caspian]," he tells us, "there are the *Albani*, the descendants of Jason and his Argonauts, it is said, where that part of the sea [lake] in front of them bears the name of Albanian; and this nation, lying along the Caucasian chain, comes down, as I have before stated, as far as the river Cyrus [Kur] and its confluent the Iberus, which forms the boundary from *Iberia*." He specially mentions "the Gates of *Iberia*," an adjacent pass in the Caucasian mountains, and the *Iberi* themselves, situated next toward the south, as being in close relationship and alliance with the *Albani;* he moreover enumerates other tribes of the same old "Scythic" kindred or confederacy, dwelling hard by to the north, such as the *Georgoi*,—of course not failing to take prominent notice of the *Cimmerii*, that often-rumoured horde, who formerly had given name to the whole, but had then become obscure, if not altogether removed by their many migrations. As for the *Albani* and *Iberi*, they had at that time been brought into memorable notoriety by their joint movement in league with the Parthian king, Mithridates, against the Roman Republic, when Pompey, according to classic historians, defeated them[1] half a century before Pliny wrote; since which date they had not much troubled the empire, yet continued unruly to imperial power, if indeed ever subdued. After Pliny's day they were little heard of under these names, which, amidst historical revolutions, were gradually replaced by some other form of their own varying tribal nomenclature, until the end of the middle ages had left this virtually represented by the

[1] *Circa* 66 B.C.

territorial designations, Circassia and Georgia,—in the latter title, it would seem, again bringing up Pliny's obscure sept-name of *Georgoi.*

The above data, although not, so far as we are aware, at all distinctly recognised by ethnologists, appear to be valid. "Evidence derived from the roots and affinities of language," says that high German adept in modern comparative philology, Professor Max Müller, "is irrefragable, and is the only evidence worth listening to with regard to ante-historical periods." However far Professor Müller's sweeping affirmation may in general hold good respecting prehistoric truth, at all events in verifying the special track under present investigation, such convenient guidance as he thus points out will be found exceedingly serviceable, and we readily make use of it.

Philologists agree that as far back as the beginnings and early ramifications of language can be traced, the monosyllable *Alb* is a root, and in its most primary meaning signified *height,* or rather, perhaps, both height and whiteness together. That there must have been a secondary, or perhaps rather an alternative and accompanying sense of it—the origin of the Latin word *albus,* white—is equally evident. Even a third although more remotely derived shade of expression can perhaps be made out from the same source, in the northern Celtic vocable, used as adjective and noun—*allaban,* to wander; *allabannach,* wandering or restless.[1] Among the people hence named, it is beyond reasonable question that they themselves took and preferred the appellation as national from the very first, on the ground of their being mountaineers; also that they soon mixed this signification with the other—namely, with that arising from ideas of the whiteness closely related to the high Caucasian range, as well as from the bodily complexion thereby promoted,—for it is known

[1] We have submitted the whole of this etymology to very adequate judgment on the point in hand, that of the Rev. Alexander Stewart, "Nether Lochaber," and he decidedly confirms it, with the sole exception of *allabannach* (wandering, &c.), which he thinks is not from the same root. Dr Maclagan ('Scottish Myths') makes the same supposition that I have made regarding it.

from Strabo and others that they were mostly fair and blue-eyed; whilst the epithet "wandering" (*Allabannach, Skutai*) was undoubtedly applied to them by other nations, in great measure as a reproach. Nor less certain is it that tribes of their own race in course of time used similar words to denote wandering,—in some cases by way of disgraceful epithet toward other kindred tribes, in other cases as a name, perhaps, ultimately self-adopted, or at least endured. Strabo says, too, when writing of the *Albani* in Colchis (lib. ii.): "They looked upon whosoever became a solitary wanderer as most proper for being sacrificed to their principal deity, the moon, who is goddess of hunting; because such a one, being more possessed than the others, was capable of foreseeing future events." And he adds that "they themselves were, nevertheless, attached to the wandering life of a shepherd and the wild amusement of hunting, as being unskilled in agriculture," and that "before their defeat by Pompey the Great [!] they [the Colchian *Albani*] were divided into twenty-six states (στάσιες [στάσεις?] πολιτείαι), each having a separate ruler and language." Nothing is more characteristic in general of their language than its union of outward variability with essential permanence, so that, whilst holding by its original idioms in the main, it yet flies off into the secondary and tertiary phases of meaning which we have above adverted to. That their neighbours the *Iberi* were their close kindred, in point of fact were included under the same name, is clear. The root-word, *Ibber, Eber, Ueber,* or *Ibuir*, is of primitive standing, with even wider than Caucasian use, as it is found in the Semitic family of languages and in Gothic dialects of the Aryan—meaning *other*, or *he of the same kind as those on the opposite side*, or *those who have crossed over;* in other words, "near kindred." The *Cimmerii*, as proved by their constant claim to Celtic blood, were no less assuredly of the same tribe-kindred, bearing the same national appellation or a synonymous one, — their own special one being *Cuimraig* (Cimmerii, Cimbri, Kymry), from the root-word *Cu* (otherwise *comh*), meaning together or in company with—joined to the word *un fear* (one, any one, a

man, *vir*)—which two words being compounded from the collective plural *Cuimearaig*, companions, fellow-dwellers, fellow-wanderers, &c. And that they had all originally held or claimed the name "Alb-anaich" (the *an* inserted for euphony's sake, *aich* being man or men) can be inferred from numerous circumstances.

To such a degree had the secondary idea of "whiteness" established itself among this whole ethnic kindred while dwelling together in their original locality, that at a very early period the notable adjective *Geal* had been put forward in their language, and in their personal claims, so as to become thereafter radically characteristic of every national title they assumed with the view of their distinction from circumjacent races, whether Oriental or Getic (Scythic). *Geal*—like *Alb*, but less ambiguously—meant white or fair; it is found, with apparent priority of central Caucasian origin, in the Greek roots *kal* (of *kalos*, fair), and *gala* (genitive *galaktos*), milk; whence the Greeks afterwards, among other of their fanciful mistakes, called some of the said tribes *Galaktophagi* (milk-eaters), and styled some *Galaktæ*. The initial sound varied between G and C, with the occasional change to a guttural CH, even sometimes into S, according to how one or another branch of the threefold Tribe-confederacy might inflect their language under altered circumstances. But at all events *Geal-daoine* and *Cal-daoine* was the favourite vernacular name of the whole People from times previous to all written record,—*daoine* meaning simply men or people.[1] Hence the confused polyglot diversity of Greek and Roman nomenclature in this direction is reduced to a single term; "for we may add," say two joint authors of high repute, in a standard work that happens just now to lie at hand, "that 'Galatæ' and 'Keltæ' are the same word—see Arnold's Rome, iv. 22."[2] The Celts are therefore the

[1] It seems almost superfluous to make remark on the erroneous derivations which (James) Macpherson, Pinkerton, and numerous others make; as "from *coilteach*, a wood, a forest"—"a Celt" (!); "from *coiltear*, a fugitive"; "from *cael*, dun, woody hill," &c. The like may be said of those many wonderful Celtic etymologies about *Scuit*, *sguite*, *scottan* (a flock), *schutan* (to shoot), &c.

[2] Conybeare and Howson, Life, &c., of St Paul. 1852.

people to whom, under either of their three great subdivisions, we refer. Only that other characteristic title, which was of old applied to them by the Persians, and has clung more or less persistently to some of them ever since, requires mention. The Persians—themselves implying at least partial Celtic origin by their name Iran (cf. *Ir* with *Iber* and the Hibernian sources generally)—called these tribes *Sakæ*, at the same time, doubtless, confounding others with them under the same appellation; Colonel H. Smith supposes from *sak*, a dog, but doubtless in reality from the (Semitic) verb *shakak*, to wander: in this manner leading classical historians to confound them with the quasi-Scythians of the obscure north—Goths and Tartars, entirely different from each other, as well as from pure Caucasian or Colchian, in location and habit—on whom no Celtic nation, except, perhaps, to a certain extent the league-making Cimbri, ever looked amicably. The term *Scuit*, Scot, or Wanderer, would seem to have held a singular place among the various names borne by people of the race in question, as an epithet at first rather opprobrious than otherwise, and long so understood between tribe and tribe, when bandying it against each other. But paramount over their common designations, most proudly upheld of all—in fact rightfully belonging to the whole kindred, though by virtue of local circumstances devolved upon their central Caucasian division—was the name Albani (*Albanaich*). Its express local record can still be found as they had left it in the topography of this their primitive land, just where Caucasus rises highest, topped with perpetual snow, at an altitude estimated about equal to that of Mont Blanc. Here is Ararat itself, known all around from time immemorial as *Elb-urz* or *Elb-ruz:* unquestionably from *Alb* on the one hand (White Height), and on the other hand from the mysterious etymon *Ur* (signifying in Chaldaic, as in Gothic, "ancient" or "original"; but perhaps also—according to what Polynesian island language would suggest—"one that rises up suddenly," a "wild animal," "a dog," *Uri*). Over far-distant geographical tracts, some of them vastly extensive, some of them comparatively small, yet alike notable from

their remoteness, the same distinctive ethnic title appears engraven, where, without doubt, it was borne by migrations of this very race, and at times subsequent to that when they first fixed it upon the chief summit of Caucasian Colchis. It is scarce necessary to mention in such reference the signal European map-words, Alps (anciently *Albii*), Elbe (*Albis*), Elbing, Elbogen, Elberfeld, Montauban, Elbœuf —all in middle Europe; then in the extreme west, Alvas, Alava, &c.; southward in Italy, the Appenines (*Alb-Ben, pl. Beinne*), in particular the Abruzzi (*Alb-urz-i*), also various towns called Alba, with the district of Apulia, the river Tiber (*tubber*, a fountain, anciently called *Albula*), &c.; in Greece, the country of Albania; in Asia Minor, the river Calbis, &c.; along the Mediterranean Sea, near Africa, a small rock called Alboran; and away outside the Tuscan coast, the island of Elba. Finally, of course, not to multiply examples, we have in our own north-west as the old national appellation for Scotland, Albyn, whose people fondly designated themselves "Albany" (*Albanaich*). Even Britain, as a whole, was for a time called "Albion," which title is still approved in poetical diction. Philologists who recognise some of these signs may probably not be aware that in an opposite direction the old name of Mount Lebanon was Elbanon; nor would they, perhaps, without further clue, perceive to what results the fact might lead.

Influential writers persist in asserting that any attempt to connect with main-European development the existence of those old Albani, Iberi, and Cimmerii—so much rumoured throughout classical tradition—is a Celtic crotchet.[1] Often enough, to be sure, have theorists about historical genealogy touched here and there on points relative to the *Albani* in particular, under some kind or other of a design toward bringing their obscure antiquity into connection with later national circumstances, yet hardly by any means successfully; since no sooner has one authority appeared to establish that

[1] "Celtic crotchet"—in reference to which it must here be once for all premised that the author is personally in no way connected by blood, or through any intimate local association, with the Celtic race of mankind, and has throughout drawn his ethnological arguments from purely ethnological considerations.

they were Scythians, in all likelihood of an Aryan stock, than another finds reason for arguing that they were in truth Tartar, of Mongolian descent; whilst a third imagines that by identifying them with "the Alans or Alanians who joined the great Gothic league in medieval times"—no doubt a substantially correct statement—he proves them to have been of mixed or else of Germanic origin." Hence no little confusion in ethnology has arisen. Zealous Celtic genealogists, with whatever right on their side, have themselves to blame in great part for such apparent advantage as has latterly been gained over them by the arrogant Teuton, into whose special field of mere language and grammar they have been too much drawn. The truth is, ancient classical literature has here a good deal perplexed the matter beforehand by its frequent outrunning of data that were quite reliable if but duly used. Thus Strabo, on the cognate instance of the *Iberi*, when referring to their Colchian movements in league with their kindred against Rome, deliberately brings forward and sanctions a report "that they had at first migrated from Spain," founded on no other ground than that Spain was called by the Romans "Iberia"; whereas he might, with equal cause, have argued that they had come of old to Spain from Ireland ("Hibernia"). Before him Herodotus, writing of the "Colchians," suggested a "probability of their Egyptian derivation, from the circumstance that in both countries there was remarkable skill in linen-manufacture, as well as strong resemblance in bodily aspect between the respective nations"—though it will readily occur that something like the very reverse origin had much more probably been the true one. In like manner did Greek and Roman legend draw all sorts of fantastic inferences as to why the *Cimmerii* were so called—*e.g.*, "from the noun *Chimæra*," &c.;[1] to which kind of suggestion an active response has been made by modern antiquarian lore—for example, in Pinkerton's quotation (from somebody else whose name

[1] Along the north-western Greek coast are a district and mountains which were anciently called those of *Chimæra*,—beyond question from the migratory passage of Cimbri (*Kymry*) by that route.

has escaped our memory)—that "the Cimmerii had been thus denominated because they dwelt in *Cimmerian* darkness."

Taking now for clearly granted, however — what thus appears evident on the face of it — that the *Albani* of Colchis were the primitive Celtæ in their original seat, emphasis must no less be put upon our further proposition in this our genealogical *excursus*—to wit, that their close neighbours and allies the *Iberi*[1] were identical in origin with them, full kindred of theirs, therefore equally Celtic; whilst in like manner so were, moreover, their once numerous confederates northward, the *Cimmerii*, who had nevertheless, from a date long before Pliny's, much diminished in power thereabouts by their own migratory movements. This is, we think, a fact of no slight general interest, as well as of considerable significance, from an ethnographic point of view; and to make it out clearly is among the objects here contemplated. Having thus far obtained guidance by help of old zoological myth, with the Roman naturalist for its chief exponent, let us see if the dogs themselves are capable of precise identification; thereby to become afterwards serviceable again, it may be, in tracing their possessors with greater distinctness than mere archæology has hitherto done throughout some of those devious courses which the latter have pursued.

Agreeing with Professor D. Wilson ('Prehistoric Annals of Scotland'), as formerly quoted, that it were desirable anatomy could derive from canine skeletons found in old tumuli some aid to ascertain the birth-land of their owners' ancestry, we yet consider the living animal, as traceable by extant data, a likelier guide for that purpose; whilst in reference to that thoughtful essayist, Dr J. Hodgkin (cited *in loco* by the Professor), the serious drawback

[1] *Iberi.*—In particular, as though by collusion among modern ethnographers, the true Celtic nationality of the *Iberi* has been ignored, obscured, contested, or denied, and, if possible, even more so than that of any other conspicuous stock laying claim to such derivation,—their close generic relationship to the *Gauls* (always considered typical Celtæ), to the Cymry (whom few authorities exclude from the same kindred), and to the *Albani* (whom all competent inquirers now include in it) being under various aspects a fact of no little consequence, on which there will afterwards appear ground for our putting considerable stress.

exists of his having attempted a hopelessly wide induction in "his ingenious paper before the Royal Zoological Society, where he endeavoured to produce definite historic information from an account of the whole canine species, 'as companion of man in his distribution over the world,' and as bred in varied accordance with his wants or his customs."[1] Such definite information would, on the contrary, appear obtainable through reflex means of just this nature, when much narrower ground is taken, but then alone. That some special canine stock or other was under manifest possession among a particular leading race of mankind from very early antiquity, this race being the original Celtæ, has presumably been made obvious above. It will not do, of course, so soon to take for granted that the type of the said stock was what happens to have become afterwards peculiarly confined to the same ethnic ownership, and is now solely existent in the like national connection. True, as stated in a former chapter, there exist at the present day, near the Caucasian region and elsewhere to north of it, the "remains of a magnificent race of gigantic rough greyhounds," the only pure congeners of our own, specimens of which were said by Dr Clarke (in his 'Russian Travels' about a century ago) to "be remarkably like the Irish wolf-dog," whilst their cross-bred kindred are found numerously eastward in Turkestan. True, moreover, their preservation (as such) may be in some measure accounted for by the remarkable character of the locality, which "forms, as it were, twin islands side by side, one of them considerably larger than the other, both of them conspicuously mountainous, and their inhabitants—the Circassians, Georgians, and Crimeans—being, on good evidence, of Albanic descent, whatever may be alleged to the opposite by haphazard inquirers into their nationality." These so-called "Russian" or "Siberian" greyhounds were indeed used, not long before Dr Clarke's day, among the Circassians in particular, whose native tradition expressly is that "they themselves [Tscherkess] and the Albanians [Greek] were descended

[1] *Vide antea*, chap. x. p. 174.

from the same ancestor in Arabistan."[1] Obviously, nevertheless, their possession of such a stock might have been accidental, or not ancient; other nations, totally different in race, might have alike possessed it; or, for all that has hitherto appeared, the original Celtic stock itself might not have been greyhound in type, but rather—as most naturalists suppose—some much coarser neutral form, out of which technical skill by degrees educed that unique variety of the species. In fact, the term "greyhound," though in itself at the proper place affording some curious considerations, is confessedly one by far too modern to carry us back through prehistoric time; and doubtless, owing to his sense of this, Colonel Hamilton Smith has vacillated on the real "cynegetic" question, even when topographically he had gone on a right track, having from direct ocular knowledge pointed out how "the origin of the greyhound seems fixed somewhere toward west of those great Asiatic mountain-chains . . . where the largest and most energetic breeds of the race exist." "Their primary fixation into the well-known standard mould, however," he elsewhere remarks, "may with evident probability be referred to Egypt." Field-manualists and canine treatise-writers at large, unsettled by the indecision of so masterly a classifier—*facile princeps* over their whole range—have suggested or taken at second-hand an absolute medley of hypotheses on the question—chiefly, indeed, with the English Turf stud-book in view. From Greece to Middle India and the Hindoo Koosh, including Afghanistan, no end of indigenous centres, of unexpected corners and odd nooks, have been assigned for the primitive greyhound's nativity. With regard to the *composite* hypothesis,—whether founded on reference to the wolf, hyena, dhole, *canis primævus*, with wild *canidæ* in general, or, on the other hand, to "bull-and-colley" or similar pedigree,—such a notion is upheld by

[1] See the legend, given in Bell's 'Residence in Circassia' during 1837-39. London, 1840. In the Circassians—notwithstanding various dogmatical statements by orientalists and others—there is valid ground for recognising, as in the Georgians, direct derivation from those *Georgoi* who are obscurely mentioned by Pliny among the Colchian tribes of Albanic kindred.

few outside the circle of "the Fancy." Worst of all, to our judgment, is the unmeaning use of the expression, by those who should know better, that "they, the tall, rugged, swift mountain-bred hounds—to wit, with half-erect ears, elongated muzzle, and bristly coat—seem to have been *introduced*" (*sic*, the italics alone being ours) "by the Goths into" such-and-such a country. "Introduced"—and, we would ask, from where? How obtained? Whence got at first? Did the Goths, or any branch whatever of that powerful but very nondescript Outer-"Scythic" race, or of the vast Turanian division of mankind either, ever adhere characteristically to mountains, to mountain-climates, to tracts where large mountain-forest game abounded, tenaciously migrating along such, whether westward or eastward, always conspicuously accompanied by dogs, and dependent upon their use, so as to breed these to a standard of perfection for hunting purposes? Can it be shown that any tribe or association, except it were of Colchian-Albanic descent, ever once possessed the like as a stock, capable of being propagated in purity without recurrence to a main line in Celtic hands? And, moreover, is there the slightest evidence that where a detached family, a strain, or a kennel of the breed was by any chance found apart from Celtic ownership, the circumstance had been due to a merely cosmopolite origin of the breed among mankind at large? Or, in other words, that a closely similar breed had been also introduced by any other than a Celtic people?

The reverse, we think, becomes clear from what ancient mythic legend had so undesignedly yet pointedly denoted by its obscure indications in classical literature. It thus verifies—nay, would of itself have suggested, if the conviction had not been already otherwise produced—a belief that this special canine type was formed under exclusive Celtic breeding, from the time when, as Pliny so naïvely reports, "they at first had but a single pair." And not only so, but furthermore such legend supports, to the whole extent of its bearing throughout prehistoric time, the inference which both antiquity and history at large impress upon us, that the breed was

always a peculiarly Celtic possession, a constant Celtic accompaniment, nowhere else discoverable, and therefore a very reliable token of Celtic presence or *vice versâ* of absence amongst those many complications which ethnic distribution caused over great part of the world. Whether originally abiding and multiplying, then migrating on a sudden, or halting awhile; whether crossing straits, avoiding seas, traversing a country in peace or entering it for war, they are still jointly traceable throughout antiquity—both dogs and masters — into present-day light. If at times, it may be, those vestiges belong now to the former alone, now to the latter solely, yet does their track so run together on the whole, that we can follow it with no small degree of certification, obtaining thereby some approximate measure of how long the movements had lasted, and thus even of periods which are in question for a more important end.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PREHISTORIC MIGRATIONS OF THE IBERI—DUKE OF ARGYLL AND OTHERS ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN—EVIDENCE OF EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS—CANINE HIEROGLYPHICS—THE *HYKSOS* AND THEIR RELATION TO IBERI AND KABYLES—THE *HYK* OR *HYKE* (PLAID)—DARWIN AND OTHERS ON THE EGYPTIAN HOUND (*SLOUGUI*)—THE BREED OF HOUND AND THE RACE-IDENTIFICATION OF IBERI, HYKSOS, BERBERS, AND BASQUES WITH THE PATRIARCHAL COLCHIANS — ETYMOLOGY OF "GREYHOUND"—COURSE OF THE IBERIAN MIGRATION TRACED TO THEIR SETTLEMENTS IN EUROPE — FAME OF IBERIAN (HIBERNIAN?) DOGS — MINUTE ALLUSIONS IN ANCIENT WRITERS REQUIRE AND DESERVE TO BE CAREFULLY EXAMINED—RELEVANT INSTANCES IN PLINY, PLUTARCH, XENOPHON, HOMER—MODERN AND HISTORICAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS, ILLUSTRATED BY A CASE IN DR HILL BURTON'S HISTORY.

BY far the widest circuit, and apparently the first of all among their prehistoric migrations, was taken by the Iberi; those "other-side" tribes who inhabited southward, along by Armenia, and who seem to have early overflowed throughout Asia Minor,—in fact, at a period very long before the beginnings of any definite tradition that has reached us except from Hebrew sources, or even earlier than the existence of any Hebrew family whatever. They doubtless so began that intercourse with the first of maritime trading races, the Phœnicians, which is an unquestionable fact in Iberian legend. Hereditary Gallic antipathy toward the sea appears thus to have been lessened in their case. They hold a most pertinacious tradition of having, along somehow with the Phœnicians, been in Egypt,

where they indeed fancifully enough place their national spring-head. As everybody nowadays is aware, a considerable addition to the antiquity of Man becomes requisite on the ground of palæolithic discoveries, though in reality not so much from mere Stone Age calculations, as on account of the margin due to Egyptian progress in the arts and in social matters when first made known through Jewish or through Classical means, and due also to the evident physiologically marked distinctions of type among men at the early age represented by Egyptian monuments. The Duke of Argyll —than whom no abler arbiter has ever yet stepped into the arena between zealous orthodoxy and violent anthropologists—has well shown this,[1] at the same time most weightily rebutting extravagant demands of some advanced thinkers. He is supported by experts like Mr Stuart Poole, to whom may be added Canon Rawlinson,[2] Professor M. Müller, and others too numerous to specify. His Grace seems, however, to lay overmuch stress on such requirements as are brought up by the divergence of language, the blackness of negroes, and the fixity of type in animal species as represented on prehistoric Egyptian monuments. Merely noting that the Duke apparently sanctions the unfounded common assumption that Adamic man was *white*, we must point to an essential circumstance connected with animal species as depicted on early Egyptian tombs, which are the principal authorities in question. Chronologically, the gist of what can be ascertained about Egypt is, that some 800 years can be added according to the computation founded on the Septuagint version of the Sacred Scriptures, which would fully allow for anything remarkable about Egyptian civilisation during Abraham's time or in the subsequent reports of Herodotus. Much emphasis has been placed—as by ourselves in the preceding chapter—on the figures of great-greyhounds and similar hounds among the hieroglyphic delineations. These, certainly, cannot be

[1] Primæval Man, p. 85 *et seq.* (published 1869).

[2] The Origin of Nations—Essays on Early Civilisation and Ethnic Affinities. London, 1875.

made too much of for our purpose. The customs and superstitions of Egypt in this reference are not to be mistaken. They ascribe a reverential importance to the species, or some variety of it, such as is best seen from the fact of there having been at least one sacred city thence named, also of the priests wearing black canine masks when they embalmed the dead; and of "the Hieroglyphic for a Judge being a Dog *near a Royal Robe*," says Bishop Warburton—"for they had a Superstition that a Dog, of all Animals, was alone privileged to see the Gods, and it was an old Custom for the Judges to behold and examine their Kings naked."[1] Yet notwithstanding these and countless other signs, there was a previous period, apparently extending back as far as their utmost records go, during which they do not seem to have known anything at all about the breed we have in view. The greatest authority on the Pyramids, and everything connected with them, Professor Piazzi Smythe, says: "In the earlier tomb-paintings . . . they are seen to have been striving to domesticate large antelopes for oxen . . . and hyenas in place of dogs;"[2] these supposed hyenas being doubtless the *cyn-hyéne* or *chien-sauvage* of French naturalists (*cyn-hyæna venaticus, lycaon pictus, wilde honde* of the Cape Boers) from Southern Africa,—trainable hunting *canidæ*, variegated, with erect ears, probably only four-toed on all their feet, like the hyena, and supposed by Gordon Cumming to be "a link between that animal and the wolf." The early absence of any true hound from their profuse pictorial representations might of itself denote that the prominence afterwards given to pure greyhound forms had been due to an imported breed. No national character was in truth more anomalous and mixed than the early Egyptian, though so much has been made to turn upon its extraordinary advancement in prehistoric times. Now, we find that just about the era above referred to there took place the singular event in Egyptian history which has perplexed its annals in a marked degree—namely, the

[1] Divine Legation of Moses, vol. ii. p. 106.
[2] On the Antiquity of Intellectual Man, &c., p. 380. Edinburgh, 1868.

invasion by the *Hyksos* or Shepherd Kings, who suddenly overcame Northern Egypt and remained for about 500 years, coevally with other dynasties. They "are supposed," so we are told in encyclopædias and by ethnologists at large, "to have been either Assyrians, Scythians, Phœnicians, Ethiopians, or Arabs;" their name being variously interpreted to mean "Shepherd Kings" or "Foreign Shepherds." In short, linguistic erudition has exhausted itself to account for them; hieroglyphics, papyri, tomb-paintings, cuneiform characters, along with abstruse Grecian lore and obscure Arabic archives, have been searched through in order to supply some foundation for explaining their mysterious advent and scarce less mysterious departure, in conjunction with prevalent views of primordial human kinship and genealogy,—all without anything like satisfactory result. A few simple facts, however, that are brought up by our own line of research, go far to elucidate this enigma. There are, we think, strong reasons for believing them to have been an alliance of Phœnicians with (Colchian) Scyths—to wit, with no other than the Iberi migrating southward down the (Phœnician) Philistine coast of the Mediterranean, aided by vessels which enabled them to transport their people *en masse*, whilst part, in all likelihood, marched abreast on shore in the usual Gallic manner. One striking confirmation for the belief is, that in the root *Huk* or *Hyk* there is no trivial resemblance to the term popularly used by the Kabyles of Mauritania (North Africa) for their shepherd plaid, the *hyke;* and the Kabyles are by numerous tokens identified with the Spanish and French Basques, in whom W. Von Humboldt recognised the ancient Spanish Iberians, although more recent inquiries (such as M. Lucien Bonaparte), arguing from almost purely linguistic grounds, are of a different opinion on that point. Passing this question, the Irish (Erse or Iberi) themselves have the fable that their original eponymic founder had married Pharaoh's daughter, Scota, and that she brought from thence a wonderful hunting bitch, *Partholan* by name, which in course of time gave rise to the wellnigh equally

marvellous Hibernian "grew" breed, whose fame is in all the halls of Erin from Tara downward. At any rate, to the Iberi can we fairly ascribe the introduction of every true greyhound stock into Africa, Egypt included. One notable Celtic trait, marking every division of the race more or less, should here be remembered,—their innate propensity to represent favourite objects, whether by depicting them in colours or by chiselling them in *relievo*, on the most suitable and permanent materials at their command, their own bodies often serving the purpose best when other convenience failed. As the Latin poet Claudian has it,—

"Ferroque notatas
Perlegit exsangues Picto moriente figuras."

Hence there is ground for supposition that they showed an example to the Semitic or Turanian Egyptians in delineating the large mountain greyhound with that technical accuracy which is so remarkable on the Theban and other archaic sepulchral monuments. In this view we have another link between them and the Morocco Kabyles, among many of whose "clans" the women not only wear the *hyke* or plaid, but "are in the habit of painting their legs and arms with animal figures."[1] These same "Kabyles have often yellowish ruddy hair, whence some authors supposed them a remnant of the Vandals." The *Hyksos* in process of time left Egypt—according to the Egyptian historian, Manetho, "they were expelled"; being guessed by some writers "to have returned north, toward Phœnician and Philistine Syria," though many considerations lead to the view that they embarked deliberately from the mouth of the Nile in Phœnician fleets which were engaged in founding the Carthaginian empire westward in Mauritania (Morocco), also in Sicily, and ultimately in Spain (Western Iberia): most probably having found the Egyptian climate and territory unsuited to a continuance of those pastoral and hunting pursuits which could be fully carried out over the great Atlas range. The very weather that

[1] Penny Cyclopædia, article "Kabyle," &c.

bore off the main fleet may be inferred. For, after the "expulsion of the Shepherd Kings," the Egyptians are known to have periodically commemorated the deliverance by "sacrificing to Typhon red dogs, oxen, and red-haired men,"—"Typhon" being, we should think, from time immemorial the name for a deity of hurricane and tempest. That "shepherds were" thereafter "an abomination to the Egyptians" is well known; and very probably it was as a sign of their abhorrence that the name "Berber," vernacularly belonging to the Kabyles, has become classically familiar in our word "barbarian,"[1] and hence carried into Greek use.

A modern ethnological writer says, "The Iberians of Spain appear to have had their origin in Mauritania;" but to supply "the missing link" of their migration from the Upper East—namely, from Colchis—we find among them in North Africa what is carelessly styled by manualists and anecdote-collectors "the Arab greyhound," "*slou-gui* of the Sahara," which in reality belongs to the Kabyles. It is of this breed that Mr Darwin speaks as follows:—

"The most ancient dogs on Egyptian monuments, of a date estimated at between 1400 and 2000 B.C., resembles a greyhound, . . . and a closely-allied variety still exists in Northern Africa, for Mr E. Vernon Harcourt states that 'the Arab boar-hound is an eccentric hieroglyphic-like animal, such as Cheops once hunted with, somewhat resembling the rough Scotch deer-hound: their tails are curled tight round on their backs, and their ears stuck out at right angles.'"[2]

A modern newspaper account says:—

"A magnificent *slougui* arrived a few days ago from Algeria, as a present to the Emperor Louis Napoleon from Marshal de Macmahon the Governor. This splendid animal is the size of a young calf, its colour jet black, marked on the flanks and front with yellow spots: only the Arab chiefs possess them. They are used for hunting, their speed being extraordinary, and the sheiks refuse the most brilliant offers for these beautiful animals."

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[1] *Berber, Barbari*—whence the region of North Africa called Barbary—is possibly just another form among the many which the primitive root-name *Iber, Eber, Irbr*, or *Abr* has taken under protean Celtic inflection.

[2] Darwin's 'Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication,' vol. i.

It is to these, doubtless, that "Idstone" refers in the words—

"I also introduced a fine Morocco deer-hound" (for sporting purposes in English deer-parks) "which has been to all appearance used successfully, but the last cross has never been actually employed in the retrieving of a wounded stag since that time."[1]

The value placed by the Kabyles on this breed of theirs is indeed great. Still more to our purpose is one singular technical rule observed among them in this connection, which testifies to their having long bred the animal with strict care:—

When a *slougui* bitch has pupped, the litter is never lost sight of for an instant, and the women will sometimes themselves suckle the young, while visitors arrive in troops the more numerous and eager in proportion to the repute of the dam, flattering the owner and offering him presents in hope of obtaining a whelp, with such protestations as these, 'I am thy friend; pray thee give me what I ask of thee—I will attend thee in thy hunts,' &c. To all which solicitations the proprietor usually answers that he will not decide until after seven days—a reservation that has its motive in a very singular idea of the Kabyles; for they say that, in every litter, one gets upon the back of the others, and if it persists in this for seven days, even a negress would not be accepted in exchange. Moreover, an odd prejudice causes them otherwise to attach the greatest value to the first, third, and fifth pups—in fact, to all the odd numbers."

Compare with this in Irish Ossianic legend, an account afterwards quoted as to how Ossian himself exercised his judgment in selection of a wolf-grew whelp. "The Kabyles call their breed *slougui* from a place Slouguia, where they were originally produced by the coupling of she-wolves with dogs;" at all events we therein detect the Celtic word *cu* (great-greyhound dog *par excellence*) as forming the terminal syllable of this name, whereas the real Arab word for the species is *Keleb*.

That so far in the foregoing there appears a genuine case of race-identification and its topographical following out, through reference to the breed described, no candid reader will, we think, deny. As regards a main population of Algeria, above the great Sahara Desert,

[1] See 'The Dog,' by "Idstone." London, 1872.

minute statistics confirm what has above been deduced. "The Kabyles are distinct from the Arabs and Moors, who call them *Kabileah—i.e.*, the clans; they are also called "Berbers": they inhabit the whole of the mountainous country, live in villages of huts (*dashcrahs*), and style themselves *Beni-Mazighanan*, sons of Mazigh: they are shepherds, graziers, drovers; make ploughs, guns, coarse metal utensils, and know how to temper steel in swords and sabres, which they sell to Arabs and Moors." Among them are tribes called Biscareens, with the town and district *Biscara*, being one of many indications of their identity with the Spanish Iberians and the Basques. The archaic stone relics of their country—as in Asiatic (Circassian) Colchis—include "dolmens," "cromlechs," "kist-vaens," and monolithic remains similar to those we have been accustomed to connect with the Druids, albeit present-day criticism disapproves that notion. All these are admittedly prior in origin to the Carthaginian ruins.[1] Add to the whole, that Sallust quotes African authorities to prove that amidst a variety of Eastern people who had settled on the north coast toward the Atlantic, "there were Armenians and Persians." If, therefore, the *Hyksos* (*hyke*-wearing shepherds) are shown to have moved thus far in company with an animal breed no way substantially changed from what Egyptian record displays—as their probable bequest at an antique date—more than one curious consideration would seem to arise. Among others there might possibly be inferrable, as before suggested, some approximate degree of measurement regarding the time occupied by such migration, not only after but also before the said "Shepherd-King era. Cynegetic chronology, pointing to a date about 2000 B.C. at least—before the first Semitic "Hebrew" entered Egypt—and allowing a sufficient number of centuries back toward patriarchal Colchian settlement after the Deluge, would appear to make the Post-diluvian continuance of this breed in nearly its fixed type, up to the present day, something like 5000 years old. Not much more,

[1] Davis's Ruined Cities of North Africa; Colonel Forbes-Leslie's Early Races of Scotland; Mr Davidson on Antiquities of Worcester.

however, considering that canine generations, as compared with human, must be multiplied by the figure 7 at lowest, making little short of 1500 stages; and as we permittedly assume in the present case a sure though slow degeneracy, in contrast to upward progress in Man with his completely domesticated animals—a degeneracy, moreover, at times hastened by unfavourable climatic and technical causes—there is no denying that some moderate limit must be set on the whole period during which the great-greyhound could descend from the original gigantic *Agnotherium*, or whatever extinct pre-human stock may have been the prototype concerned. Here, too, comes in a very interesting illustration of how anciently the breed was known in close reference to the vicinity of Egypt, and to the supposed route of the *Iberi* on their circuit south-westward, a course which is otherwise indubitable. King Solomon's Proverbs embody one of the earliest and most notably explicit allusions to the great-greyhound, as such, that exist throughout written record, in "the words of Agur the son of Jakeh, . . . there be three which go well, yea, four are comely in going: a lion, strongest among beasts, he turneth not for any; a greyhound also . . .; and a king, against whom no rising up." In respect to this passage a thorough Hebrew scholar[1] informs us that our English Bible translates by "greyhound" a phrase that is indirect in the original, meaning strictly "the one with the upgirt loins." Curiously enough, it happens that a modern German critic, solicitously inquiring as to who "Agur" could have been, finds learned reason to infer that he was "a Jew belonging to a colony at the head of the eastern fork of the Red Sea, not far from Dumah"—that is to say, in the district of Akaba, whence we find one of the most relevant Egyptian canine figures to have been derived, according to Colonel H. Smith. The delineation is

[1] Professor M'Douall, Greek Chair, Queen's College, Belfast, formerly of the Hebrew and Oriental Languages Chair in Edinburgh University, who writes: "The phrase is in the original Hebrew an elliptical, or at any rate an ambiguous one, so far as concerns its reference to modern zoology: it is rendered from the Septuagint into the Vulgate by the two Latin words '*Succinctus lumbis*' (upgirt about the loins). Commentators differ as to what animal can be meant."

unmistakable as a picture of that very same "tall, lengthy, and gracefully-shaped yet immensely powerful mountain-breed, with rough coat, the swiftest hunting-dog known among ancient sportsmen," to which the Greeks gave in general the name "κύων θηρευτής" or "θηρευτικός," and "πόδας ἀργός" (*quasi* "twinkling-footed"—*e.g.*, *Argus* of Homer); the Latins styling it "canis venaticus acer," and more specially "canis Gallicus" (see Ovid, who had particular local knowledge on the matter); and which was all along by the Celtæ themselves denominated, by eminence, *Cu*, The Dog, also frequently "*grech*" or "*greg*," whence doubtless our own current term "greyhound" has arisen.[1] Thus does graphic embodiment to the eye serve us, fortunately, where even written record would by itself avail little. Akaba, situated midway between Egypt and Palestine, on the track of old Iberian movement south-westward, still inhabited indeed by some Kabylian tribes, was a region from which either of these antique representations might easily have come.

There is less need to indicate minutely the precise westward way of the *Iberi*, for their European ingress is clear enough to those who know anything about ancient Spanish colonisation as classical Roman literature reports it. No *land*-mark of them exists along the North African coast until the upper point is reached, north-westward at the ruins of Carthage and the island of Sicily opposite. There, as in Numidia and Mauritania at hand, they certainly landed, in league with the Phœnicians, colonised with them also, and, so far as pasture and hunting were concerned, found ample scope over the mountain-ranges of the Great and the Lesser Atlas that intersect the whole region, abundant in all sorts of game from the fiercest to the swiftest kind. In Spain (West Iberia), as constituting an ancient population of that country under Carthaginian alliance, they are traceable in like manner; from Sicily—

[1] A British word "*greg*," hound, is thus connected from the authority of a provincial Midland-English antiquary, Mr Whitaker. The Celtic root may in all likelihood be *grad*, or *gradag*, denoting swiftness—words which seem to have passed into Latin in the form "*gradus*," a step, &c.

whose medieval coinage exhibits the rude figure of a hound by the sea-shore—apparently by way of Sardinia, across to the river Ebro and around it; until their chief settlement took place over Portugal, Galicia, Biscayo, and other northern districts where "Basque shepherds are" still "attended by great shaggy white Pyreneans"[1] —cross-bred through long intermixture, it would seem, with the various inferior dogs of some earlier Spanish population, probably of a race belonging to the Stone Age (Turanian?) class. Yet have we clear proof that Spanish Iberia was long noted for true hounds of the tall, swift, venatic kind, which that well-known Greek cynegetist, Oppian, commends under the designation "Iberes," as he markedly styles them (second century A.D.) Nemesian likewise, his Latin successor (third century), unequivocally praises them for excellence in field use after swift game, adding, in respect to their descendants,—

"Nec quorum proles de sanguine manat inepta."

What the medieval descendants of these Spanish "Iberes" were can still be judged to a noticeable degree through the singular San Domingo "strain," which are understood to have been brought thither by Columbus or his followers for man-hunting purposes—"tall, lengthy, powerful, high-tempered, inclining to a rough coat of bluish ash-colour, and every way unlike any others of the species in Transatlantic possession, unless got direct from Scotland or from Circassia," and about which there are very diverse technical opinions. Shortly after Nemesian wrote of them, indeed, Symmachus[2] (fourth century) places on record the fact that specimens of a similar but much larger strain caused a sensation at Rome, and ranked so high in the esteem of Circensian "Procuratores Cynegii" as to leave all previous repute of the sort far behind; being, moreover, imported from among certain tribes, before then anonymous, "who inhabited

[1] "Pyrenees"—from *pyren* and *pyrn*, Celtic words signifying an eminence, a peak, *quasi* "*pur*," flame.

[2] For this very singular reference, and its curious bearings on a vexed point in national derivation, *vide postea*, chap. xiii.

obscure Ierne (Hibernia) or the Hebrides, near Northern Britain." This casual memorandum was of no little historical interest, as will afterwards appear. Roman geography had, it is true, though without meaning more than a composite term for two mixed nations, characterised the people of Pyrenean Spain as "*Celtiberi*"; whereby modern historians have generally satisfied themselves with the statement "that those Celtæ, or Gauls, who passed into Iberia were consequently thus called. Yet, nevertheless, Tacitus observed regarding the Silures in Britain, "that they were concluded to have been at first a colony of Iberians, . . . whose olive complexion, together with their naturally curled hair, made the belief probable;" nor only so, but their Celtic tribe-name (*Siol-Ir*, children or clans of *Ir*, *Eire*, *Ibr*, whence, doubtless, also the Greek-Epirote name *Illyrioi*) can now be made out in immediate relationship with that of their more numerous namesakes, the Eirinnich of Hibernia or Erin, hard by. Whether from the latter, in reality, or rather from their Hebridean kindred of North Britain, it had been that our said Imperial Roman importation was obtained, at all events it well exemplifies the help to erudite research that might often occur through means so apparently slight.

Circumstanced as were the ancient writers who give us so many suggestive facts of the kind, it is not to be wondered at that they were thus rather led off from correct ethnographic lines than otherwise. Being contemporary, so to speak, with the ethnic legends in question, they were like journalists of the day while History is forming itself, and could not well discriminate what was worth record from what was ephemeral. Strabo, Pliny, and Plutarch especially, abound in such minute gossip, even about animals; Herodotus, too, considers it by no means derogatory from the honour of his titular Muse — be she Euterpe, or Thalia, or Clio herself — to mention particulars about a cat or an ichneumon, or, like Manetho of Egypt, to put upon record how "the first (mortal) Egyptian king, founder of the dynasty of Menes" (*circa* B.C. 2717) "was killed by a hippopotamus." Here lies their merit. On the other hand, from the

dignified elevation incumbent upon philosophical modern historians, or prehistoric inquirers, any express notice of similar matters is too apt to be set aside. So viewed, an investigation like the present, where not thought altogether puerile, might appear wild. It does, in fact, resemble that of the untutored native, amidst transatlantic forest, when intent on the trail after his prey, or out on the war-path to circumvent his enemy. He neglects no sign, he examines every available token, inspects with scrupulous caution the smallest sprig of herbage where a footprint might have been left or where anything alive might have brushed past; even scents close down to the rock that cannot otherwise be tested. Recent science, of the most advanced kind, nevertheless sanctions that manner of procedure. Throughout the whole range of fact, along from the mode in which plants are visited by insects, or creep upward in their own growth, to the juxtaposition of an animal's fragmentary bone beside a flint implement, it looks on nothing as too trivial to bear upon universal development. Here is no apparent word of what kings did, parliament said, or battles accomplished; yet the antiquarian sage has in course of time to give it his attention.

Little matter although ancient authors were, through excess of anecdotic liveliness, drawn into some such fanciful mistakes as we have already specified. None the less are valuable subsidiary data picked up in consequence. In connection with Pliny's hyperbolical account of Albanic hounds, for example, it comes out that when Pompey the Great began his campaign against their masters, the latter alleged themselves to be of the same direct ancestry as his Roman soldiers. From garrulous Plutarch afterwards, again—telling how in former time "the monstrous Cimbric dogs defended their own waggons" against the Republican Roman army,—a little curious incident comes out; for he states that when a body of Italian auxiliaries, under Marius's command, had shouted their national war-cry, "Ambrones! Ambrones!" this was straightway echoed back from the hostile Cimbri, who, thus appearing to claim national fraternity with part of the Consul's home legions, caused no little

confusion. In Xenophon also, prosaic though he be, are found not a few similar undesigned touches of his sportsmanlike observation while heading the "March of the Ten Thousand" through Colchis toward the sea. Old Homer continues valuable above all; who—*Argus* and his master apart—undoubtedly meant "the exploits of the 'Phœnician' Hercules, with the three-headed *Cerberus* in leash, to have taken place" amidst Colchian Iberia, not—as Strabo took for granted—in Iberian Spain; a question whereon considerable ethnographic interest turns. It is often surprising to find through how much fruitful side-ground these very vagaries of antiquity lead. There is far less excuse discoverable for modern animadversions that aggravate an error in their classical text by some footnote, requiring us, for example, to understand that "the *Cimbri* were of the same race as" their temporary allies, "the Teutons," that "the *Albani* were of Greek stock," or the "Asiatic *Iberi* quite incapable of being genealogically connected with those in Spain." But certainly, to find at the present day our latest and ablest national historiographer writing on the following case, when so many good accessible cynegetic treatises or manuals exist, is strange. Dr Hill Burton, in his first volume of the 'History of Scotland,' gives the curious episode referred to,[1] saying it is "derived through Danish antiquaries," and the account of it was "read to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland in 1872"; being a description by an eye-witness, an Arab (physician ?), Ahmed Ibn Fozlan, "of the ceremonies attending the incremation of the dead body of a Norse [?] chief, in the early part of the tenth century," on "the banks of the river Volga" (which, be it noted, runs into the great Caspian Lake, where of old and all through medieval time the *Albani* were situated, and where, ever since then, the Circassians —self-confessedly Albanic in race—have remained). "The body, on a bed decorated with gold, was laid under a tent in a ship, and the ship was mounted on large wooden posts;" after which a customary form was gone through of asking who among the servants would die with him. A maid, in this instance, having

[1] Hist. of Scotland, vol. i. p. 109, note. Edin., 1873.

uttered the fatal "I!" was stabbed by one called "the angel." "Then came a man forward with a dog, hewed him into two portions, and cast them into the ship," an act followed by similar procedure with other animals, last of all with a cock and hen, whereupon fire was set to the whole. "The Volga" is a wide word, but everything here seems to point decidedly toward Caspian neighbourhood, among Circassians and Georgians — certainly not of Norse race — with patriarchal traditions of a kind resembling those of the Hebrews, if not of Egypt itself. Nor would any great amount of minute zoological information have been requisite to show that, judging from such a locality and such circumstances, the sacrificed dog in all likelihood belonged to the same grand type which still continues extant near Circassia, as seen half a century ago by Dr Clarke, and now more than once exhibited at shows under the designation of "Russian" or "Siberian" greyhound. Closer attention to the historical circumstances of the said period would have rendered the matter obvious. Many now well-known translations from Runic and Skaldic Sagas confirm what old medieval naturalists imply regarding the early Norsemen (in the Teutonic sense of the epithet), that they were then neither a mountaineering, hunting, nor dog-using race; indeed, we have searched these Sagas, so far as available, without finding more than one instance where a dog of any sort is brought forward, and that by no means a case opposed to our view. Even the ship, or galley, in the narrative above cited, is naturally best accounted for by vicinity to broad inland water, apart from the strong likelihood that these funeral obsequies were of an "Arkite" character, with suitable symbols, denoting immediate Oriental connection. The truth is, so warmly has Noachic legend been favoured among the *Celtæ* of all three subdivisions, that our word "Ark" evidently comes from a root in their language (*airc*, signifying narrowed, straitened, closed in, a chest or box); whence, no doubt, through their primitive speech came the otherwise unaccountable Greek mythic term "Argo," with *Argos*, ἄκρα (a top, a citadel), and the Latin synonyms *arx*, *arca*, &c. Thus there is little difficulty in

accounting for the persistent Greek tale that Jason and his Argonauts had, after their voyage to Colchis, founded the nation resident there (see Pliny, Strabo, Justin, &c., for various explicit statements of the legend).

Instances are by no means rare in current literature on ethnological subjects, showing how serviceable would be a little more attention to natural history at large. Nor, probably, is it too much to affirm the same, more or less, of that familiar species which "has so conspicuously attended man's distribution over the globe," and in particular of this unique type which we see reason to associate so exclusively with one chief human race. Let us, therefore, under the same aspect, give in our next chapter some further details regarding it.

CHAPTER XIII.

FURTHER DETAILS IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE AUTHOR'S VIEWS AS TO THE CELTIC MIGRATIONS—COMPARISON OF VARIOUS OLD ETHNIC MOVEMENTS—THOSE MADE BY CELTÆ, PECULIAR—ROUTE OF THE *CIMBRI*—NOT WESTWARD ONLY—ALSO ORIENTAL—MONOGRAPHIC PROOF—AND ILLUSTRATION—THE *ALBANI*—THEIR CHARACTERISTIC SUPREMACY.

AN analogy, not without use, may be drawn between various ways in which the lower animals migrate, and those modes in which the great leading divisions of ancient mankind diffused themselves from place to place over the world. In regard to that most memorable of all national departures, the one made by a chief subdivision of the Semitic people from among an oppressive and corrupt alien race—from Egypt of old—migrating cranes, storks, or swallows remind us of it vividly, when they take their annual way, directed by some influence above the ordinary natural course, from northern to southern summer. So the Hebrew writers compare that journey of their nation to the movement of a flock led through a wilderness, enabled to escape peril with unerring certainty, into a distant but foreknown pasture beside quiet waters, and all by the power of an Omniscient Shepherd. Beaver-wise, the Phœnicians, *par excellence* those first true colonists of antiquity, built onward at every point along their circumnavigating course, always near the water's edge. The Greeks, very much after the fashion of such birds as expel their young or each other when ready for flight,—very like,

in particular, what is done by the communities of rooks,—founded new cities and foreign states by banishing their patriots and political minorities. The Romans, in this aspect, resembled the red soldier-ants, by sending out distant settlements of veterans and pensioners who established fresh *municipia*—miniature copies of Rome amidst remote barbarianism—as part of their Imperial military system. The true "*Outer*"-Scythic (Gothic) races, from the exterior *terra incognita* of the north-east, came forth packed together, as droves of wolves advance when starved out by snow and ice behind them; their Norse Vikings, who had the advantage of galleys, swooped in upon a coast and away again like so many sea-eagles. The Turanian Huns, once in motion, made the multitudinous, steady, irresistible progress of locusts. As for those *earliest* of all inhabitants, who peopled the earth before any record save what is found in underground stone — hence designated only Stone Age men, or Allophylians (*i.e.*, of-other-tribes-than-ours) — no parallel of their case is available unless hypothetically with what would befall to amphibia, fish, molluscs, and crustacea if dry land were all at once upheaved amidst them: in such sporadic confusion and haste do they appear to have set off from all points of a certain circumference which they had occupied before, driven in every direction outward, separated from main traditions, destitute of ordinary appliances, without domesticated live stock, even—as before shown—without dogs, yet drawn onward to attack wild beasts, attracted forward by climate into every vicissitude of heat or cold, forgetting former advantages as if in order to be put upon inventing new ones; showing no dread of rivers or seas, indeed rather preferring a semi-aquatic life, and often constructing their villages over water; in short, thus pioneering and preparing the rude surface of the globe for higher use. With regard to the race which by general admission came *second* throughout Europe, forming, except in a few detached instances, that continent's earliest recognisable population—namely, the Celtic—there is a similitude well applicable to them from the movements among bees when swarming. And bees would appear

to have been, from time immemorial, peculiarly favoured among Caucasian or Colchian mankind, who kept them in large numbers, bred, fostered, reared, and tended them with singular care, even taking an augury from their instructive mode of emigration, departure, and flight. It was in just such a manner that they characteristically acted in producing and in effecting their migrations.

Colchis, or the Caucasian region, was "a hive of nations," *alveare gentium*, evidently prolific in a high degree. Its strong primitive swarmings forth, proverbial among the ancients, but too early for record except by myth, are often attributed to outward pressure from above by Sarmatian (Sclavonic) and Tahtar (Mongol) hordes of nomads; yet that this is demonstrably incorrect as a main cause, appears from the certain fact that Albanic people maintain up to the present day their mountain fastnesses there, even against Imperial Muscovite rapacity, and the unsettled question of their home-destinies has now a prospect of being rescued from the military arbitrament of the Czar. The true, or at least principal, motive of their having thus sent off large migratory detachments was manifestly the same as that which actuates an over-full beehive; and it is seen in the well-known account by Julius Cæsar, in the "Commentaries" on his Gallic War, of how the Helvetii made such a march, or rather how they took means to relieve themselves of their surplus numbers. All was ready beforehand; the departing body was not a mob but an organised embryo community, with its hereditary leader, sub-chief, Druids,—doubtless also its bard with his harp and his subordinate pipers,—its families, their waggons, utensils, cattle, and every other domestic animal they required. In order to march peaceably through neighbouring inhabited territories, leave was asked by some kind of herald; when this leave had been refused, force was resorted to. Take into consideration how different a state of things existed territorially in the primitive world, and little thought is required for understanding the rest. When Celtic races first traversed the entire middle range of Upper Asia

and Europe, both westward and eastward, no question can be entertained but that they found wide spaces before them for their choice, without need to molest others, and still less with any cause to dread molestation in their turn. Each division of them was led, however, along a certain definite route, toward a certain definite goal or proposed ultimate place of settlement, in a manner that relates itself closely to our subject.

According to Strabo—founding on the authority of the earlier Greek geographers, Eratosthenes and Strato—the Cimmerii (Cimbri or Kymry) "had been known to Homer, not merely by name, but as being familiar through his own experience; for, about his time or a little before, they had ravaged the whole country from the Bosporus to Ionia"[1]—that is to say, *circa* 950 B.C. or earlier. Over Asia Minor, the districts where they and their kindred had settled for a time are still discernible by the names Galatia and Cilicia, both of them mountainous localities; also, as there is reason to think, by the sculptured rocks that constitute a marked feature in Cappadocia midway, which exhibit traces of the peculiar Celtic style, with its predilection for representing the animals that have to do with wild sport. In Phrygia, moreover, there can be little doubt but that some branch of them had at a very early period founded Ilium, the Trojan kingdom; with which kingdom the Greeks afterwards, although destroying it, recognised their own affinity of race, and from whence Rome's subsequent origin may have been traced with much less of fable than our modern scholars are apt to suppose. On one side of the Straits of Constantinople—long styled the "*Thracian* Bosporus"—are what may be called two distinct marks of where the Cimmerii first massed themselves together in order to cross over at the narrowest interval between them and wider European regions: in the old local name Chalcedon, and the later one, near it, Scutari or Scodra (identical with that of the present Greek-Albanian capital,

[1] A modern editor of Strabo here gives this note: "The Cimmerians spoken of in Homer were undoubtedly the inhabitants of Campania in Italy, not those of the Bosphorus" (!).

unquestionably derived from a Celto-Scythic root). On the opposite shore is Galata, now a suburb of Constantinople. Down southward, at the other mouth of the Sea of Marmora, there is on the Asiatic side of the Straits of the Dardanelles a place formerly named Kalé (Sultanieh), and, on the European side, Gallipoli; the word Dardanelles being itself, as will be afterwards seen, another token of the same kind. "Neither is it true, as has been related by the ancients,"[1] says Strabo, "that the Cimmerii take arms against the flood-tides, or that the Keltæ as an exercise of their intrepidity suffer their houses to be washed away by these, and that a greater number of them perish by water than by war, as Ephorus tells; . . . nor is Clitarchus to be trusted when he says that their cavalry, on seeing the sea flowing in, rode off at full speed, and yet scarcely escaped by flight from being overtaken by the flood." There is indeed a curious concurrence of ancient charges against most of the Celtæ, the Cimbri in particular, as to their instinctive or traditionary avoidance of the sea, Polybius having recorded in his 4th book a "native superstitious belief of theirs, that the Euxine [Black Sea] was to become one vast expanse of marsh and mud;" and Strabo refers to their legend of "strange terrestrial convulsions having occurred there in the past:" whilst the natives of the island of Samothrace, in the age of Diodorus Siculus (*circa* B.C. 50), "preserved a tradition of the time when their ancestors trembled at the flood rushing from the Propontis through the broken channel of the Hellespont." The Cimbri, nevertheless, made this passage, and at both the points above indicated. How they did so can be seen from the manner in which a large body of their immediate kindred, the Tolistoboii and the Tectosages, came back, some centuries after, at the same points, to overrun Asia Minor, headed by *Luath* (or Luatar) and Leonar (probably in his own Albanic language *Arslan*)—the one chief, by the way, bearing a frequent great-greyhound title, the other's name apparently signifying "a lion." "Lutarius," says Livy (xxxviii. 16), "took from

[1] Viz., by Aristotle (Ethik. Eudem., bib. iii. k. i.), Nicolas of Damascus, and Ælian (Var. Hist., bib. xii. k. 23).

the Macedonians two decked ships and three undecked sloops, wherewith, by ferrying across day after day and all night long, within a few days he threw across his whole forces." With regard to these same later invaders who thus retraced the footsteps of their ancestors, and were thenceforward called "the Galatians," Niebuhr affirms "they were Cimbri." He at the same time says, "The Cimbri were not real Gauls in the sense ordinarily attached by classical literature to that designation, but were of the same stock to which belong the Welsh, Bas-Bretons, early Cumbrians, &c.:" in preference to which observation a learned Irish editor of Cæsar boldly asserts within brackets that "the Picts . . . and the Belgæ were Cymry,"—he being in the latter statement assuredly right, but in the former one quite as demonstrably erroneous, whilst from neither, nor from both taken together, does he elicit any clear genealogical purport. The Cymry, for anything that hereby appears, might have been—as Pinkerton readily agreed—Gothic, or—as not long ago alleged by some one—the "lost Ten Tribes" of Israel. An endless confusion which exists regarding old Celtic affinity above all, due in part to its own odd transmutations of tribe-titles, partly to the still odder changes made in these by classical authors, furthermore by the Goths —whose word for everything foreign was *Wälsch*—cannot be now penetrated through without some such homely thread of guidance as may be felt even in the prehistoric dark. There are, happily, discoverable links of this kind respecting primitive Cymbric movement, of a nature to do more for practical conviction than would whole tomes from a Gothic *Alterthumsforscher's* or *Urgeschichter's* pen.

Not westward only, over-sea, did the Kymry make their far-spreading irruptions: these had taken place beforehand on a readier line of route overland—probably, too, on a much greater scale, into the opposite Oriental quarter, as is shown thereaway by adequate ethnographic proof cropping up, like those stray roadside fragments which lead geology to expect fossiliferous palæozoic strata near hand. Amidst Persia is found a somewhat conspicuous "hill-greyhound breed, long, though soft of coat, good after swift game,

when used in conjunction with hawks; its singular intractability of temper being, however, such that they are often known to turn savagely upon their owners, who of course, as Mussulmen, do not seem by any means appropriate for mastership over them." Here, as in two or three similar rare cases, our natural impulse is to look for signs of the "strain" having been a transferred one, in this instance presumably from hand to hand down a succession of national changes, with consequent marked degeneracy in the animal. Major Rawlinson "found among the cuneatic [arrow-headed] inscriptions at Korsabad, words which he deciphered as signifying that certain *Cymri*, *Gimbri*, or *Gomeroi* had come into the Assyrian empire about the thirteenth century B.C.;" with which statement may doubtless be connected that of Colonel H. Smith about "the *Sakæ* or *Sakti* of Persia, supposed derivable in name from a root *Sak*, signifying a dog," and perhaps no less also that of others (such as La Tour-d'Auvergne Corret[1]) who trace the Celto-Scythi to the etymon *Sag*, an arrow,—whence, according to them, *Ysg*, *Ysgot*, *Ysgothiad*, *Ysgoths*, and *Yscots* (Scots, tantamount therefore to Goths!). Now we learn from various zoologists and *savans*, including Darwin, that "among the earliest representations of animals on the Assyrian and Persian monuments there are unmistakable greyhounds, prior to those of any other canine breed; the mastiff, for chief example, being only recognisable as belonging to the date of 640 B.C.—namely, about 600 years later." Again, through like demonstration, the same people are traceable as having passed farther east—no doubt along mountain-chains that lead by the Hindoo Koosh (or Caucasus) into hills of Central India; for recent exploration so concludes regarding "those mysterious people 'the *Himyari*,' and their relics, whose very early

[1] Origines Gauloises. Par La Tour-d'Auvergne Corret, premier Grenadier de la République française. Hamburg, 1801. A curious and valuable work, containing much on Celtic derivation that might surprise present-day Teutonic inquirers on national genealogy. He naïvely remarks, "D'autres insultant encore davantage à la raison humaine, dérivent le nom des Ecossais du grec scotoi, en latin obscuri, les obscurs. Scoti secundum quosdam, à tenebris adepti." Compare Pinkerton's precious derivation of Cimmerii, *quasi* so called "because they originally dwelt in Cimmerian darkness."

presence in Syria has perplexed scholarship at large." Colonel Chesney, in his 'Euphrates Expedition' (1829), says: "A remarkable ancient movement appears to have proceeded from this quarter, under Abu Kurrab the Himyarite, who, after having invaded India and Bactria, founded an empire in the latter territory, the capital of which was Samarcand. . . . By some, indeed, even the name of this widely-spread race has been considered apocryphal. . . . It is no longer doubtful that they had a written character of great antiquity, called *Suri* or Syrian, and many specimens have been found, . . . more especially in Yemen; . . . and the lamented traveller, Leitzen, met with various other Himyari inscriptions" and *relievi* on marble, "some equal in point of art to any Greek ones." Leitzen was obliged to leave the principal carvings uncopied. In all likelihood he would have found among them evidence quite akin to what we have already adduced, of animal delineation by the *Kymry* having shown their own Albanic (*i.e.*, Celtic or Gael) relationship, and thus illustrated our present aim. In Middle Hindostan, at all events, as formerly stated, we have the Brinjarree, Polygar, and Rampore hill-tribes with their "large, swift, and rough hounds" of this very type. Colonel Forbes-Leslie, in his very valuable ethnographic work,[1] brings irrefragable proof of "race-connection between the forest Khond tribes of the Dekkan and those of the (known) aborigines of Albion and of Erin," in their jointly-held legends and customs, which, however, as we think on ethnographic grounds, point rather to special affinity between Hindostanee and *Cimbro*-Celtic people. Bishop Heber remarked on the Celtic physiognomy and habits observable in the gipsy-like salt-carrying Brinjarrees,—an impression he was likely to have formed from knowledge of Welsh (Kymric) Celts alone; whilst the "Brinjarree" name should be taken along with the fact that it was among the *Kymry* that the "Brigantes," the "Bruttii," and other similarly called tribes were found by Roman geographers. Whether or not our name Britain was thus originated, or—as is more likely—from

[1] The Early Races of Scotland and their Monuments, 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1866.

that radical word *Ibr* which their Iberian kindred took earlier into Europe, at any rate there can be no doubt but that Kymrian nomenclature favoured derivatives from the common Celtic root *breac* (a spot, patch, or break), whence, oddly enough, both *briga* (a desert place, origin of the term "brigand") and *Breatan* (variegated, shining, beautiful); thus, too, do they seem to have called brindled animals *brachan*, as well as themselves "Brindisii," "Bruttii," "Brinjarree."[1] In India a patent distinction exists between these heathen mountaineer-tribes, as regards their proprietorship over the said special breed, and those others (Mahometan, Polygar, or Rampore people) who have it in comparative inferiority; its possession ever being among the one race familiar, intimate, companionable, if not literally domestic, whilst among the latter—as somehow among all except Celts—mere bought service, transient outward convenience, kennel or field use, with their invariable result of uncertain temper as well as of quick degeneration. Add besides that, locally beyond this, our Hindostanee track is cut short where natives of very different race extend eastward, amidst them a strange "Allophylian" tribe, the Todas, "who live apart in forest recesses, practising polyandry (*i.e.*, the reverse of polygamy), and having neither cattle, dogs, nor weapons;" the last-mentioned circumstance meaning, it is to be supposed, that they superstitiously restrict themselves from metal, or, in other words, belong to our friends of the Stone Age. Therefrom, and away upward or downward over the vast Oriental stretches of Turanian Asia, and throughout the countless archipelago of the immense Pacific, and across the New World until the island of San Domingo is reached, mastiffs, wolfish colleys, jackal-like or fox-like curs, together or apart from each other, are universally prevalent for every purpose that the species fulfils, without any signs whatever of great-greyhound existence, unless where modern sportsmanship may have carried some detached specimens of our Scotch-Highland breed.

[1] *Bri*, in Old Celtic—as we learn from W. von Humboldt—meant a peopled (*i.e.*, spotted) place; *Briga*, contrariwise, a desert (unspotted).

Throughout Europe, upward, Cimbric progress can thus, moreover, be followed, and that very briefly; at the same time with no little service to the better understanding of Continental as well as north-insular affinity between nations, or the reverse. *Circa* B.C. 385, Senonian Gauls under Brennus are found taking Rome by storm—when, by the way, vigilant geese were said to have saved the Capitol, where no dogs gave any alarm. Again, B.C. 279, another Brennus led Epirote Gauls, from near the Greek mountain-coast, anciently designated "Chimæra," to sack Delphi, whose temple-treasures were only preserved in consequence of a violent snow-fall. As before seen, the Galatian *Cimbri* had eminent leaders named, apparently from animals, Luatar and Leonar: *Torm*, *Oisgear*, *Gelert*, with similar titles now well known in the deer-forest kennel, would, in fact, appear to have been more commonly adopted among this branch of the Celtæ than among the others. That Brennus was *Bran* (a mountain-torrent), Luatar, *Luath* (swiftness), Uisgear, *Oscar* (clear, bright as flowing water), and so forth, need scarce be remarked; nor does any student of northern Fingalian lore require to learn how *Cu* (the Dog *par excellence*) was the word for a champion, a victor, a prince, as well as for the faithful dumb companion, if not rather borrowed from the latter; whence Cu-Chullin—a chief considered by Irish bards to have been of "Firbolg" (Kymry) pedigree; also in classic antiquity, Cynobelin, Cymbeline—probably, too, Cyrus, &c. So much did primitive Cymric welfare and progress depend on the animal's attendance, that there is even etymological reason for inferring that their own divisional name (Cu-imraig) was originally taken from the idea of companionship as at first suggested by their invaluable hunting breed, *Cu*. Hence, perhaps, from this very root *ku* (companion dog), joined with their word for king, *ri*, and closed by a mere terminal syllable, *os*, came the Greek word κύριος,[1] master or lord. Be all that as it may, we are furnished through Rome's early historian, Livy, and more fully

[1] Cf. κύω, to hold, contain, be productive, generate; κυρέω, &c., to reach, attain, to take care of; Κύρος, supreme power, Cyrus, &c.

after him through the Greek biographer, Plutarch, with that notable index of Cimbric nationality which has been here before adverted to—telling how, "when they [*circa* 104 B.C.] had routed several legionary armies, Marius's skilful generalship was so aided by the hot weather and full shining of the sun against their faces as to defeat them, natives of a shady and frozen country; whereupon a second contest arose at their camp—for not only did the women, attired in mourning, slay such as fled, and kill their own children and themselves when no longer able to resist, but the baggage was also defended by numerous of those huge κύνες Κιμβρίκοι which, being trained for battle, accompanied the said barbarians, and which then proved difficult to overcome." [1] There is no subsequent classical mention of "κύνες Κιμβρίκοι" under that epithet; indeed, historians say the Republican Roman armies, amidst a hostile country, "were bent on destroying all live stock whatsoever if unsuited to their utilitarian notions;" and we read that, shortly before, "the Senate had taken great offence at the presumption of the Arverni [a Gallic people of Aquitania] in sending an ambassador to Rome to intercede for another tribe which had been arbitrarily treated by the Republic, because this personage arrived with a retinue of bards and feudal dependents, and with a pack of hounds in his train." But not long afterwards there were circumstances brought up whereon a singular monographic light is thrown. Among surrounding north European nations, of a more settled character, which sent embassies to Rome with protestation as to the friendly part they had then taken, were the Spanish "Celtiberi," and, above all, the Belgæ, who, as Cæsar soon thereafter says, "possessed the third part of Gallia," toward the German territory north-east. The Belgæ included in their lands the greatest forest of Europe—to wit, Arduenna (*Arden*—i.e., *Celticé*, the Deep Forest), one of those wild tracts where Cæsar—no doubt retailing accounts from Gallic hunters—states that there were such *feræ naturæ* as "the ox shaped like a stag, with a single horn amid

[1] Plutarch's "Marius." This irruption lasted, notwithstanding, from about 113 to 50 B.C.

its forehead, from which branches like palms were stretched out, both male and female having such horns;" also, "those extraordinary beasts called *alcis* [elk], which never lay down; and, moreover, those which were called *uri* [wild bull], a little less than elephants." Apparently it was from this same direction that the Belgæ had driven back the Cimbri along with their hounds, when the two latter jointly might have expected somewhat different treatment; for the fact is certain that the two said nations, Cimbri and Belgæ, were identical not only in race but in immediate clanship. And although the identity is otherwise demonstrable, no such succinct proof of it exists as the circumstance that their breed of dogs was one and the same. "Silius mentions"—so we are told by several modern field-manualists in succession, who, meaning doubtless Silius Italicus (a well-qualified authority), must surely, at any rate, have got their quotation somewhere[1]—"that the *Belgæ* had imported swift hunting dogs of an admirable sort into Britain." From Nemesian and his fellow-cynegetists, on the other hand, we learn that "those of Britain" (at that time wholly Cambrian or Kymric) "were held foremost in estimation at Rome; next to them in repute stood those of the Sicambri" (in northern Belgic Gaul), "which were excellently hard-footed, and therefore valuable for mountain chase."[2] In the "Sicambri"—though a tribe afterwards medievally known to have joined the (Gothic) Frank league—it is thus not difficult to recognise a *Siol-Kymraig*, or tribehood of Kymry—an instance of itself forcibly illustrative as to how our monographic test applies.[3] Furthermore, however, by free admission in old Irish-Iberian legend, Ireland's early *Fir-bolg* (or men of the Belgæ) are proved to have

[1] Though we do not ourselves find it in Silius Italicus, after going over his entire poem, yet there can be no doubt but that the statement was made by some careful Roman topographer, though no such word as "greyhound"—the one used by every English writer who quotes the statement—could possibly have occurred in the original.

[2] Quoted by Colonel H. Smith, and by Logan (in his 'Scottish Gaël').

[3] If, after this cynegetic proof, any doubt were left regarding the supposed Frankish "Sicambri,"—in other classical works styled Sygambri,—it would be removed by our learning from Tacitus ('Annals') that "they had been transported out of Britain by the Roman emperor about the same time when he had infuriated the Silures (Iberian Britons) by threats of extermination." Their Cambrian nationality thus becomes indubitable.

been Kymry; in whose hands "the breed" was found under prior use when their successors (the Eirinnich themselves) arrived. One has only to glance into the Welsh Triads or the Laws of Prince Howel-Da, where battles are recorded as having taken place "about a hound," to see how noted were such in early British possession—*Belg-aich*, from *Bolg* (quiver, bag), being no other than a tribe-name locally acquired by part of the Cambrian (Cymbric) kindred; whence the Bulgarians in Turkey, notwithstanding divers recent haphazard theories about their origin, may well have been derived, and—although deer-shooting has long ended among them (as among the Welsh), so that they have now no deer nor deer-hounds whatever—still do they exhibit at least one significant token of their old nationality in using that most conspicuous musical instrument, the great full-sized bagpipes, with all its "stand" complete. Whole volumes of minute controversy, this way or that, as to Welsh having been a Celtic speech, might surely take end upon the fact that the Erse, the Gaël, and the Kymric tongues use substantially the same word for great-greyhound (deer-hound), which in the two former languages is *miol-cu*, in the latter *mil-gi*. "The appellation given to King Bruidhi," says Dr Robertson (in his 'Early Kings of Scotland'), "was *Mialchu*"—that monarch having reigned, if we recollect rightly, over Welsh tribes in North Britain. And from *greg* or *grech*, a Brito-Cambrian word not found distinctly in any other Celtic dialect, has come, as before noted, the sole feasible derivation of that unmistakable technical term "greyhound" (*Scoticé*, "grew") which now specifically characterises our great rough Highland breed. So much, too, for the strange emphasis laid throughout current antiquarian scholarship on Cæsar's idea, misconstrued by Goth-extolling theorists like Pinkerton, that the Belgæ were German in race. True, they themselves affirmed it before Cæsar. Yet who does not know how mankind at large will pretend relationship, if possible, with whatever stock may seem in the ascendant, though really alien to them, while all their own actual kindred are disowned?

One cannot but be struck with an obvious manner in which thus,

to a great extent, the original Colchians were drawn on, or aside, toward a mountain-forest situation, insulated amidst mingled inducements to pastoral, hunting, mining, as well as warlike life. Yet still more strikingly, when their migrating bodies of people went forth in tribal form to seek new abodes, did their course become likewise determined in a very marked degree. Their instinctive desire was for another home as like as possible to the old one, abundant not only in means of subsistence by shepherding or grazing pursuits, but also by those of the chase in at least an equal measure. It was said of old regarding the Gallic people, that "they surrounded whole mountains with their toils," meaning their hunters' system of strategy, so much so as to be thought by the other ancients "a similitude of war." A mountain-chain, therefore, offered for them the most natural path of departure. Such, preferably, did they still follow; and it so happens that the mountain-lines from Colchis, unless cut short against hunting—either by water, or northern cold, or southern heat —all turn westward before long. These lead, nevertheless, into the broken-up region of Asia Minor, by no means at any time celebrated for abundance in large game, with valleys often made impassable by the rivers, with a population that must have multiplied very early from previous Stone Age settlement, and with a climate where the great rough hill-greyhound would quickly become degenerate. Across the narrow straits to north-westward, as rumour soon told, or as could well be guessed by any veteran hunter, the state of matters was far different. We can see plainly, by many relevant tokens, that they went fast through ground and climate which their hunting customs rendered unsuitable, still more wherever their unique breed of dogs might thereby suffer. Obvious intervals there accordingly were, when they kept high alongside a ridge through more fertile country, until wild land opened again, only continuing their stay in some district that resembled Colchis "with its lofty Caucasian range, its abundance of free forest stock down from wolf and boar, leopard or lynx, to various kinds of deer, together with ground game and winged." This, too, the more readily and persistently when there

was any similitude to the Colchian lakes, to the old familiar hills, and to "the slopes of purple thyme mixed with goat's-bane and rhododendron, from whence much honey, producing an intoxicative drink, is made by the innumerable bees."[1] Ancient classical legend abounds in affirming what seems at first glance a mere variation in the way of mythological caprice—to wit, that in many cases old national movements had been led on or turned off by certain animals, and in such a manner that the said particular creatures were thereafter held in especial honour among those nations respectively which had acted under such guidance; nay, sometimes the beast, bird, serpent, or fish, if not actually worshipped, became the tutelary figure to be borne upon the national insignia: otherwise the tribe-name was thereby formed, the state or city was held to have been founded through that means, or the founder himself had been so delivered from some vital peril. Bees, singular to say, led Etrurian or "Milesian" Albani (Celtæ) when in doubt regarding an Irish locality to settle upon. So had "the colony of the Hirpini been conducted by a wolf,"[2] as Strabo relates and Mommsen remarks in his history of Rome, where he says *hirpus* meant a wolf; the farrowing of a white sow, says Virgil, marked out the spot where Trojan refugees decided to establish their Italian settlement; Alexander's horse, Bucephalus, being buried near the Indus, gave name to a new city there, if Plutarch be correct; one Gallic tribe will even be found to have trusted for guidance to a swarm of bees sent off purposely; a legion of Cæsar's named itself, and was thereafter formally styled, "Alauda," the lark;[3] the raven was similarly adopted as their eponymous emblem by a Gothic league; Romanised Gaul took for its national device the cock, thence called "Gallus"; while localities are too numerous to mention, among savages, where the bear or the

[1] Xenophon's Anabasis, *in loco.* Colchis and the Macrones (apparently an Albanic tribe).

[2] "The Hirpini were a Samnite people near Apulia in Italy," says Smith's Classical Dictionary. The Samnites were, like the Umbrii or Ambrones, demonstrably Celtic.

[3] "*Alauda*, a Gaulish word, the name of a legion of picked men, which Julius Cæsar raised at his own expense in Transalpine Gaul, *circa* B.C. 55."—Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

bison, the crow or some sort of reptile, is similarly favoured. And as might be expected, this is found conspicuous in several instances with regard to the domesticated canine species at large, or to some hybrid variety of it from among the wild *canidæ*,—an example of the latter being seen in modern Esquimaux practice, of the former in old Egyptian religion; nay, by the ancient Chaonians, Lycaonians, and Cynesii, this specific animal designation became synonymous with the civic human one, and a dog's figure was borne foremost on their standards to battle.

If in any case some such explicit acknowledgment would have appeared fitting, truly it was in that of Celtic migration as concerned with the one particular breed. It may be said to have reached their hands auspiciously from Nature, at its first unaccountable origin, rather than to have derived its peculiar form under their management. Throughout their joint course, wherever taken, it tended at least quite as much to shape the old federal or tribal route, and to influence the subsequent territorial choice,—also, therefore, to determine the ultimate national lot, as thereby in these respects to fix its own condition. Thus may be seen, for example, an illustration of the very reason why *Iberians* made a steady westward circuit through Africa; why, too, European *Cimbri* turned midway up into Jutland (now Denmark), followed afterwards by numerous *Albani*, and—on that region proving to end in a bleak cape instead of leading into fresh deer-ranges—why it was that both peoples successively traversed the waters of the main German Ocean toward North Britain, rather than across the narrow Straits of Dover, to a more fertile land, or back over wide Continental plains. Other very signal circumstances were due to the same companionship, which cannot without appropriate detail be even touched upon, much less be made manifest. Unblazoned, indeed—subordinate, mute, famed if at all in vernacular epos alone, while the race of their far-come possessors is decaying—the Dogs now constitute a mere stray remnant, noway apparently associated with any one historic movement more than another; handled by modern practical judgment according to hap-

hazard "manualistic" opinion, their separate fortune beyond question affording material for little better than an amateur *brochure*. But when duly joined to that of their special masters, how different, how much more important, how replete with suggestive indication on moot-points of prehistoric research, whilst fitted to show many a guiding cross-track athwart later international development, does their story appear! More entirely so have we step by step endeavoured to present it, and shall in that light still further count on the propitious reader's attention.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EARLIEST POETICAL, TRADITIONAL, AND MYTHOLOGICAL REFERENCES TO COLCHIS —AËA, ÆOLID, ÆOLIAN, ETC.—THE COLCHIAN MAINLAND—ITS GEOGRAPHICAL IDENTIFICATION AND ITS EARLIEST PEOPLES—SUPPLEMENTARY DATA FROM FOLLOWING THE TRACK OF THE ALBANI WHO BEST EXEMPLIFIED THE RACIAL TYPE —REFERENCES TO THE ALBANI IN HOMER, HESIOD, HERODOTUS, XENOPHON, ARISTOTLE, PLINY, PLUTARCH, JUSTIN—THE EARLIEST *HIGH*-ALBAN MIGRATIONS INDICATED.

O much valuable scholarship rests upon traditionary fable (as handed down by poets through standard classic literature), upon its vivid narrative interest, its wide terrestrial and celestial scope, its minute care about obscure former events—both divine and human —with the other obvious attractions it holds out, that general notice has been to no inconsiderable extent drawn off from those greatly earlier circumstances, those often likelier sources, and those almost always more exact local indications, whither, under far less ornate shape, common world-legend was beforehand referred in old Grecian mythology. A glance over any Classical dictionary would show how frequent beyond comparison is such reference by the "Pan-Hellene myths" to one particular definite quarter—namely, to "Colchis," "Aëa" (ΑΙ͂Α or Αἴα), "Kaukasos," variably so called from earliest traditional time; near or toward or within which region, as is evident, had been locally assigned all the main marvels of joint Hellene belief during the remote prehistoric era before Troy

fell,[1] before Agamemnon reigned, when kings like Ulysses actually ruled over small States like the real Ithaca—in short, when, throughout ancient Greece at large, popular tradition foreshadowed Homer's great epic poems.[2]

"Colchis" was at that period believed to be an island[3] lying close eastward from the outlet of the vast ultramundane "river Okeanos"; west whereof were spread the "Gardens of the Hesperides" with their dragon-guarded "Golden Apples"; while northeasterly sank "Tartarus, the Under-World"; and away to north stood "ever-open, the lucid Gates of the Sun."[4] To this "island" itself was referred "the deluge in time of Deucalion" as having there left the earth first dry, for "his obedience to the goddess Themis's oracle, whereby were produced the Autochthonoi" (earth-sprung people), "from whom, and from the subsequent Argonautæ, the whole Colchian nation were understood to have descended."[5] Thither was referred "Hephæstus's [Vulcan's] flight when exiled by Zeus from Olympus, to set up his submarine boreal forge (beneath the 'river Okeanos'), whereat he wrought wonders of metallurgy for the Colchian king,"[6]—a legend significantly implying how early had been the ascription, to that quarter, of plentiful ore and of consequent metallic manufacture. It was specified as the veritable

[1] "*Circa* B.C. 1184 is the calculation most generally accepted for this event."—Smith's Class. Dict.

[2] "The best authorities place Homer's date *circa* B.C. 850."—Ibid. And with respect to both the above dates, Egyptian records now confirm these estimates. See Mr R. S. Poole (Contemporary Review, 1879) on Ancient Egypt.

[3] For clear and most interesting proof of which, see 'Juventus Mundi' (by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 1869). Nor was this insular attribution altogether incorrect. *Sc. v. antea* (p. 208, chap. xi. of this monograph), where we drew attention to the circumstance that "Colchis" is in fact bi-insulated by large lakes and rivers, containing originally within it the three great subdivisional stocks of the Celtic race—viz., in Main Colchis the *Albanaich* and *Ibberich* side by side, and in Crimean or N.-W. Colchis the *Cimmerii* or *Kymry*.

[4] Homer, in 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Smith's Class. Dict. "The Hesperides," says Dr Smith, "were placed by old legend westward in the river Oceanus." So was "Trinacria (Sicily)," we are told by Mr Gladstone.

[5] Smith's Class. Dict. See also Justin's History.

[6] "Hephæstus, exiled from the high Olympian abodes, dwelt for nine years in a grotto beneath the river Oceanus, . . . where he made the brazen-footed fire-breathing bulls for Æetes, King of Colchis."—Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Hephæstus."

land "whither Jason, with Orpheus, Hercules, and other chief heroes, made the famous Argonaut voyage for the Golden Fleece belonging to Æetes, king of the country;"[1] the land where Æetes kept his "fire-breathing brazen-footed bulls fabricated for him by Vulcan;" where "Æetes's daughter Medea," too, ere "eloping thence with Jason," must have learnt her "sorcery" and concocted her "lethal poisons": and "Kirké [Circe], Homer's island witch of Aiaié," who transformed men into animals, was, it appears, "sister to King Æetes," therefore aunt to Medea.[2]

Needless mystery (through British scholarship having too closely followed German erudition) is indeed made about the notable "epithet 'Aiolos,' 'Æolid,' 'Æolian,' which," well remarks our own ablest modern Homerologist, "is certainly a key-word in Homer."[3] Since not only did "Æolus, Steward of the Winds, dwell in the island 'Aiolé,' both names being derivable from ἀΐω, to blow, as is ἄελλα, a whirlwind, and showing manifest kindred to αἴολος, particoloured or variegated," as the above-quoted high authority further suggests: but Colchis, as already said, bore the old *alias* of "Aëa"[4]—hence its king's synonym Æetes—under which title it incurred general mythic blame for weird arts, "Æaeæ artes," "Æaëa carmina,"[4] frenzied sibylline incantations (bard-songs?). Such appellatives were presumably near akin to that of "Io, daughter of Inachus" (the son of Okeanos), "from whose celebrated wanderings 'Ionia' in Asia Minor was so called; who, under shape of a heifer, crossed by the 'Cimmerian' Bosporos (ox-ford) into Cimmeria, to escape Juno's jealous rage—that peninsula being

[1] Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Hephæstus."

[2] Ibid.; and *v.* 'Juventus Mundi' (Mr Gladstone's); where, however, the identity of the "island Aiaié" and the relationship with "Medea of Colchis" seem quite ignored. Odysseus (Ulysses), it should be observed, was, according to ancient Greek tradition, a descendant of "Æolus"—hence an "Æolid."

[3] Contemp. Review, July 1876, article No. iv. of "Homerology" (by Mr Gladstone). Here this distinguished writer quotes Hahn's 'Albanesische Studien,' which presumably refer to Greek Albanian etymology, and therefore—as in the case of Lord Strangford, to be afterwards mentioned—must needs form a quite misleading outset to ethnologists who are already astray as regards *Alban* origins.

[4] Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Aëa" and "Aëaëa."

afterwards called 'Chersonesus *Taurica.*'"[1] The Muses "were styled 'Aonides,' daughters of Aon."[2] Αἰών (*Lat. ævum*), an age; *æon*, a long period, had in all likelihood a similar etymology, through frequent reference to this land's proverbially known age. "Ilion" (Troy) certainly traces back to it, for Trojans were termed by Homer and other poets "Æolian."[3] And Plutarch, recording the "Greek question," "Why were certain Bœotian woman called '*Eoliæ*'?" accounts for it by the tradition that "the Bœotians were an Eolian people."[4]

The fact is, we otherwise learn that in still well-preserved and current dialects of its old native speech (Colchian, Aëan, main-Caucasian, or Celtic, call it whatever you will) the syllable *Iòl* remains "a prefix always adding the sense of 'variegation,' 'difference, or distinct contrast of colour,' hence also of 'brightness,'" and "derivatively leading to the words *Eòl*, art, charm, knowledge, along with *eòlas*, knowing, expert,—sometimes improperly written *eòlus;*" the first-mentioned term being in the language "a synonym for *breacan*, tartan, and for *Breaghatan* or *Breatunn*, shining, embroidered, piebald, conspicuous afar."[5]

This last-cited epithet is, among Welsh philologers, held synonymous in their language with the old name, *Aëa;* and is likewise by them identified as having first taken root over the two British Islands through prehistoric—nay, pre-Homeric—Kymrian settlement, "at a period," they say, "ere ever Greece grew or Rome rose, yea, before idle Erse Ibbery [*Iberi*] began here to crowd during

[1] Smith's Class. Dict. Since *chersonesus*, a peninsula, generally had a significance in ancient times equivalent to "enclosure," "preserve," "park" (*v.* Greek Lexicon), and, among Celtæ, to "forest" in the Scotch-Highland sense, it may be inferred that the ancient Kymry or Welsh had here often followed the chase after live wild mountain-bulls—"breathing fire" indeed, and "hard-footed" enough, yet noway otherwise "brazen."

[2] Ibid. Hence, probably, the name Ionioi, a people with whom the Pelasgoi are generally identified.

[3] Ibid., and *v.* Homer's 'Iliad.' The name *Ilion* seems directly traceable from Aiolid, and so Mr Gladstone apparently infers ('Juventus Mundi,' chap. v.), though it unfortunately leads him into a most fanciful theory about Phœnician influence in Greek terminology.

[4] Plutarch's Morals, vol. ii. p. 288 (Eng. trans.; London, 1718).

[5] Macleod's Gaelic Dict., *in voc.* "Eòl," &c., pp. 273, 349.

Nebuchadnezzar's time, nor no scattered Gaëlaig Scuteach [*Albani*] had yet west-hither-wandered during the days of Alexander the Great's government over Greece; still less had upstart Goths' hordes without name—Heaven knoweth how!—got hold on stout Aëan steel from Frank Gall-Gaël,[1] first in Gallic galleys to enter bright Breatunn lawlessly for greed of goods, after the rank Roman robbers went away. The which here happened *anno Domini circa* 451." On their "Aëan iron"[2] did the Kymry in fact, practically speaking, base their right over Britain (and over at least part of Ireland too, as it appears) against forestallment by any older inhabitants; since these aborigines "were"—to quote again from the Welsh 'Triads'—"only few folk far-scattered, savage, being bone-splitters, wood-wielders, flint-shapers at furthest, unfit duly to till soil or withstand war-weapons": and nowadays the descendants of the Kymry seem to be holding (not without effect)[3] this very plea in a converse form

[1] "Gall-Gaël," strange or mixed Celtæ, a term of frequent use throughout Celtic tradition. The so-called Frankish league or confederacy has been shown—by our ethnographic test—to have included a strong Celtic element. Reference may be made to the Si-Cambria, whose "*hard-footed* swift hounds" are particularly specified by Roman cynegetists, and on whose own tribe-name—as demonstrably Kymric—we thus obtain a curious sidelight from their hunting appurtenances and dog-breeding standards.

[2] (The following special note on *metals* in relation to Aëa or Colchis and its people will be found of general value as well as apposite here.) Celtic *savants* deduce their own substantive noun *haiarn* (Gael. *iarunn*, *airneis*, *arach*) as being not only radical to the Anglo-Saxon one, "iron," but to the Latin *ferrum*, moreover to the Greek *sid-éros* (*Dor. sid-áros*). So, too, as regards other ores or metals—*e.g.*, the Greek *chalkos*, brass or bronze; *chalybs*, steel—from Colchian or Gallic people, who were the first known miners, smelters, smiths, and armourers, such as the *Chalybœi*, &c. Thus also, the Latin *stannum*, tin, from the Celtic *stain;* Latin *argentum*, silver, from Celtic *air-giod;* notably, too, from the Celtic *casse-tair*, a cheap or common ore, tin, came that old Græco-Phœnician name for our islands, "Cassiterides." *Æs*, *æris*, Latin for brass, *ahenum* for copper, *aurum* for gold, are but illustrations to the same effect, coinciding with those that show how many names and forms of weapons were taken from "Scythic" sources, both by Greece and Rome. "In Homer's time," says Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, "iron, which was so valuable that pieces of it were given as prizes, mostly came from north and east of the Euxine"—*i.e.*, from Colchis. That the name "Aëa," along with the Celtic origin, is traceable as there stated, can scarcely be doubted by those who look into the matter; yet notwithstanding we find our pro-Gothic antiquaries unanimously bent on reversing this plain etymological order—*e.g.*, deriving the Welsh *haiarn* from even Anglo-Saxon "iron"! &c., &c. And here we cannot but wonder at Professor Blackie himself, who (in his otherwise excellent work on the 'Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands') much too subserviently follows the same unreasonable line of derivation.

[3] That Ireland—in particular Connaught—was thus early taken up by *Kymry* (*Fir-*

against subsequent Norman or Saxon usurpation, whose sole title, they allege, consisted in sheer advantage of mercantile supply with the self-same warlike metal, through Phœnician and Continental Gallic aid.

Be such claims what they may, at any rate their old Asiatic ground had been long fenced in, so to speak, under (Phœnician) maritime monopoly throughout Homer's era, by supposititious exterior perils, as by a chart to warn off incipient Greek nautical enterprise from that Eldorado of primitive trade, thus completing its imagined insular form; terming its nearest broad water *Áxine* (inhospitable), *Pontos melas* (Black Lake); laying down therein "movable rocks, the *Symplegades* [nippers] or *Cyanæ* [Dog-islets], which, howling, closed on any navigator"—although "they were said to have become stationary and quiet after the Greek 'ship Argo' had passed:" falsely "marking there, in place of mere slight lacustrine whirlpools, 'Scylla and Charybdis' themselves" (from the Sicilian coast),—a horror which was "afterwards figured in Greek numismatology as a female Fury whose mermaid-like dorsal convolutions sent forth two fierce open-jawed heads of hounds."[1] Along shore, most indubitably, embryo classic fable

Bolg) from the hands of its mere stone-using aborigines, is a fact sufficiently established through native archæological research; and as regards Britain, the same fact is generally admitted. Irish antiquaries, indeed, with one consent hold back the equally clear fact of their own real *Iberian* pedigree and their almost total exclusion from anything like a true claim to "Milesian" (*i.e.*, Scotic or *high*-Alban) genealogy. Whence arise various characteristic Hibernianisms of the "Home Rule" sort. "The whirligig of time brings round its revenges." All the more desirable does it seem that ancient ethnology should be studied, and 'Juventus Mundi' be correctly described with respect to the Welsh etymology of the name Britain; however, it should be observed that a more likely origin for it is traceable to the *Iberi*, who, as Livegry (Ligures or Lig-Ir—*i.e.*, multitude of Ibberich), appear to have been really our earliest "Aryan" settlers, whence *ibridhan*.

[1] Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Scylla," "Cyanæ," "Symplegades," "Euxine," &c. A recent German ethnologist is of opinion that the first names of the Euxine, "Axenos," came from *Askenos* and *Askania*, *quasi* because thence had migrated the "Askenoi" or children of Askenaz, descended from Gomer (of the Mosaic ethnogeny), on whom the Celtic nations are probably enough fathered. These were doubtless the Seba, Esba (whence Spain), or Iberi, now known as the Basques, whom we identify with the Pelasgoi; and the suggestion agrees with our own inferences; nor is the Greek word "Axenos" unlikely to have been thence first taken up.

placed its Hell and Hades both: high above, on topmost Elbruz (Caucasus), Jove's penal affixture of Prometheus beside an ever-gnawing eagle, for his theft of divine fire to animate man whom he had formed. Elsewhere, again, deep down below some adjacent tract, beach, or Áxine gulf, lay Acheron and Orcus, Pluto's domain, "guarded [against *return*] by *Cerberus* the inveterate, the sleepless, the polycephalous or hundred-headed," into which abyss the beast-charmer Orpheus was permitted to descend, seeking his dead Eurydice, and to come up again, but alone; and into which, afterwards, their strong fellow-voyager to Colchis, Hercules, rushed to "achieve his twelfth and most difficult labour by the seizure of *Cerberus*,"—whose many heads were only "in later fable, through artistic considerations, reduced to three."[1]

The Colchian mainland, however, despite every exterior Tartarean imputation in Hellene mythology, had somehow obtained among the early Greeks a true "Aëan" fame (whether that epithet meant "variegated," "bright," "expert," or all these conjoined): possessing, as it did, circuitous terrene lines and direct waterways of communication with the outer world at large, which were quite beyond Phœnicia's power to obstruct. Thus, inwardly, its enviable attributes were numberless: up from its imaginary golden to its real mineral wealth; from its ground that "shone at times by magic," to its single spontaneous flame (which is still held sacred among Indian devotees) that "constantly burned beside the Caspian Lake;"[2] from its "trees that distilled nectar" to its "innumerable

[1] Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Cerberus," "Hercules," "Orpheus," &c. By classic fable, so called, the whole story of Orpheus was afterwards shifted to Thrace and Thessaly; which regions, however, Colchian migration will shortly be seen to have passed through, so as to explain this as well as other such transferences of legend: and the mythic companionship of Orpheus and Hercules with Jason would, in itself, justify our statement above—viz., 1st, that the famous descent into Orcus had been originally thus located; 2d, that *Cerberus* was primarily a "Colchian" monster; 3d, that "Hercules's twelfth and most difficult labour, his conquest of the grim Plutonian watch-dog" (Dr Smith), was believed throughout the earliest Greek communities to have taken place under "Colchian" soil. But for proof on that head, in connection too with Jason, see Xenophon's quaint ocular testimony.

[2] At Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian Lake,—significantly near "Cape

bees of some species, producing a certain very peculiar honey of strange virtue,"[1] and which still swarm throughout Circassia; and from its many fabulous or enchanted animals, to its once-actual "abundance of beasts the most suitable for free venatic pursuit, more especially the wild-boar," whose haunts are still numerous around Mount Elbruz[2]—doubtless because the Circassian people have now long been Mussulmans. Wild-boar renown and ardent wild-boar hunting were indeed associated *par excellence* with "Colchian" heroes in particular, by one famous Pan-Hellene myth which enables us to identify them beyond doubt,—that of "Calydon" in Greek Epirus,[3]—although the tale was told under evident unconsciousness as to whither this migratory tribe name pointed back. From among the various traits and properties thus imputed, there were in fact two above all, which early Western folk-lore would seem to have viewed as undue advantages, each no otherwise explicable than on the supposition of pristine favour shown toward these barbarians by some god: Hephæstus's great metallurgic gift, to wit, furnishing them with their singular skill at all armour-craft—and still more conspicuously what they had "doubtless obtained from Artemis herself, goddess of the chase, whom, therefore, these rude tribes chiefly worshipped." "To her they sacrificed human victims, sometimes even slaying the very priest on her altar." Nor was it to be wondered at, consequently, that "all notwithstanding, they were vagrant beyond measure, as being troubled about unlawful deeds, and whosoever of them becomes a solitary wanderer, as being more possessed than the others, and made capable of foreseeing future events, is held fittest for sacrifice to Artemis."[4] "*Skuthai*" (*Scythi*, vagrant) they had in fact been

Apcheron" (*Acheron?*): see modern accounts of this region, whose natural wonders surpass those of the Transatlantic "Marvellous country" or "Yellowstone" district.

[1] Xenophon's Anabasis; Pliny's Hist. Nat.; Ælian; Strabo, &c.; and Bell's Residence in Circassia.

[2] Bell's Residence in Circassia, vol. ii.

[3] "Calydon" in Epirus, and its connections.

[4] Strabo, Geog., bib. xi. (writing of "the *Colchian Albanoi*"), where he says also "they

opprobriously called from time immemorial;[1] whereas "Aioloi," "Æolid," "Æolian" (variegated, bright, "*Picti*") clearly rank among their many native names (being synonymous with "Albanaich," "Keltæ," and "Gaël"). But truly Grecian-like was on the other hand their epithet *Áxenoi* (inhospitable), for which, "in order to avoid omens, rather than because the people became more favourably known, there was afterwards substituted the term *Euxinoi*" (propitious to strangers).[2]

From ample superabundance of such mythic collectanea we have cited only what appear to have arisen through common Greek report, of some more or less accurate information, about the said land, in particular about its central region, the part least known by either Greeks or Phœnicians or any other outside people. It was manifestly a region by them supposed quite barbaric, impermeable, and girt with supernatural dangers; yet *there* most especially do we in fact discover good reason for such extravagant tales. The likelier-looking statements, the mere coasting beacons, "Scylla and Charybdis," "Symplegades," with other plausible "Áxine" phenomena, vanish on inquiry; whereas incredible midland ones turn out to have been based upon literal truth. So will it be found, for example,

principally adored Artemis or the Moon." *Ard* was, as we otherwise know, their word for *high—Deamhan* their word for *a spirit;* whence *Ard-Teamhanas,* high-Themis (*cf.* Themis as having given the oracle to Deucalion, before-mentioned). A form of lunar worship was doubtless always too closely connected with "creaghs" or forays and cattle-lifting raids against their kindred Iberic neighbours in Elbruzzian Colchis, and was long afterwards implied in that well-known Highland phrase for the moon, "Lochiel's lamp."

[1] "First used among authors," says Dr Smith, "by Hesiod" (Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Scythi")—*i.e.*, shortly after Homer's time, or say *circa* B.C. 850. The old Roman name for these Caucasian tribes was *Scythi.* The "Father of History," Herodotus (*circa* B.C. 460), distinctly though indirectly applies it to them. To distinguish them later on, under the Roman empire, they were called "*Scythi intra (montem) Imaum*"; while contemporaneously therewith, the vague phrase for nomadic hordes roaming at large beyond, over North-eastern Asia, was "*Scythi extra Imaum.*" Strabo (Geog., b. i.) uses the topographic names "Skuthiké" and "Keltiké" as mutually convertible in reference to Caucasia—"Σκυθική, ἡ δὲ Κελτική"—when writing especially of Colchis as a whole. At the same time, it is evident neither the Greeks nor the Romans had any clear knowledge as to the true genealogical identity in question. But these and other similar facts have been altogether ignored by our modern Teutonists in ethnological inquiry.

[2] Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Euxine," &c.

regarding "Vulcan's forge," his "undue metallurgic favour," "Diana's great gift," "Meleager's mighty boar-chase along with Hercules," nay, moreover, even "hundred-headed *Cerberus*." *How* it could occur that any relative knowledge had thus early spread south-westward into Peloponnesus seems a question of no little interest. One odd minor trait in our foregoing catalogue — namely, the Colchian people's general bee-keeping habit, "their barbaric favour toward innumerable bees, whose honey had a certain demoniac virtue"—our own northern bard-lore corroborates by ascribing it (at a time in all likelihood earlier than Homer's era) "to ancient sunward [*i.e.*, Eastern] Alba the wisdom of bees, and the bringing of them and their guidance, and of deep bee-augury;" [1] which, too, in so far at least as concerns the local circumstance of apiarian predilection and science around Mount Elbruz, modern travel curiously verifies.[2] And whether or not classic authors had this in view when terming Caucasian Scythia a "hive of nations," [3] the metaphor was peculiarly appropriate. Innumerable data tend to show how soon, by its circumjacent abundance of wild animal life, Mount Elbruz must have attracted primitive hunters,—how deeply they must have been impressed when, perhaps, fresh off some mere hill-range of Chaldæa, by seeing its great altitude and its upper snow disclosed together through superincumbent cloud,[4]—how early, under just

[1] Relevant not only to the Etruscan and Roman "Albani," but to those foreign colonists in Erin (Ireland), from south-western Europe, who, in choosing a place of advantageous settlement, were guided by a swarm of hive-bees which they had set free for the purpose, and thus fixed their stronghold at Clonmel—*cluin-mealla*, the field or range of honey. Legend of Clonmel, in Irish bardic annals.

[2] Bell's Residence in Circassia, vol. i. Mr Bell was particularly struck with this trait among the habits of modern Circassian life around Mount Elbruz. "In one place I was shown," he says, "a bee-yard in an oval space securely hurdled round, containing no less than sixty-seven hives. . . . The honey is taken without destroying the bees." As to "boars, they are frequently seen as big as a calf." "*Kistvæns*, or ancient tombs like those found in Scotland, exist in various places." "The native music I could compare to nothing more aptly than to Scotch 'lilts'" (vol. i. p. 54, &c.) He tells us that the Circassians expressly claim collateral descent from the same stock as "the Albanians" (of Greece?), by a special tradition.

[3] "*Alveare gentium*"—"ἡ κυψέλη τῶν ἐθνῶν." See classical authorship regarding Caucasus, *passim*.

[4] The meaning of its terminal syllable *ruz* is obscure enough; yet some light may be

some such vivid, conjunct impression, its old appellation "Alb" must have originated.[1] Rude, monosyllabic, Babel-like if you will, signifying "White-height" conjointly, this is, beyond all reasonable doubt, what Elbruz had been called by those aboriginal settlers, who, multiplying around it, founded there the numerous race that were ever afterwards traceable as *Alb-an-Aich.* That name (see detailed proof in a former chapter) meant literally "White-height-people,"—was natively (*not* through Latin translation) equivalent to *Geal-te-aich* or *Gaël-daoine,* men-of-the-high-bright-land (whence the confused Greek appellatives "Keltæ," "Galatæ," "Kalydon," &c., with the corresponding Roman terms),—and steadily continued to be their great generic autonym, irrespectively of every subdivisional or interfederal or mere tribal change arising from migration, which so perplexed the classic world. Who, truly, does not see—on one hand in the Latin adjective *albus* (white) with its derivatives, on another side in our off-hand geographical Alp-nomenclature (*e.g.,* "Alpine," "Apennine," "Abruzzi," "Lebanon," &c.[2])—a *divided* modern use of

cast on it by a suggestion of Colonel Hamilton Smith's, made with a different reference. He says: "*Uri* signifies, in certain Polynesian dialects, one that rises suddenly, an animal of the chase, also a dog." Now, we find *Elb-urz* to be a very widely prevalent form of the designation applied to mid-Caucasus by surrounding oriental nations, among whom "Ur"—as in the old name "Hyrcania" (for "Colchis")—appears to denote a forest beast, whence *ursus,* a bear, *urus* ("*vocab. Gall.,*" says Ainsworth's Dictionary), a mountain-bull or buffalo. Might there not have been thus signalised, accordingly, some notable "cynegetic" guidance or "venatic" attraction which had led primitive hunting people toward Mount Elb-urz at a time too ancient to have otherwise allowed of any record? In such case the entire epithet would mean "White-Height-of-Game" (*i.e.,* of abundant wild animals for the chase). "Colchis," if not from *Colgchu-is* (Celt.), suitable for keen-hounds, is, indeed, manifestly derived from *col* (Celt.), a barrier or ridge, and *caise* (Celt.), very steep. "Caucasus," says Pliny (Nat. Hist., lib. vi. c. 19), "was called by the Scythians themselves Graucasis, which meant 'white with snow.'"

[1] As an example of how much better it might be for even advanced modern geography to take in correct ethnographic considerations, we note the following: Dr A. Keith Johnston's 'Physical Atlas,' doubtless a most scientific work, gives correctly enough "Mount Elbruz, north, &c., of the Black Sea," but actually thence proceeds to lay down a mountain-chain extending southward of the Caspian toward "the Hindoo *Koosh*" (Caucasus of India) as "El Burs," *quasi* being some Arabic or otherwise Semitic oriental title! Dr Keith Johnston's ethnographic *libretto* to the maps, whilst exceedingly intelligent as a whole, is yet throughout vitiated on all points connected with Celtic origin by the prevalent pro-Gothic delusions which John Pinkerton advocated.

[2] "Lebanon," anciently Elbanon; *v.* old maps.

the twofold sense which was inseparably united in that brief Celtic root-name, *Alb?* Can there really be any doubt about Mount Elbruz having been identical with "Aëa" ("variegated," "bright," "conspicuous afar"),[1] and its "Albani" with the mythic "Aioloi," "Æolidæ," "Æolians," "Picti" of Roman and Anglo-Saxon literature? So obvious a key to manifold ethnological entanglement why have erudite Goths left unapplied? Strange, surely, their entire neglect of it! Even when examining Strabo, Ptolemy, Pliny, Cæsar, Tacitus, or other similar sources of information, do they not persist in holding Scythian Caucasus to have been—if, indeed, a "hive of nations," yet a joint or promiscuous one, of many various races that were alien to each other (as if "a hive" were ever known to breed heterogeneous swarms together!); the "Albani" to have been a mere single tribe;[2] the "Cimmerii" another such (probably quite distinct); and the "Iberi" unquestionably no way nearer akin to these two than in having also descended from Adam? Then, again, the common relationship to Adam has not modern palæolithosophy now taken altogether away? Did not Mr Freeman,[3] in his own way, tell us how Professor Max Müller has "smiled at the idea of any such relic as a Celtic skull,"—and signify his own agreement with those who (like the late accomplished Lord Strangford) "deny that any

[1] Mr Bell's last glimpse of the Caucasus ('Residence in Circassia,' vol. ii.) is well worth quoting here: "Shortly before sunset," when he was afloat on the Black Sea, after leaving the country, "the clouds were suddenly removed" from the higher Caucasian range, "and the magnificent spectacle was vouchsafed to me of Elbrûz, 'giant of the eastern star,' seated aloft amid his courtier-mountains, whose silvery robes glittered gorgeously in the golden beams of the evening. . . . These most picturesque mountains reduced to insignificance those behind Gaghra, which I had been accustomed to look on as lofty. But it was only a brief *forget-me-not* glimpse, when they were again enshrouded in vapour." Elbruz is 18,493 feet high; Mont Blanc, 15,810 feet: see Dr A. Keith Johnston's Atlas.

[2] A very great deal of that loose and incoherent statement passes current about the "'Albani' of Pliny, Tacitus, Strabo," &c.—*e.g.*, take the following, from the popular work 'All Round the World, an Illustrated Record,' &c., edited by W. F. Ainsworth, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., &c.; London, 1861: "Later writers have, with greater common-sense, been satisfied with looking on them as a Scythian people, akin to the Massagetæ, and identical with the Alani of the Steppes; but there are some who still dispute whether they were, or not, original inhabitants of the Caucasus"—true enough, but without any definite identification whatsoever.

[3] Contemp. Review, 1877, "On Race and Racial Sympathy," by Edward A. Freeman, author of a 'History of the Norman Conquest,' &c., and a strong "pro-Gothist."

such entity as race—pure, proper, or characteristically true—exists or ever existed," still less what has so often been spoken of as "the Celtic race"? But apart from our well-known Gothic-Anglian proneness to pooh-pooh the "irrepressible Celt,"—apart, too, from the still graver questions just now referred to,—is it not amply apparent how (as aforesaid at the outset of our present chapter) "so much valuable scholarship rests upon traditionary fable, . . . that general notice has been to no inconsiderable extent drawn off from" indications of genuine belief which existed at a far earlier era, and whose intrinsic importance is vastly greater?

Fortunately, however, traditional and etymological indications can be well supplemented by other data. In previous chapters we did so, when identifying the migratory route of the "Iberi" and that of the "Cimmerii," and shall now do likewise with regard to the "Albani," on whose track occur peculiar circumstances—circumstances not only available above all for our object, but, moreover, of a nature possessing historic interest to a large degree. This great Tribehood is known to have remained numerous in mid-Caucasia until after the fall of Rome; whenceforward, excepting a vague literary reference or two from Constantinople, medieval oblivion wholly envelops them as regards their native seat. Backward-pointing evidence distinctly shows how it was *they* who had first founded the race, and had done so *there*,—they who had, at the same time, kept closest round the pristine centre, had firmliest held its special mountain-ranges, had longest multiplied throughout its familiar valleys (in a degree that at length excited Imperial Roman jealousy [1]); the parent stock continuing to cling, hive-like, about the vast White-height that had given rise to their entire national existence; exterior world-ward movement being compulsory on the younger swarms alone, whose new range had to be sought farther along, in whatever free direction the mountain-chain

[1] Strabo (Geog., bib. xi.) says, regarding the "Colchian Albanoi," that "they consisted of twenty-six different States, each having its own language." He wrote under the Empire, *circa* B.C. 20 to A.D. 20; being born in "Pontus," near the Caucasian region.

might lead mountaineering requirements. Why it was that this eldest or most central Celtic stock had *last* begun to migrate is intelligible accordingly; and how the kindred "Iberi" and "Cimmerii" were heard of far off, almost ere any "Albani"[1] were thought to have left Mount Elbruz. Hence *they*—of the three great subdivisional stocks or branches into which the Celtic RACE was (according to adequate proof) *exhaustively* distributed—would appear to have best exemplified the great racial type; and, therefore, when traces of *its* most distinctive accessory accompaniments appear—or *vice versâ* are required—as helpful criteria for deciding about its alleged or denied part in prehistoric affairs, such a test may be expected to apply with surest effect as concerns specially Alban vestiges. No little intertribal ambiguity, in fact, arose among migrated Celtæ with respect to the high Albanic home-title, so much venerated by them all, if only because this among their countless outland designations was the true ancestral one. Wherefore, as concerns the Tribehood explicitly claiming that honour, who moreover left geographical proof of the claim, and whose chief movements we have still in view to elucidate, let us here, wherever necessary for due discrimination, call them *high*-Alban.

Regarding their actual continuance, their character, manners, and social state, as seen on the old Caucasian ground during the early historic period, ancient authorship has unconsciously left some graphic records, of which the following are a few, subjoined with a view to the information of those who may appreciate illustrative and confirmatory details.

Of Homer nothing further need at present be pointed out except

[1] It is proper to mark here the right accentuation (*Latiné*, the "quantity") of these ethnonyms, "Albăni," "Iběri," and "Kimmĕri"—which, according to an apparent classic mistake, seem generally pronounced as if the second syllable were *long*. With regard to Greek mention of the first-named great Tribehood, Homer seems to have only known them as "Æolioi," whilst later Hellene tradition appears to have sunk their favourite "Alban" autonym beneath other self-adopted titles—*e.g.*, "Æolidæ," "Heraclidæ," "Achæoi," "Danaoi," "Agathyrsi," &c.; whereas Latin genealogy brought up their original native designation into classic use, Virgil being foremost to celebrate it, in connection with Rome's own Trojan antecedents.

—for continuity's sake—his poetical *sobriquet* "Mæonides" (which had evident reference to his birthplace as having been in "Mæonia" —*i.e.*, Lydia, of Asia Minor [1]); also his understood date, *circa* B.C. 850: both these facts taken in connection with the circumstance that he expressly mentions the "Cimmerii," whose westward movements are known to have begun before his time, and to have then traversed Greece toward Northern Europe. A century later, Hesiod (*circa* B.C. 735)—born in Greek Bœotia, where "Æolian" descent was proverbially attributed to the population—is found "first using the name 'Skuthai,'" "apparently in reference to tribes near the Carpathian mountains of Europe, formerly called 'Alpes Bastarnicae,' which bound [Austrian] Gallicia." [2] "*Skuthai* had thence driven out earlier-arrived Kimmerioi," afterwards wrote the "Father of History," Herodotus (*circa* B.C. 450), "and were themselves, I think," says he, "of Asiatic origin." [3] Herodotus cannot, at any rate, be charged with having gone upon vague accounts of the great Tribehood we are here concerned with, so far as regards their native ground. He had himself visited it, and, calling them by eminence "*hoi Kolchikoi*," enters with no ordinary minuteness into description of them thus: "They seem to me to derive their extraction from Egypt, partly because I was so informed by the priests there, but much more because of likeness to the Egyptians in corporeal appearance and in various customs, whereof one in particular—to wit, circumcision—was in turn imparted by them to their neighbours the Makrones; and still more especially from the manner in which they worked their linen thread." [4] "The Colchian linen," he also says

[1] "Mæonides, *quasi* being son of Mæon" (Dr Smith)—but this is clearly a mere imaginary eponymous filiation, his birth having been at all events pretty distinctly traced to Lydia, which, from being Colchian (*i.e.*, Celtic) as to population, was called Mæonia *Mainé*, Celtic for a level country (hence its winding stream, the Meander). *N.B.*—Etruria was also called (see Virgil) "Mæonia," "because the Etruscans were said to be descended from the Lydians" (Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Mæonia").

[2] Smith's Class. Dict.

[3] Herod. Hist., bib. iv., "Melpomene," where the Scythians are described at large.

[4] Ibid., bib. ii., "Euterpe," and bib. i., "Clio." This idea about their Egyptian extraction was apparently—as before remarked—a mere *bouleversement* of actual links between Colchians and Egyptians, due to the ingenuity of his priestly informants, who also endeavoured

elsewhere, "is called by the Egyptians 'Sardonian,'"—a most interesting fact in view of recent speculations about the latter term among Egyptian records.[1] His attentive ocular observation comes out still more remarkably afterwards, in describing Xerxes' great invasive march against Greece, B.C. 480: "Next followed *hoi Kolchoi*, having wooden helmets, bucklers made of hides untanned, short lances, sharp swords; . . . next went *Kaspioi*, clad in goat-skins, each armed with a scymetar[2] and a bow, having for their commander Ariomardus, the brother of Artyphius;[3] . . . *Hyrkanoi*, . . . *Skúthai* or *Sákai*, . . . *Makrones*, led by Artayctes,[3] governor of Sestos beside the bridge of boats; . . . *Kalydnioi* (naval forces) under Queen Artemisia."[4] Along with all which must be included, for reasons that will subsequently appear good, his "*Phryges*, who, as the Makedones say, were formerly called *Briges;*" moreover, even some of his "*Medai*, anciently by all nations called *Ar-iai*" (dwell-

to palm off upon him a story about "Sesostris's army having subdued Scythia, and thus left descendants in Colchis." The reality seems to have lain in what we before pointed out—viz., that the celebrated *Hyksos* or shepherd-king conquerors of Egypt were Celto-Iberic (*v.* chap. xi. of this monograph)—a conclusion borne out by recent Egyptian discoveries.

[1] See Mr Reginald Stuart Poole's papers in the 'Contemp. Review,' 1879 *et seq.* "The finds at Mycenæ," "Ancient Egypt" (a series), where "the Sardones," identified with the people who colonised Sardinia, and who occupied part of Syria, are enumerated among the ancient confederate invaders of Egypt, along with the *Akaiuasha* (*Achæi* or Greeks) and the Libyans (doubtless *Iberi*, Berbers, *Hyksos*), at a period so early that Grecian civilisation was as yet unheard of, *circa* B.C. 1500; see also Dr Birch's 'Records of the Past' (Egypt). Herodotus's statement seems to have been overlooked by these inquirers. Mr R. S. Poole says, "In the Akaiuasha, Dr Brugsch has recognised Colchian Achæans."

[2] "Scymetar"—so translates the English Oxford version (the Greek word being ἀκινάκεας), and not improperly, seeing that "the Persian sword" (ἀκινάκης) was apparently called "scymetar," from being used by *Skuthai* or Scyths, just as most probably was our own word "scythe."

[3] As regards such titles, it seems enough to point out that *Ard*, high, was the ancient Celtic phrase for a chieftain of eminence. "Hyrcania," as afterwards shown, was a classic synonym for Colchis or Aëa at large. The quotations are from Herod. Hist., bib. vii., "Polymnia."

[4] "Kalydnioi"—islanders of Caria, in whose name we cannot but recognise the favourite *high*-Alban autonym, *Gaël-daoine*, or "men-of-the-bright-land" (*i.e.*, of *Alb* or Elbruz). "Artemisia"—queen of Caria, in whose name (*quasi* "favoured by Artemis" or Diana) we have not only a clearly Celtic word, but one that apparently implied keen hunting pursuits along with her naval skill, since "Ard-Teamhanas" was chief deity of the Colchian *Albanaich*, as before shown.

ing as they did in Armenia—*i.e.*, *Ard-Mainé* or the High Plain), "but who, as they say themselves, changed their name when Medea of Colchis came from Athens into their country;" lastly, his "*Æolioi* with galleys, who, as the Greeks say, were of old called *Pelasgoi Aigalëes*" (*qu.* Gaël or Albani of *Aëa?*), and his "*Mæonioi Kabeliai*" (*qu.* Kabyles, Berbers, Lybian *Iberi?*). Light is thrown on this catalogue by Pliny,[1] long afterwards, when he specifies in his list of tribes dwelling around the Caspian Lake, "*Gaëli*, by Greek writers called *Cadusii*"; whilst, on turning back (to c. 15, lib. vi.), we find him stating that "Cadusia was beside [Caspian] Albania," and also saying (c. 20, lib. vi.), "Among the better-known people 'neath Mons Caucasus, which the *Scythi* call 'Graucosis,' meaning 'white with snow,' are *Essedones* . . . and *Edones*."[2]

In Xenophon's account of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks," under his own personal command after Cyrus the Younger's premature death in Chaldæa (B.C. 401—*i.e.*, about sixty years later than Herodotus wrote), we are furnished with some curiously apposite particulars that were observed by himself during the upward march from Armenia past the Colchian country. "There," he says, "the most warlike people of all we passed through were the Chalybes,[3] who subsisted chiefly by working in iron; they wore linen cuirasses reaching down to the groin, and, instead of skirts, thick cords twisted; . . . whose allies, the Mossynækoi, were clothed in short thick tunics that did not reach to their knees, having for weapons long iron battle-axes and spears; . . . close by whom were the Skuthini; . . . next again were the Makrones. So mountainous and hollow was

[1] Plin. Hist. Nat., lib. vi. c. 321. "This district," remarks an English annotator, "probably corresponds to the modern *Gïlan*."

[2] Note the terms "*Edones, Mak-Edones*," and the prefix *Mak* in classic antiquity. That there were also, among these same tribes, "Achæi" and "Danai" or "Daoni," we learn from Strabo, Ptolemy, and others. *Daunia* was latterly a part of Italian Apulia, where *high*-Alban tribes settled.

[3] Notable chiefly through the absurd etymological inversion of deriving their tribe-name from *chalybs*, steel, when all rational evidence is to the effect that steel was in fact so called because they manufactured it. Nothing was more characteristic of Celts everywhere than their predilection for, and proficiency in, smith-craft through all its branches.

the country there," says this close and truly graphic observer, "that the inhabitants could be heard calling out overhead from one town to another. . . . These people, after no slight hostility on their part, became friendly through the intervention of one of our peltasts [light-armed soldiers], who recognised their language, adding, 'I think that this is my own country!' For, as it proved, he had been thence brought when young, under servitude, to Athens. Whereupon mutual pledges of amity were exchanged, both parties calling the gods to witness." Here Xenophon noted various facts that need but be glanced at to show how closely these Asiatic tribes resembled our own Gaël in far-northern "Albyn." When he brought his retreating force to that ever-memorable "hill, the name of which was Theches, our men in front having climbed to look, a great shout arose from them of '*Thalassa! Thalassa!*' ('the sea! the sea!')—and suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, stones were brought and a large mound raised, whereon spoils taken from the enemy were laid, while the (native) guide himself hacked the shields in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do likewise;" in other words, a "cairn" was piled. The sea was, of course, the Euxine (Black Sea), and when the Greeks reached the harbour of Trapezus (Trebizond), still within Colchian territory, vessels for their immediate departure were provided; whilst during the seaward march, wherever streams had to be crossed, native aid was most prompt in supplying, if not indeed putting together off-hand, "skin-sheathed boats for our transport, and, moreover, temporary flat structures of boughs and reeds, whereby, in successive detachments, our baggage, our horses, and other animals were safely conveyed over,"—thus well exemplifying, what must often have been of old on a larger scale, migratory Colchian procedure toward attractive trans-aqueous ground. Near harbour, "their men assisted with zeal at our military gymnastic games, which were then sacrificially celebrated, amidst great shouting, laughter, and applause from those people"—in short, very much as is nowadays done in the north; "and they chose for arbiter a Spartan named Dracontius, who had become an exile from his country when a boy, . . . who, when

our soldiers objected to the rough ground for wrestling, said, 'He that falls will suffer the more!'" Of the Makrones he remarks: "They were, as I saw, very fair in complexion, and they showed some boys, sons of the richer sort of their people, exceedingly soft-skinned and xanthous, but painted also on their backs with various tints, and with imitation of flowers all over their fore-part." They were, therefore, whatever may be deduced from the fact, beyond question "Aioloi," "Picti" (*Græcé* "Chromatikoi," *Gaëlicé* "Pigheaich").[1] Lastly, the peculiar *high*-Alban habit of bee-keeping did not fail to make itself obvious—being, in fact, forced upon Xenophon's notice in a way that was somewhat unpleasant to him in his capacity as principal Greek commander. It was on high ground, toward the Elbruzzian mountain-country on their right hand, with which their entire march had little to do, that some specially "Colchian" inhabitants showed hostile designs, and "one of their villages, full of provisions," but deserted by the enemy, fell into the hands of the Greeks for plunder. The circumstance "had like to have been most disastrous to us, . . . for amongst the spoil was a quantity of honeycomb, of which all our soldiers that ate . . . were like men greatly intoxicated, and such as had eaten much became as madmen, . . . whilst many lay upon the ground in consequence, as if there had been a defeat."[2] Herein might perhaps be supposed an express classic confirmation of an old charge brought against the northern (Albanic) "Picts"—in particular through legends among their (Iro-) Iberic kindred—to the effect that the said upper tribes were marked by some innate gift or bent for producing intoxicant diet wherever they went, with or

[1] Interchangeable—perhaps chiefly among foreigners and among rival Celtæ—with *Pikearan*, pikemen, or pickaxe-men, miners, as well as with *pioghaidean*, magpies; whence, doubtless, much of the widespread ambiguity about "the Picts" (called *Cruithné*, wheat-eaters, because their pickaxes were latterly often applied to agriculture).

[2] "That there was honey in those parts with intoxicating qualities was well known to antiquity, . . . owing to the herbs to which the bees resorted,—partly to the flower of a plant called *ægolethion*, or goat's-bane, partly to that of a species of rhododendron and of hellebore. See Pliny, H. N., xxi. 44; also Dioscorides (the physician), Strabo, Ælian, Procopius. In modern time, Tournefort's Journey." From a note to Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' *in loco*, by Schneider.

without any peculiar local aid, and—what was always much worse in Iberian opinion—that they were unwilling to impart the secret; which, indeed, as the Irish tradition runs, "the very last 'Pict'" (under Iberic attempts to force it from him by torture) "died without disclosing."[1] Xenophon, however, states concerning tribes lower down—where his localities clearly point to *Iberian* population—that they "were in the habit of" distilling an actual "barley-wine, too strong for Greeks to drink undiluted." It is much rather for its curious ethnographic bearing, as even distinctive between tribehoods of the same generic race, and hence not without subsequent use for this object, that we have cited his evidence on the apiarian point. His almost total silence about Colchian "venatics"[2]—a matter on which we would fain have had some definite practical remarks from the best "cynegetist" of ancient times"—is the more observable because he frequently alludes to abundance of large game. It may be accounted for from the fact that his route lay considerably southward of the main Elbruzzine district; which at the same time explains how it was that the "Ten Thousand" passed without destructive attack from a people who, not very much later, evidently baffled Alexander the Great himself, and who likewise, when Imperial Rome, under Pompey, afterwards made an invasive movement in that direction, can be well seen to have held their ground victoriously. There is, however, a statement made by him before departure from the country, which, under another aspect, quite compensates for any loss through his having necessarily failed to witness or to join at a

[1] That the "Picts" were genealogically and otherwise distinct from the "Scots," and became extinct, was a favourite Iberic allegation, one which the Irish seanachies handed over to Scottish ecclesiastics—which, after being industriously rehabilitated by John Pinkerton, the Scotch antiquary, and innocently propagated by others, has been shown by genuine Scottish scholarship to be absurd.

[2] It is remarked of his 'Cynegetikos'—by Arrian, who wrote as the "Younger Xenophon"—that "Xenophon's omissions about hunting were not caused by any negligence on his part, but through his being unacquainted with the Keltic breed of dogs, and with the Scythian and Libyan breeds of horses."—Arrian "On Hunting." Xenophon, however, praises what he calls "the Indian dogs" as best for deer and boar; and by "Indian" it seems unquestionable (as we before pointed out) that he meant those from Asiatic Caucasus, of which he had probably seen none that were pure-bred.

high-Alban boar-hunt. But while they coasted across the "Euxine Lake" (Black Sea) toward Thrace—Xenophon being then superseded in command—"they saw," he says, first "the Beach of Jason, where the Argo is said to have been moored, . . . and," after arriving "at Heraclea,[1] . . . came to anchor near the Acherusian peninsula, where Hercules is said to have gone down to bring up the dog Cerberus, and where they now show marks of his descent to the depth of more than two stadia."[2]

It is here needless to do more than remind the reader of Aristotle's supposed zoological prodigy, those tigrine-canine hybrids, "*hoi Indikoi*," provisionally noted by him (*circa* B.C. 320) as bred "among certain oriental hunter tribes," and by us, with apparent likelihood, as having been rumoured beforehand through Alexander's army while bound homeward on its victorious march, near this very same quarter. Nor need any item be repeated from that much later extravagant story told by Pliny and other classic naturalists (A.D. 50–250) with reference to some spectacular Eastern display actually made before Alexander, wherein those "two Albanic dogs that were one after another presented to him by the 'King of Albania,'" when singly tried, each overcame the most terrible antagonist that Alexander could produce from his oriental collection of savage beasts. Yet we cannot omit what Plutarch relates with a similar reference. "Alexander the Great," says the latter, "went with the flower of his army, after vanquishing Darius, into Hyrcania, where he took a view of the Caspian Lake, which appeared to him scarce less than the Euxine (Black Sea), while its water was of a sweeter taste. . . . The barbarians here fell suddenly upon a party who were leading his horse, Bucephalus, and took him, which provoked the king so much that he sent a herald to threaten them and their wives and

[1] Now *Harakli*, on the mid-southern coast of the Black Sea—formerly Bithynia, part of "Pontus," and on ground thoroughly populated by a "Colchian" race. But—as mentioned in a previous note—there is a Cape Apcheron in the Caspian Lake itself, sufficiently indicating how the *Cerberus* legend had travelled westward from Elb-ruz.

[2] "Two stadia," about a quarter of a mile. The above quotations from the 'Anabasis' are taken from bibb. iv. to vi.

children with extermination if they did not restore the horse; but upon their bringing it back he treated them with great clemency, paying a considerable sum by way of ransom to those that took the horse. . . . On his return, when near Babylon, he engaged much in hunting, and on one occasion killed a fierce lion, . . . for which he was complimented by the Lacedæmonian ambassador who waited upon him. His friend Craterus, who had taken part in that adventure, got a suitable hunting-piece represented in bronze, and consecrated it in the Temple at Delphi; therein were the lion, the dogs, the king fighting with the lion, and Craterus himself making up to the king's assistance." "King Alexander," says elsewhere this lively biographer, whose own zoological turn thus appears conspicuous, "possessed a favourite hound (*κύνα ποδαρκέα θηρευτικὸν*) called *Peritas*, which he had brought up, and was very fond of, and which, it dying before himself, he buried with extraordinary honours."[1] Whether or not Pliny's well-known story had arisen in connection with these circumstances, matters little. They at all events point to the same localities—whither, at the time when such anecdotes first attracted notice, Republican Rome was indeed turning her curiosity with a view to grasp what Alexander had thus left free. Her early Imperial annalists furnish a minute though most inflated narrative concerning Pompey the Great (B.C. 62) on his Caucasian expedition, when, "after defeating the Parthian monarch, Mithridates, he marched," say they, "against that despot's barbarian allies, the Iberi and Albani, . . . from the former of whom, in his front, he turned to chastise a revolt of the latter, behind him; . . . he engaged in single combat with their most valiant chief, Cosis; . . . he out-manœuvred their shrewd king, Crœses; . . . but in an attempt to reach Hyrcania by the shores of the Caspian Lake, his army was so much annoyed by venomous reptiles that he changed his purpose."[2] This was the celebrated occasion on which the "Albanians greeted the soldiers of Pompey

[1] Plutarch's "Alexander," in detached passages.

[2] Justin's History, xlii. 3.

as their brethren, on the ground that they were descended from companions of Hercules, who had followed him out of Italy when he drove off the oxen of Geryon, that were guarded by the two-headed dog *Orthus*, from the island of Erythiua"[1] (the red island); an incident very significantly akin to that which is recorded by Plutarch and others regarding the *Cimbri* in their Italian campaign against Marius, when, in answer to the Cimbric war-cry, a similar shout of "*Ambrones! Ambrones!*" arose from Latin legionaries amidst the Roman army.[2] Thenceforward, at any rate, except in such anecdotes by cynegetists and naturalists as have been here alluded to, classical record lets these troublesome Scythians or Hyrcanians alone, under the general title of "subjects of the Pontic Province."

But long before Pompey and Alexander and Xenophon,—long before even Herodotus—before Homer himself, and before the Trojan war and the Odyssean myths which Homer celebrates,—nay, at some period far anterior to those very beginnings of Greek nationality which began to be moulded into form around Troy,—*high*-Alban migrations had beyond all doubt already passed by, westward into further Europe, although it becomes evident that they had been for a considerable period preceded by the two other stocks of their race. Their principal if not their very first wayside resting-place in this direction clearly was ancient Epirus, that district of mountain-chains leading across upper Greece from Chalcidicé at the head of the wide Ægean Gulf, and coming down upon the Adriatic coast in precipitous headlands which look over toward Italy. Corresponding in great part with the region modernly known as Albania, it is a country of mountains—doubtless once abundant in wild game,—chief among them being far-famed Pindus (*Ben-dhu-is?*); the principal town is still Scutari or Scodra, bordered by steep hills, near lakes; thence issues "a small river, which disappears underground for some miles, then

[1] Justin's History. Also Tacitus, Ann. vi. 34. As is evident from previous data, the Albani had either mistaken their own origin, or were trifling with the Romans—who were, in fact, themselves descended from migrated Albani of Colchis.

[2] *V. antea*, in the account of the Cimbrian migrations, as ethnographically traced: hence it does not follow that the Ligurioi were Ambrii.

is seen rising into a marsh, and has by De Pouqueville been identified with the classical Acheron—nay, he has also found out an 'Avernus' to receive his infernal stream, the lake [marsh ?] being his 'Acherusian Lake.'"[1] Here—to say nothing more about their "Tartarean" and "Acheronian" antecedents in their Colchian birth-land, already adverted to—"Avernus" points decidedly forward to that well-known Gallic people, the Averni or Arverni — latterly inhabiting French Auvergne—whom the Republican Roman Senate treated so ill "under their irritation at the Arvernian ambassador having come to Rome with his bard, his train of feudal [?] dependants, and his pack [?] of hounds."[2] The Scottish Highlanders, as we learn from Dr Hill Burton's History of Scotland[3] and from Tytler's,[3] were sometimes called in old State documents "Lavernani." Still more noticeably, from this Albanian hill-range, somewhat farther south, the river Celydnus (now Argyro-Castyo) flows to the Adriatic; beside its banks stood "that ancient city 'Kalydon, in the land of the Curetes,' which was said to have been built by Ætolus and his son Calydon, and around which the obscure heroic ages concentred no little renown."[4] Up its neighbouring mountains extended the vaguely-

[1] Sir John Cam Hobhouse's 'Journey through Albania,' &c., published 1813.

[2] Dr Arnold, "Dissertation on the Gauls," 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.'

[3] In notes, without explanation. Similarly it should be recollected how "the war-cry of the Scottish army at the battle of the Standard was *'Albany! Albany!'* to which the English retorted *'Yry! Yry!'* as a term of great reproach."—Skene, &c.

[4] Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Meleager," &c. Here the name "Calydon," ascribed indifferently to a district, a town, a person, represents a plain ethnographic fact. Any philologist, indeed, might see how wrongly it was thus used in the myths, as if ever borne by an individual man, still less by a locality; for *Gaël-daoiné* denoted solely the particular people whose favourite autonym it was. Yet the myths, in so speaking, did not commit a grosser solecism than is stereotyped in our modern *quasi*-poetical phrase "Caledonia" as the name of a kingdom or country. It will be seen afterwards that this connection traces right on into Italy; since Italian Apulia (*Alb-puladh*, qu. *Gaëlicé pulag*, a pedestal, pillar, or stronghold) became "*Calydonia regna*, because Diomedes, grandson of Œneus, afterwards obtained Apulia as his kingdom," says Dr Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Calydon." And from *curetes*, or hunters, we may well derive the family called "Curiatii" at Rome, also "Quirites," the special name of the first Roman burghers, rather than from *quiris*, a spear, as is suggested by Mommsen and others. As for "Ætolus" and "Ætolian," there is clear ground for regarding these appellatives as variations of the Æolian ones already traced from Aëa or Colchis—the Ionian Greeks having apparently inserted a *t* in the middle of the name, whether for euphony or from some of those dialects.

famous "Calydonia Sylva" (Caledonian Forest), where took place "the hunt, led by Meleager, of the mighty Calydonian boar," in which, according to primitive belief, Hercules himself, "after accompanying the Argonauts to Colchis," had joined. "Meleager was the *Kalydonios heros*, son of the Kalydonian king, Œneus;" the said "river was the *Kalydonius amnis*," "running through Athamania," adds Dr Arnold, "that wild and wide hill-region which is intertwined with so many of the half-fabulous, half-traditionary legends of the dædal foretime."[1] "Hercules was affirmed to have married a Kalydonian heroine, Dejanira, daughter of Œneus the king"—this name Œneus, like so many foremost Panhellene appellations, showing direct reference to Aëa or Colchis, and to the Æolid stock from whence Greek genealogy derived a most conspicuous element of the national pedigree, and which, as we have urged, was identical with that of the Albanach or "Picti." Here "Iolaus, favourite nephew and associate of Hercules, was reared, and led forth Hercules's own children to colonise in Italy; and the Herculean connection holds a conspicuous place in *high*-Alban legend. Here "Atalanta, the beautiful huntress, swiftest-footed of mortals, excelled at the chase and underwent her unhappy fate." Here, in short, had gathered a whole cycle of mythic indications, upon which modern philosophical and literary scholarship has often commented, whilst never, so far as we are aware, drawing any special inference from the marked similarity between the ancient Greek district-name and that of a conspicuous North-European nation. If at all observed, this appears to have been thought some mere fortuitous coincidence, of the kind so proverbially alluring to Highland seanachies, and so frequently met with in local or personal nomenclature at large,—pretty much in the same way as Dr Hill Burton took Caledonia for a poetic name. Yet that it is no such accident becomes clear from a single glance onward at the connection which traces direct across the Adriatic into

[1] Hence we can identify the phrase "*Athamania proles*" or Athamanian breed (of hounds), used by the early Roman cynegetist, Gratius Faliscus (B.C. 43), when comparing them with "those pre-excellent British dogs" which he so lauds in his hunting poem.

Italy. "Italian Apulia became *Calydonia regna*, because Diomedes grandson of Œneus, afterwards obtained Apulia as his kingdom;"[1] this latter name, in fact, distinctly illustrating its *high*-Alban origin by a compounding of the pure Gaelic noun *pulag* (a pedestal, pillar, stronghold, or mark of first settlement) with the favourite ethnonym *Alb*. Greek Kalydon was "in the land of the *Kuretes*," an appellation receiving no light from whatever gloss has been made on it by classicists, but no way difficult to identify with the family name Curiatii at Rome, still more with *Quirites*, as the first select Roman burghers were specially called — from *quiris*, a spear, say Dr Mommsen and others, but much more probably from the tribal epithet above quoted, which any true Celt could forthwith explain from his own language, at all events if versed in forest-craft; seeing how *Cu-ri-aittaich* would mean, in good Gaelic, the "Hound-master clan" or people. They had been, that is to say, κατ' ἐξοχήν, the hunting people of earliest prehistoric Greece, who passed on to seek fresh hill-ranges in south-western Europe. As for any ambiguity about Athamania, it is prevented by the well-known circumstance in Greek mythogeny, that "Athamas was a son of Æolus"; the simple fact being that here also the whole territorial appellation is *high*-Alban—namely, *Ath* (than which no initial syllable is more frequent in their language), meaning "second" or "again"—equivalent to the Latin *Re*—and *Maine*, a place of possession, a settlement or country. Thus manifestly had it been their second home-region after Caucasian Alba was left. The *alias* of "Acarnania" may similarly be explained, whether by derivation from *Ag-arn*, the doubtful border, *Ag-aran*, the place of doubtful livelihood, or from other such vocables that are plentifully at command in the Gaelic lexicon even as it now stands. That Ætolia, the later name of the district, was merely a variation (with a euphonic hard consonant inserted by Ionian speakers) of the original Æolid or "Ætolic" or *high*-Alban title, becomes apparent from the eponymic "king, Ætolus being father of the Elian prince, Kalydon, who had founded the city

[1] Dr Smith's Class. Dict., *in voc.* "Calydon."

called by his name"; their ancestor, "Æolus, having been brother of Dorus and Xuthus, sons of Hellen by the nymph Orsëis:" whilst little question need accordingly be made as to why Italir, subsequent Italian, possessions were so designated—rather than "from *Vitulus* or *Itulus*, a calf" (as Dr Mommsen and others suggest), or from any "Pelasgic Siculi" (as Dr Smith reports)—since the origin of this noted Peninsular name is not far to seek in *Aethalia*, as the Greeks formerly called that small Etrurian coast-island, famous for iron mines, which the Romans called Ilva, but the Etrurii themselves, Elba or Alba.

CHAPTER XV.

THE *HIGH*-ALBAN MIGRATION FURTHER TRACED THROUGH GREECE AND ITALY—CONTINENTAL SCHOLARS NEGLECT THIS QUESTION—LORD STRANGFORD'S VIEWS—THE EPIROTES OR GREEK ALBANIANS AND THEIR DOGS—"THE GREAT ALBANIAN GREYHOUND"—THE ETHNOLOGICAL CONNECTION OF THE GREEK ALBANIANS WITH OUR CELTS—REPRESENTATIONS IN GREEK MONUMENTS—ACTÆON'S HOUNDS—WHERE DID GREEK ARTISTS GET THEIR MODELS—THE *HIGH*-ALBAN MIGRATION FURTHER TRACED INTO NORTH-WESTERN EUROPE—MONUMENTAL AND OTHER TRACES OF THEM IN SCOTLAND—INDIAN ANALOGIES—DIVINE PROVIDENCE AND THE CONTINUITY OF THE RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS.

O far, upon a tract of soil thus marked, do old geography and genealogy yield unequivocal attestation to *high*-Alban passage through Greece. Obviously enough it had taken place long before not only the most embryonic formal Ionian culture began, but before the earliest federative movements which conduced to that result—nay, even earlier than the first growth of those common myths that cemented the base of Panhellene development,—since otherwise there could have been no such odd misrepresentations. The source of the admitted Æolid ingredient in Panhellene nationality is, after all, not such a hopeless problem as classical scholars have made it by looking too far abroad, or else by looking too exclusively within libraries, for the accessible data; nor would the incidents in question have been so directly mingled with superhuman agency. Its marks are obscured, altered; at some points effaced, or almost, as if intentionally, perverted. Versatile Ionian

devices have been played with them. The rougher Dorian usage has doubtless done much toward trampling them out. Nevertheless, by help of what has been now adduced regarding them, their actual existence cannot be concealed. It is even possible to ascertain with tolerable accuracy from what direction, by what route, and with what objects the Albani penetrated south-westward into Athamania (Acamania). The main body must have formed for the most part an onward-moving though continuous force; doubtless at times remaining, when large mountain-forest game continued abundant, at times hastening on, when that became more scarce; always succeeded, too, by new migrating detachments of their own people with similar habits; on the whole, indeed, rendering its own progressive movement ever more rapid, inasmuch as it constantly made for itself a barer track towards the main European hill-ranges, where its requirements were far more amply supplied. When any diverging side-movement did occur so as to bring them into contact with either of the two kindred Celtic stocks, we have reason for thinking that it was chiefly in league with the Kymric one against some portion of the troublesome Iberic one—always jealous, vehement, and active—who, as Pelasgoi or maritime, probably under Phœnician alliance, would appear to have been first of the three to colonise sea-girt Peloponnesus.[1] Yet some considerable *high*-Alban part in founding civic communities there must indeed be inferred from the circumstance that "Æolid," Ætolian, "Aolæan," and "Danæan" descent was avowedly attributed by the Greeks to several chief Peloponnesian States. The tribes now in question, as undeniably nearest the old ancestral stock, and coming direct from Alba itself, enjoyed a conspicuous *prestige*, which often went far in mediating between their two quarrelsome co-tribehoods. To

[1] Mr Gladstone ('Juventus Mundi,' chap. iii.) well makes out the primitive or so-called "autochthonous" settlement of the "Pelasgoi" there, with their seafaring habits and their Phœnician connection, though, of course, without suggesting any ground for our inference that they were identical with the *Iberi* or Basques or Kabylian Berbers of North Africa, which is founded on independent grounds already shown. Athens, he tells us, was specially considered of Pelasgian origin. The Pelasgians and Ionians are clearly identified together.

themselves, as mountain hunters, the Peloponnesian peninsula, with its checkered enclosure of small rocky areas for pasture and field-work, each abutting upon the wave-tossed Mediterranean, must to *them*, as soon as they knew its nature, have been a mere *cul-de-sac*, useless for all their occupations, only to be passed by.

There is indeed ample evidence that their main body continued steadily to pass on, pressed by various unfavourable circumstances, toward a north-western direction, where far wider ranges had already become known to the van of their great tribehood. What they left fixed behind them in ancient Greece, it would seem, was a grand mythic impress—Homeric, Fingaliad-like—of legend about super-human heroes from "Colchis," Alpine names of mountain-ground, Velydnian names of mountain-torrents, names of deep mountain-gorges that were Tartarus-like; perhaps, too, the designation "Hellene," which became frequent as meaning Greece at large. They left in association with their memory, too, the positive element of wild foraying, fighting, hunting, herding, mining life that long surged round Greek culture among the Ætolians and Macedonians. Much obscurity prevails throughout current modern literature, nevertheless, on the obvious question whether tribes now inhabiting Greek Albania are anyway near akin to others elsewhere in Europe; and if so, to whom or how? Profound Continental scholarship, as represented by men like Niebuhr and Mommsen, appear to have thought it undeserving of close examination; dignified historical inquirers such as Gibbon have generally let it drop for more attractive matter of their own; even erudite Northern antiquaries like Pinkerton have wholly ignored or obscured it, since whom, apparently, it has lain free to every variety of opinion among travellers.

"Neither their character nor language," remarked Sir J. C. Hobhouse,[1] "affords any guidance to their origin." Above all, did a late lamented English nobleman of eminent philological acquirements (Lord Strangford) put on record, beside other too fragmentary

[1] Journey through Albania, &c. Published 1813.

memoranda of a like nature, his express denial that the Arnaouts stand in close blood-relationship to any known north European people. "Their language," so he wrote,[1] after having given it minute care, "internally contradicts the opinion which has somehow arisen to that effect, perhaps from mere vulgar North country belief." Even so authoritative a dictum may very well be withstood by "vulgar Northern belief" when we see how Lord Strangford also broached the odd paradox—deliberately set forth against such careful research as has been made of late by Dr Skene and similar native scholars into early North British history—that "nothing which can be called a pure Celtic element or a true Celtic race exists in the North, if indeed anywhere at all."[1] Additional statements, of accordant tenor, followed these. Yet little wonder need be felt. The whole drift of his judgment on the matter would seem to show Lord Strangford altogether and fundamentally unaware of who or what the Gaël in fact were, whence they came, whither or whereby they reached Europe, how they were and are distinctively known. He furnished but one proof the more as to how insufficient a criterion language alone—Professor Max Müller's "irrefragable test"—can supply for ethnological guidance. With a view to demonstration for those who may require it, we supply the following details.

The chief Epirote tribes (whom late events have again brought into conspicuous notice), inhabiting great part of medievally-named "Albania," are in Turkish parlance "Arnaout," but call themselves *Skipetar*—"a word signifying in their native tongue 'highlanders,'" says a recent well-informed essayist on Moslem topography;[2] though probably it were nearer the right track to say *Skythaich* (Scyths or "wanderers"), who had, at some old date or other, become unable or indisposed to repudiate this somewhat derogatory title. Salient

[1] Lord Strangford's Literary Remains, Letters, &c., as reviewed and extracted from—without apparent demur—in the 'Scotsman' newspaper, Edinburgh (of date *circa* November 1878). We quote from memory, the words being substantially as given above.

[2] "Border-Lands of Islam," a series in the 'Leisure Hour' magazine; see No. for August 1876.

points in their own traditional account of themselves, as in their mode of life, costume, occupations, and physique, have often caused remark ever since Strabo first drew attention to what he called "the Illyrian habit of making figures on the skin of the arms and legs, by puncture."[1] "This," says Sir J. C. Hobhouse, "many Arnaouts do, colouring the pricked outline with gunpowder, like our seamen. . . . They are of complexion naturally fair, blue-eyed, their stature good, character celebrated for bravery, dress adapted to the life of mountaineers, with kilt and capote, so that the poet Spenser has given to one of his personages a

'Huge capote Albanese-wise.'

In their cottages the fire is on the middle of the floor, under a hole in the roof."[2] "There prevails a notion among them," avers De Pouqueville,[3] "that they are French by their descent;" he, of course, meaning "Gallic," as *they* must have meant likewise. And Lord Byron, in annotating to his own phrase,

"The wild Albanians, kirtled to the knee,"

added in deliberate prose that "they struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland in dress, figure, and manner of living; their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate; the kilt, though white, the spare and active form, the dialect so Celtic in sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven."[4] Indeed, notwithstanding their own alleged ignorance as to whether their usual designation is national or merely

[1] Geog., b. vii. c. vii., "Epirus." This habit, though specially remarkable about the Celtæ, was, as already shown, by no means distinctive of Illyrian (*i.e.*, Iberic) tribes. Apparently the *high*-Albanaich, whose peculiar custom was to throw off their upper clothes in battle and rush on in column, covered their whole bodies with such marks for ready identification by their fellow-clansmen; whereas other Celtæ, who fought (as we are told by ancient classic authors) either "in crowds" or "as separately skirmishing," chiefly confined themselves to decoration on "the arms and legs."

[2] Journey through Albania, &c.

[3] De Pouqueville's Travels in Greece, &c.

[4] "Childe Harold," text and notes. Byron—reared in Aberdeenshire—wrote this from actual knowledge about both the populations in question.

local, we find that Byzantine Greek history styled them "Albanetes," and, moreover, at an early medieval date, traced their stock from the "Vlachi" or Wallachians, whose name at once suggests Gallic origin. Mommsen[1] identifies with the Albanians of Greece the Veneti of north-western Europe, who by Cæsar were considered pure Gauls, and who organised the most determined naval opposition to Roman power on their Atlantic coast. Moreover, it deserves to be noticed that "the Albani of Epirus were particularly referred in Byzantine Greek literature to the 'Scythian Patzinaces or Patzinacites'—most probably alluded to by Strabo as the *Peukini*";[2] in which latter, being inhabitants of a district on the north-west shore of the Euxine (Black Sea), with an island settlement called Peuké, Mr Pinkerton well recognised his favourite "Picts," whom he at the same time so absurdly imagined to have been Gothic. Corresponding data are beyond number; and when taken together with the present existence of "that far-famed ancient-and-modern canine breed" so often written about in field-manualist literature as "peculiarly Epirote," they cannot, one would think, be quite set aside even by philological considerations of the high class referred to above.

Touching, on the other hand, what these our English cynegetic handbooks have been accustomed to call "The Great Albanian," much undesirable ambiguity seems current among them with regard to his specific character and technical points. A positive practical disadvantage hereby incurred is well shown through the circumstance that when steps were first taken to prevent deer-hound extinction in Scotland, some fifty years ago—as before related—Greece was carefully searched with the view of obtaining suitable stock for the breed's recruitment. "Without doubt," was then the explicit advice of those two zealous northern sportsmen (whose wide Continental travel gave their opinion no small weight), the brothers Sobieski-Stuart, "recourse should be had to the Great Albanian of Greece, which," they said, "is the Grew or Greek hound of the Middle Ages, from whence is derived the race and source of all the western grey-

[1] History of Rome, vol. i.

[2] Hobhouse's Journey through Albania.

hounds, and therefore of our own great rough mountain kind."[1] The M'Neills of Colonsay and some of their coadjutors, when actually going about the work of revival in which they ere long succeeded with so much sportsmanlike *éclat*, appear to have at first acted on like imperfect information regarding what was still extant in Greece for their purpose. "We procured," wrote Mr Archibald M'Neill,[2] "specimens of the Macedonian kind, a very powerful smooth one, though without satisfactory result,—it being found too slight, and devoid of the requisite energy, as well as of insufficient hardihood for our object. . . . We tried also the so-called 'Great Albanian,' but it turned out, after repeated experiment, to be little better in itself than an unwieldy shepherd mongrel, quite useless after hill deer, whilst at the same time most unreliable as a breeder,—being, in fact, apt to throw back on nondescript ancestral varieties." None the less did so adequate a "manualist" as H. D. Richardson expressly affirm that "Pliny mentions a combat wherein the dogs of Epirus [*sic!*] bore a part; describing them as much taller than mastiffs [!!], and of greyhound form [!!!], while detailing an account of their triumphant contests with a lion and an elephant respectively, —which, I should think," added this able writer, under evident influence from his own national Iro-Iberian antecedents, "are enough to establish the identity of our old Irish wolf-dog with those far-famed dogs of Epirus."[3] To the incident thus founded upon, as given by Pliny and others, we drew special attention at an early stage of our ethnographic inquiry, at the same time clearing it from mere second-hand incorrectness and accretion. Well may surprise be avowed at this passage in Richardson's otherwise most careful work, as is recently done by Captain Graham (Cassell's 'Illustrated Book of

[1] Lays, Legends, &c., of the Highland Deer-Forest. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1840 (then first published, but manifestly founding on experience of a date previous to that of the so-called "Colonsay revival").

[2] Letters from Archibald M'Neill, Esq. of Colonsay, and from Lord Colonsay himself (of date 1860 and onward), written for this monograph and *penes nos.*

[3] Richardson's valuable Manual on the species at large. New edition. London, 1851. P. 43.

the Dog,' article "Irish Wolf-hound," published 1880), with a remark implying evident doubt as to whether its reasoning can hold good for English readers. Indeed, his able predecessor's enthusiasm about their jointly-extolled favourite, the "great Irish wolf-grew," would by such logic have altogether cut off that somewhat apocryphal creature from derivation of a much older kind—namely, from the direct East Alban source. Luckily, the argument was a plain *non sequitur*, of a kind but too frequent among its author's countrymen. To interpolate "mastiff" and "greyhound" thus at will into ancient classic information like that of Pliny—who had no such terms at command—can noway avail even mere amateurship, still less promote genuine knowledge for practical objects. Yet, nevertheless, has a cognate second-hand idea on this matter pervaded recent works on natural history; as, for example, in a most excellent one (Cassell's) where it is said, "A similar breed [to the Scotch Highland deer-hound] existed, and still continues to exist, in Albania." So, moreover, writes Mr Jesse, junior, albeit hereditarily trained to his wide and impartial research on behalf of the entire species. Nor can an exception be made even of that minute and accurate naturalist, Mr Frank Buckland, who—thorough dog-fancier as he is, and though he actually describes "a splendid animal belonging to himself, named *Arslan*" (*i.e.*, Circassian for "lion"), imported[1] from the true Caucasian source, but doubtless cross-bred into heavy "Turkoman" form—is obviously misled by this same erroneous idea that Greek Albania is the original birth-ground of the race; for, *apropos* of his *Arslan*, he quotes a dangerous adventure of a friend of his own in

[1] Curiosities of Natural History. By Frank Buckland. London, 1851 and 1870. Series 3d and 4th, p. 43 of the latter. His *Arslan* is doubtless, as he himself supposes, of Turcoman stock, but hence a cross from the so-called "Russian" or "Siberian" wolf-hound or deer-hound or greyhound (properly Circassian), which we have described in an early chapter. Oddly enough, we find "it was through the good offices and great local knowledge of Lord Strangford that this noble specimen was procured" by Mr Buckland,—a circumstance by no means detracting from our surprise at his lordship's paradoxical assertion regarding Arnaout nationality, since it did not require any very minute notice of animal breeds to have ascertained the real connection between true Alb-Caucasian mountain greyhounds and Greek-Albanian (Epirote) shepherd-mastiffs.

Albania, "with one of those fierce native shepherd-mastiffs," which both he and his said informant deliberately considered to be pure representatives of "the Albanian king of dogs, the existing type of the Molossian dogs of ancient Greece, identical with those that are so strikingly commemorated by Pliny and other classic authors."[1] Nay, Colonel Hamilton Smith himself—however practically *au fait* as regards "the Caucasian stock being of great-greyhound character, and probable source of all true greyhound varieties"[2]—has said nothing definite against the prevalent mistake about Epirote Albania as being the actual region to which classic naturalists made such frequent reference in this connection. Mr C. L. Martin alone,[3] so far as we know, guards against the error, but too slightly, by his passing remark that "none in continental Greece should be confounded with the Eastern great Albanian breed;" as if, after all, unaware how well it had been denoted by ancient classical authors to what precise people they locally referred as possessing that breed. To *it*, in fact, technically speaking, no Greek stock now bears any close specific likeness, or has done so for a period beyond explicit historical review. The elaborate *Cynegetica* of Xenophon and Arrian make it evident that at a date now considerably more than 2000 years back, there were throughout southern Europe no greyhounds so combining speed with power as to suffice for hunting big forest game, except "the *Kunes Indikoi*,"[4] whose exotic source was marked by their epithet: although to deny all existence whatever of a tall swift harrier in Greece during that era — as some modern handbooks do — seems paradoxical when the extant "Macedonian" strain, if not the old classical "Laconian" also, is kept in mind. As for the so-much-talked-of "great Albanian greyhound" there, nothing appears adducible to show that it is not a mere "devout imagination" among

[1] Curiosities of Natural History, 4th series, p. 43.

[2] Edinburgh Naturalists' Library, 1839. "Dogs," vol. i., Introduction; and vol. ii., section "Greyhounds," &c.

[3] See his admirable systematic compendium in Knight's 'Weekly Volume' Series. London, 1853.

[4] Xenophon, "On Hunting."

manualists. Its type, when at all distinguishable, should rather be called Newfoundland-like than even mastiff. "Large, shaggy, with prick ears and bushy tails," says Sir J. C. Hobhouse, "indeed not very different from our true English colley except in their greater size, they howled at us off their high ground as our train of horses passed beneath, and whatever change may have taken place on the men of the country, these animals have not degenerated from their famous Molossian parentage."[1]

In such ill-informed use of ancient appellatives, there is to be seen one very manifest disqualification for either any practical or any speculative purpose. "Molossian,"[2] "Chaonian,"[3] "Albanian,"[4] "famous breed of Epirus,"[5] "Hyrcanian,"[6] are terms which we find bandied about by writers who have taken no pains to ascertain the precise ethnographic signification of such nomenclature. That, in each of these cases, the people was the same, only tribally or subdivisionally separate, we have supplied data to show; while at the same time furnishing indications to the effect that, instead of huge "Molossian" or "Chaonian" or "Hyrcanian" or "Cimbric" dogs being a distinct stock, whose original "mastiff" or "bull-dog" character can be affirmed respectively, they were in every instance nothing else than degenerating and out-bred forms of the one Celtic hunting type which had first emanated from Colchis with its exclusive possessors. So was it, very obviously, with those "strains" of the breed which continued anywhere in ancient Greece. Epirote Albania has, during many long ages past, contained few wild animals larger than a weasel; it has supplied, during that lapse of time, no more active hill-pursuit than that after flocks of goats, and no honest object more arduous than herd household guardianship against theft: consequently while its men—just the

[1] Journey through Albania, &c.

[2] "The Molossii . . . were a people of Epirus."—Smith's Class. Dict.

[3] "Chaonius," says Dr Smith, "was used by the poets as equivalent to Epirote." "The Choanes were Pelasgian" (*i.e.*, Iberic), according to us, but in reality Chaonia was identical with Chimærium and its vicinity, therefore Cimbric.

[4] "Albanian" meant *high*-Colchian.

[5] Epirus was Alban-ian.

[6] Hyrcania meant Colchis at large.

reverse of what Sir J. C. Hobhouse suggests—have beyond question noway degenerated from their old fame, its *Canes Molossii*, which were doubtless once admirable for the chase after boar and wolf and stag, have for ages upon ages ceased to be better than unwieldy and ferocious cattle-curs, utterly impracticable even for breeding purposes. "No two of them," writes a well-informed technical judge, "seem to be of a uniform kind. . . . 'Tis, if possible, worse with the whelps, let you get them on the other side as you may; and, what seems curious, I never knew a worse lot for inveterate going at sheep, in spite of everything like punishment." They appear to be also markedly wanting in that well-established deer-hound trait,—no bad prognostic as concerns actual forest use—the *dog's* very decided superiority in size over his mate; a "point" which, hitherto, has not at all been recovered in puppies from this stock, even by infusion of the best Scotch-Highland blood. Whereas, on the other hand, the cross (into deer-hound) from the "Russian" or "Siberian" (*i.e.*, the Elbruzzian of Circassian Caucasus), says a most competent expert,[1] "has, when rightly used, beyond doubt been of service in restoring a degree of quality and a certain 'blood'-like character that the breed was fast losing, not to speak of the gain in symmetry that has almost always accrued thereby." With this statement—his word *cross* alone excepted—we altogether agree, from our own continuous use of the said expedient, for which an example was first set, we believe, in the Royal Forest of Balmoral some thirty years ago;[2] the result having been everyway quite consistent with our detailed proof as to the two far-separated breeds being in fact identical, respectively pure, and suited to produce,

[1] Captain G. A. Graham of Rednock, Gloucestershire,—see his before-quoted articles "Irish Wolf-hound" and "Scotch Deer-hound," in Cassell's 'Illustrated Book of the Dog.' London, 1880. Pp. 200 to 235.

[2] When "a pair of magnificent Russian wolf-hounds were presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria by his Imperial Majesty the Czar" (see the 'Times' newspaper of that day); after which—by Mr Cole at Windsor Great Park, and by the head forester at Balmoral—the said "breeding expedient" was begun and continued, with a decisive success that has been often manifested since then in the deer-stalking beats which dogs of this strain have performed under H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, when engaged in Highland forest-sport.

without the slightest practical drawback, a marked joint improvement when brought together.[1] "There is a most observable singularity about the fact"—so remarks the last-quoted excellent authority, with the same reference—"that, the purer their breed, the greater is the obvious sexual disparity of size in favour of the male;" thus corroborating afresh, from his first-rate technical judgment, what a previous chapter of our own has stated more at large (as bearing upon a well-known eminent naturalist's express interest in the "point"):[2] and here it deserves notice that this "point" does not become at all less obvious, but, if anything, rather increasingly apparent, in the offspring from a breed of pure Caucasian into pure Scottish stock. Sportsmen's testimony will therefore be found to bear out the inference which ethnology suggests as to their joint local origin, whatever may be the explanation of their continued homogeneousness, at so wide a geographical distance apart, throughout a period of time extending to at least 3000 years. It should be remarked, however, with regard to the "great Albanian" (of Greece), that in so far as they do exhibit an approach to any good uniform type whatever,—still more, when picked examples or fortunate chance-specimens are got,—their approximation has been nearer to our ordinary Highland forest standards, as such now exist, than to aught else; thereby, in a rough sort of way, massively though uselessly testifying to their "Alban" descent.

Probably no attentive or patient reader will doubt that our relative ethnographic index holds good for Greek-Albanian nationality; nor can he well fail, in such case, along with us, to be con-

[1] The M'Neills of Colonsay had also tried this means, but, evidently too soon, gave it up on the ground that "endurance, hardihood, and other points, were thus deteriorated;" then, moreover, "the *feet*, a most important matter, were always bad in consequence." Yet these defects are eventually "eliminated," whilst the gain to our own local breed is soon evident—*e.g.*, in length of jaw, lightness of form without detriment to sinew, often in length of tail, and always in *health*, as well as in the "feeding" heartiness of the "Elbruzzian" dog—a respect in which the Scotch one is proverbially troublesome. The former's defect as to "coat," and his "bad feet," like his *snapping* action of jaw, are his worst points, but by no means persistent in the offspring by good forest mates.

[2] Darwin.

vinced that there is something quite worth detail in the evidences which distinguish one kindred of mankind from another, while they also at the same time certify, or even for the first time indicate, those actual ties of relationship between distant nations—apparently unconnected save by the mere general human brotherhood—over whose derivation from the same ancestral and local source there has too often been thrown a heap of erudite antiquarian lumber by regular historians. Not to say how, in these current days, political diplomacy between Czar and Sultan is fain to make light of such matter—nor how Palæolithosophy cuts away the supposed Adamic unity from underfoot—it is something, surely, to be able to recognise a "touch of nature" showing nearer than mere cosmopolite "kin" between the living "wild" Albanians and Circassians on the one hand, and the living "wild" Irish or quiet Gaël or quiet Welsh on the other. A sudden "lilt of native Elbruzzine song"; the sight or sound of innumerable bees off the vast purple Alpine acclivities of Caucasus, or off the far lower slopes of Greek Hymettus; the chase of a fierce modern Etnan boar, or even a neighbouring hare, by gay Italian sportsmen with a mere pack of "weedy" lurchers, — these, and many other such casual incidents that might pass the traveller, would they not have a very different value if known to be signs of the connection that somehow, nearer home, thrills him at hearing a Highland bagpipe pibroch, at seeing a Druidical monument, at perhaps joining a Scotch deer-stalking party, or, it may be, even passing a Welsh Methodist chapel or the scene of a low-Irish "wake"? But on our present track there is much more to be looked for, indeed, than concerns any such slight local tokens.

A natural question here returns upon us, prompted by view of those numerous ancient Greek representations of hunting-dogs, more or less closely resembling the breed to which our monograph all along refers. If it be true, as we have argued on what appear sufficient grounds, that this special "venatic" breed had at a remote period ceased to exist in anything like a pure state throughout Greece,—

had, in fact, virtually disappeared, along with its actively-engaged hunting masters, at a time far anterior to Classic Greek culture even in Peloponnesian States,[1]—how was it that mature Greek sculptural art could have obtained models for a style of delineation which seems often so true to the life as now existing among our own northern mountains? Take, by way of manifest example, one from an antique bas-relief still extant among other sepulchral monuments in a public collection at Rome, and figured in the 'Iconographia' of a well-known French archæologist.[2] It requires express notice on various accounts. In style, both as regards the human and the animal forms, it is pure Greek, whoever or whatever may have been the actual carver on the marble surface. It represents Hercules leading *Cerberus* in triumph, after that "Twelfth and most difficult Labour, the semi-divine hero's conquest of Pluto's inveterate many-headed watch-dog"—a myth, as before shown, originally referred by the Greeks to "Colchian" localities. The French archæologist's sub-inscription shows that this relic had been discovered in one of the old tombs at "Canosa," a place which we find is situated near the Italian Abruzzi (the Alb-ruzzine mountain-range running through ancient Apulia, or more properly *Alb-pula*, whither the *Calydonia regna* were transferred from Greek Epirus); Canosa, or Canozzo, having been classically styled *Canusium*, a name apparently equivalent to "Kenneltown," "Hound-hill," or some such local epithet commemorative of those keen hunting antecedents that must, beyond doubt, have once characterised the region. As concerns each particular dog of the triple leash in this said notable group, no competent referee at our modern shows could, in fact, well make objection on any visible point, except, perhaps, to a rather short proportion of muzzle in the grand specimen that stands nearest; whilst otherwise,

[1] Greek sculpture reached maturity during the age of Pericles, at Athens, *circa* B.C. 470. Its marvellous truth and spirit in animal representations, however, was not developed until considerably later; after which this marked feature seems to have continued prominent throughout the long decadence, down until near the Fall of the Roman Empire, the artists in such cases being apparently always Greek.

[2] Millin, section "Tombeaux de Canosa."

Dawsons Ph St

Gelert.

The property of John Wright Osmaston Esq. of Osmaston Manor.

Reproduced from a Bronze.

as to form, action, power—combined with fitness for speed, true character of head, of ear, of bristle, of hind-quarters, of the very tail and foreleg—down to the outstretched foot and claw, all are conspicuous to a marvel in this relievo. What adds not a little to its interest for us, is the circumstance that its principle hound bears a most decided individual likeness to the "immortal *Maida*," himself of illustrious memory—Sir Walter Scott's great deer-hound, which "Glengarry" gave to the "Mighty Master"; a resemblance that was probably by no means altogether accidental.[1] On one main point, the group supplies proof of no slight value—namely, with respect to the *size* of the ancient breed; a matter on which, as has been well remarked about canine dimensions in general by "Idstone," in his useful Manual on the species at large, "Antiquity has very rarely furnished any means of pronouncing with exactitude."[2] The truth is, ordinarily in Greek sculpture, the purer and higher its artistic style the less strictly does it furnish a scale of due proportion between the human form and any subordinate detail it may comprise; as is very observable in the well-known admirable group of Laocoön, his two sons, and their serpent assailants from beneath Apollo's shrine.

Similar character appears distinctly marked in not a few other examples. Old classic numismatology bore frequent proof to the like effect; above all upon coinage produced for more than one State where "Colchian" descent was held honourable,—not only so, but moreover was held tantamount to a claim of ancestral affinity with Rome, whose symbolic "she-wolf, suckling the twin [Alban] founders" of the great metropolis, became thence the chief imprint of their mintage. Notably it was so in the case of "Pisidian" Antioch (*not* the better-known Syrian capital,[3] but a once-important

[1] Whereby, in fact, hangs the clue to what amateurs may look upon as a somewhat essential correction respecting *Maida's* pedigree.

[2] The Dog, by "Idstone" (Vicar of Blandford). London, 1873, p. 65, where he adds: "In the sculpture on the arch of Constantine, the *veloces* or grey-hounds were—if we use Trajan's slave with the spear as a scale—30 inches high; but I have seen an engraving from the antique, of Celtic grey-hounds chasing deer, wild-boar, and fox, which represents the hounds as not less than 36 inches in stature" (at the *shoulder* is here, of course, meant).

[3] Although, in fact, Syrian Antioch stands near the Lebanon (anciently *Elb-an-on*)

city) in Asia Minor, "between Phrygia and Pisidia, built by 'Milesians,' Magnesians, or Lydians" (*i.e.*, by the same Alban race who peopled Italian Etruria); the "Pisidians themselves being a warlike people who maintained their independence against all the successive rulers of Asia Minor."[1] So it was, too, in the case of Italian Etruria, one of whose coins bears a rough wolf-dog over the representation of waves. So, too, with Agrigentum in Sicily—though probably through Iberic and Phœnician antecedents—a coin of which island represents apparent Druidical emblems, along with the conventional Roman beehive-shaped sign for Gallic architecture, over the typical form of a greyhound beside a sea-shell. Here, in order to illustrate how minutely and with what truly delicate Grecian-like skill the designer for the Pisidian mint had wrought as if from some graphic or even pictorial outline of an animal whose living type—throughout all imperial dominion during the Augustan era—must have long ceased to be accessible for him, we made an accurate sketch of a pure-bred modern specimen, taken from the life. The original was an especially characteristic "young Highland deer-hound bitch, *Lorrie*,"[2] bred under the strict regulations of that scrupulous North-Country sportsman, Lord Henry Bentinck—who so promptly supported the "Colonsay restoration"—and exhibited by her equally scrupulous subsequent possessor, Sir St George Gore, at the Birmingham "Great Annual Show" of 1865, where we carefully drew her portrait as she lay. In general grace of form, in stretch of frame and limb, above all in "fineness" as well as in length of head, she struck us as quite perfect of her kind, sex being always considered. There were some bitches of the immediate Colonsay strain that bore almost exactly the same stamp; in particular a pair of Sir John M'Neill's latest "brood" deer-hounds at Granton House, neither of which could easily have been distinguished from the said *Lorrie* herself. But what appeared most noticeable

mountain-range, and consequently in a region which must at some early period have been considered by the *high*-Albanaich a good one for their characteristic pursuits.

[1] Smith's Class. Dict.

[2] Catalogue of the Birmingham Great Annual Show, 1865.

about her, was the exceedingly close resemblance to this ancient Pisidian *relievo* of the famous she-wolf of Rome; the conviction being thus impressed that two or three score of centuries have at all events not deteriorated the *form* and "running quality" of the breed among our best Northern foresters, whatever may have been the gradual loss as regards size, power, hardihood, or other points. As the old rhyme says,—

> "With eye of sloe,
> And ear not low,
> With horse's breast,
> And deep in chest,
> And broad in loin,
> And strong in groin,
> And nape set far behind the head,—
> These were the dogs that Fingal bred."

Actæon's hounds deserve mention, if only for the effect of artistic truth—perhaps indeed no more than *artistic*—in having altogether reduced their number to a *pair* (the deer-stalker's proper complement) from that absurd pack of "50 dogs," which, by the myth itself, were said "to have devoured" their unfortunate owner "on Mount Cithæron, between Bœotia and Attica," when he was "changed into the form of a stag because he had done irreverence to Artemis [Diana], the goddess of the chase."[1] Here the obvious form of the animals and the careful markings of a decided rough "coat" on their hides—the fact of their subordinate size having to be allowed for, as before suggested, on the ground of ideal Greek style in sculpture—coincide with what the entire group denotes. A more characteristic mode of attack would, no doubt, have been from behind his shoulder, at his head or ear; but to the representation of this trait, even if understood by the sculptor, the said conventional subordination of animal stature opposed a necessary bar. Their dual number appears at the same time a good instinctive protest on the artist's part against a common rationalist gloss upon the legend in his time, as though it had been a mere allegory about

[1] Smith's Class. Dict.

the self-destructive expenditure involved in venatic pursuits; the truth being that neither in Bœotia nor Attica, during the period when Grecian art flourished, would it have been easy to start so much as a single hare; whilst as for finding even a fox, which a whole pack could go after, it was entirely out of the question.[1] The unlucky hunter's statue might almost appear, rather, to have commemorated some old tradition about a kind of incident that undoubtedly did from time to time take place in the history of the breed, when by any chance it came under unsuitable hands, and, in so far as it was appropriated by or transferred among foreign possessors, occurred often enough to attract express zoological notice. Since "the Persian hill-greyhound," we are told, "a large, powerful, swift breed, manifestly near akin to the great Caucasian one, although soft-haired and but partially 'rough,' has on frequent occasions been known to turn in a savage manner upon its keepers, more particularly if disappointed in the chase."

Whence, then, it must still be pointedly asked, if not from thoroughbred living models of the true type, did ancient Classic Greek artists derive their obvious relative knowledge?

A probable answer can be found suggested in at least two different quarters. To the first—dependent on certain rare circumstances of Classic time which have ceased to exist, along with many other such perishable or dispersable tokens of what characterised that era—allusion has already been made *en passant*. It was constituted through means of the actual direct intercourse taking place between Greek States and Celtic hunting tribes; a thing evidently but little attempted, if ever accomplished except amidst hostile or *quasi*-hostile contact, as is well shown by almost the only nameable instance, the one quoted from Plutarch, when "Alexander the Great, going into Hyrcania to see the Caspian Lake, had his horse, Bucephalus, taken by the barbarians, . . . who were paid a large ransom for its return." In apparent connection with which narrative, and with Pliny's extraordinary "Albanian dog story," we

[1] *V. postea* (in the present chapter), as to Greek field-sports in Classic time.

learn from the same author regarding the same vicinity "how at Craterus's order there was a bronze hunting-piece made and deposited in the Delphian Temple, wherein King Alexander's most dangerous adventure in the chase was represented, showing the lion, the dogs, the king fighting with the lion, and Craterus himself making up to the king's aid, . . . some of which figures were the workmanship of Lysippus, others of Leochares." Similarly may in all likelihood have been done for "*Peritas*, a dog which Alexander had brought up and was very fond of, to whose memory he is reported to have built a city, as he did in *Bucephalus's* case," and which we saw apparent reason for connecting also with the previous Hyrcanian (Caucasian) incident. Whereto should be added the cognate artistic opportunity that seems to have been obtained from adjacent mountain-ranges where Celtic hunting still went on to a partial extent, by kindred civic communities whose trade rendered them important enough, and whose aims were sufficiently ambitious, to require skilful designers for such emblematic monetary coinage.

There was at hand, furthermore, though in all likelihood—and, as we believe, more relevantly to the point—a much older, richer repository of suitable hints bearing direct upon sculpture; one that not only during the whole Classic era, but in many instances until the present time, has continued extant.

It has been already shown that the *high*-Alban subdivision of the great Albanic or Celtic race had at a very early period migrated from Asiatic Colchis into Europe by Northern Greece, when Thrace, Macedonia, and—more permanently—Epirus, on the north-west Grecian coast, became their region of main national settlement, in so far as concerned prehistoric Europe. That they afterwards, like others of their race, moved direct upward in great numbers, is sufficiently clear from early historical record; likewise that they did so almost wholly into North-Western Europe (Gaul), being drawn up along the Alpine mountain-tract which extends from Epirus to above Switzerland. At the same time, there was also a separate route, much farther eastward, whereby these same tribes pushed

rapidly upward into the North—namely, from Thrace on the north-east of Greece, through the districts respectively still called from them Wallachia and Galicia, always holding by the Carpathian Mountains till they reached the river Elbe, and were finally brought to a stand in the peninsula of Jutland, anciently called *Chersonesus Cimbrica* — park or enclosure of the Kymry. Midway between those two said mountain-routes, so suitable for hunting-tribes, there first intervened immense plains—now Hungary and Austria; then farther up again, wide sandy districts or spaces only fit for agriculture—now Germany; over both of which vast territories, in all likelihood, Slavonian and German races had then already begun to spread, forming a population wherewith Celtic tribes neither required nor sought to meddle.

Those tribes which moved onward most rapidly, most keenly urged by failure of mountain-ground and mountain-game, with all the means of subsistence and of national independence that were thus to be secured, would without doubt retain their exclusive canine breed, as well as their own peculiar manners, laws, and language, in the greatest purity. To find them possessing throughout successive ages a race of deer-hounds virtually identical with those now found near old Colchis, is in itself a circumstance from whence valid argument may be deduced for their comparatively speedy transit across continental Europe, and for their very early settlement, accompanied by this breed, in our own island. Peculiarly abundant over the broad tract that spreads diagonally up northern Scotland, where the Picts held their chief power, there are found monumental, sepulchral, and devotional stones, graven with ancient sculpture in various degrees of skill, that testify to distant national origin. Conspicuous amid the devices there hewn out into relief, or cut inward by tools which must have been principally metal to leave such impressions as they have done upon granite and other hard rock, appear emblems plainly referring to an Eastern country—the crescent, the fire-altar, the triangle, the hooded snake, the lotus-flower, the animal-headed arabesque figure, the Asiatic elephant—not the mammoth nor the

African congener — the mystic tree, and innumerable other like symbols, not to say anything further of our own monographic proof, as there represented. Aberdeenshire has, among many similar blocks, its Picardy Stone, figured with "simple heathen emblems," standing in the parish of Insch. The middle district of Garioch contains one still more notable, the "Maiden Stone," here mentioned not so much for its own carvings of the Egyptian or Asiatic cobra, crossed by the mysterious zigzag leaves sceptre-tipped, with the equally enigmatic double-disc above, like a crown, as on account of its still stranger neighbour pillar, the celebrated "Newton Stone."[1] It is in itself a rude, massive monolith, formed from the hardest and most lasting of stones — a close-grained quartzose gneiss like many other ground slabs in the vicinity, reaching the height of little less than 7 feet above the soil. Across one face of its upper part, slightly extending over each edge owing to the bulge of the shape, is an inscription in unknown characters, of six unequal lines, as if metrically arranged, which has long excited the curiosity and baffled the research of archæological inquirers, though several have imagined that they can read the letters, distinguish the words, trace the sentences, and make out the interpretation thereof. Moreover, perpendicularly on one side, and turning up a loop from below, there runs another inscription, in quite different characters, which has a like inscrutable aspect, combining with its adjacent text only to deepen the problem. Some have considered it Phœnician, some believed it to be Egypto-Arabian, others that it is disguised Greek, and of course—as Pinkerton or Dr Ferguson would not have hesitated to swear—that it is Runic, meaning thereby Scandinavian. So deeply incised are both the said legends into the hard column, that although the lichen of uncomputed ages had grown over them, and probably been renewed again and again after various ancient removals, the letters are still to all appearance as distinct as when

[1] Colonel Forbes-Leslie, in summing up on this head, says the whole data leaves in his mind no doubt whatever that "the Celts are the race, the Picts the people, to whom must be attributed the execution and erection of the Sculptured Stones of Scotland."

first cut by instruments whose imperfect form is evident from the slow roundings they had made when at work, however forcible their effect upon such material proves them to have been.

In connection with this striking monolith, one very able inquirer brought forward and published the results of his careful examination in a little volume[1] which we look upon as deserving no small praise. To our mind, so far as concerns his direct observations on the Newton and other stones, internal and self-consistent evidence bears strongly in favour of his view, with the supposed deciphering on which this is founded. His interpretation must, however, be freed from an extraneous theory as to ethnological derivation, which cannot be received by any class of historical thinkers in Scotland as for a moment able to "hold water," and which is, in fact, altogether independent of the question as to whether the Newton Stone inscriptions have been rightly read. His said theory in brief is, that the Picts and other leading kindreds, all of which he very properly acknowledges to be Celtic, were nevertheless descended from no less a stock than that of "one of the lost ten tribes of Israel—namely, from the adventurous and daring tribe of Dan," whom Dr Moore shows to have had "early relations to, or dealings with, the Phœnicians," that essential mediating race in ancient maritime affairs. His sole basis for this most fanciful of all ethnic genealogies is, when reduced to analysis, simply the old Irish gossip-legend about the Tuatha-de-Danaan, "as one of their grand invading colonies." Now it is very difficult to understand why—except from the character of Hibernian imagination—mystery should ever have been able to be made about the said Danaan. Without knowing anything particular of the Gaelic or Erse language, we can find at a glance through dictionaries that Dan and Danaan meant bold or heroic adventures; and the occurrence of the name *Danai* among the early Greeks, as a proud self-applied epithet, like the subsequent name also of *Danne-mark*, and much of the confusion

[1] Ancient Pillar-Stones of Scotland: Their Significance and Bearing on Ethnology. By George Moore, M.D., M.R.C.P. Lond. &c. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. (The Preface is dated Hastings, 1865.)

about the Danes in Ireland, merely points to the fact that Celtic *Danaan* or heroes had had a great hand in founding primitive nomenclature. Rid of this encumbrance, Dr Moore's results are very valuable indeed—so much so, that we cordially accept them until some coming anthropologist may be able to refute them on philological ground. Not only he, but also Colonel Forbes-Leslie and Professor D. Wilson, well followed up by the excellent work of Colonel James A. Robertson,[1] with Mr Skene's convincing researches, show in substantial concurrence how the Celtic races that had migrated at a very early period from the East continued to keep up intelligence along a far extended line between themselves and their original home-land, or even with still more distant oriental colonies from that land toward India.

"In like manner as demonstrable Buddhist movements took place in connection with Celtic hunting adventure, so far south as Ceylon, so there are profuse signs of Buddhism, in its leading emblems and hieroglyphic symbols, on the sculptured stones of our own northern districts. Now the Buddhist creed, by successive *avatars* or rather transmigrations of an embyro Buddha, dates back to at least 1000 years B.C., perhaps much further into antiquity, as a fixed faith with activities of a missionary kind. During the lifetime of Godama or Saka (the latest Buddhic prophet), missionaries were sent to the far north-west, to a country named in Sanskrit *Patheya*, and in the Pali dialect *Patia;* and we have historic evidence that the isles of the West—Albon and Sacam—were, before that period, familiar to the learned of India as having been peopled from the East. . . . The connection between the East and the West was, indeed, more easily maintained along the indicated line 2500 years ago than now, for then men lingered in their traffic without the need of passports, the merchant was sacred, the traditions of the East more completely coloured those of the West, the peaceful traveller was protected by the gods. . . . Herodotus states that the countries through which the Ister or Danube flows were well known, . . . that a trade in amber was carried on, . . . and that on the western extremity of Europe the *Cassiterides* were situated, whence tin was brought; . . . and the earliest ambition of the Buddhists was to promulgate their doctrines among kindred people wherever settled."[2]

Dr Moore, who happened to have given great attention to dialects

[1] The Gael of Alban.

[2] Dr Moore, in reference to the Newton Stone, in his 'Ancient Pillar-Stones of Scotland.'

of Hindostan and their alphabetic characters, was accidentally struck with the close resemblance of those on the upper part of the Newton Stone to the letters of the Bactrian (or Aryan) alphabet,—an impress corroborated by the fact that the stone displayed one peculiar monogrammatic symbol or hieroglyph which is found on certain ancient coins known as Indo-Bactrian. In short, by pursuing the thread obtained by this clue, he was enabled, after most minute and industrious investigation, to decipher, as he believes, the entire inscription. His result was grounded on the conviction that the alphabetic characters are Bactrian (Aryan), the language a dialect of Hebrew,[1] and the meaning that of a memorial record concerning the death in battle of a great leader, who was at the same time a reformer or Druidical-Buddhist missionary, slain during his attempt to revive a purer faith among people of his own kindred—whether his fall had taken place amidst victory or defeat on his side. With regard to the other inscription, the perpendicular one, in a quite different character, Dr Moore applied the same care to it, encouraged by supposed success with its companion. Finding, what was indeed already the general view, that this was an inscription in Ogham characters—namely, in the letters peculiar to ancient Irish learning, and almost universally admitted to have been first brought by those unaccountable colonists of Ireland, the *Scoti* (in concert with Phœnician traders)—Dr Moore succeeded in reading this also. His deciphering of it, open as it is to be tested by other adepts, seems thus the more reliable in its furnishing a close confirmation of his result with the main legend on this stone.

What he reads in the horizontal upper lines, of direct oriental language, we here give:—

"In the tomb
With the dead (*is*) Aittie.
The light of the darkness of a perverted people.
Who (*now*) shall be CONSECRATED PURE PRIEST
To God? Like the vessel
Of prayer my glory covered me."

[1] Why not Armenian, which, according to good recent authority, is intermediate between Hebrew and Celtic (Colchian or Albanic)?

The perpendicular side-legend, whose sense runs upward from a ceul at the foot to a close in its topmost word, is read as follows, according to the same interpreter :—

> "When Baal ruled Jutland and the coast before thee,
> Jatti was smitten."

In coincidence with these readings, the author of the very interesting tractate quoted goes on to show from traditional Irish annals, as founded on by Hector Boece, how Kentha—*i.e.*, King—Etha, Eadda, or Heathie is said to have conquered the north of Scotland some centuries B.C., and was the first King of Scotland who made sepulchred monuments in honour of the heroes of that land, wherein the inhabitants then used the rites and manners of the Egyptians.[1] And let Boece's Chronicles be what they may in respect of general legendary indefiniteness and frequent credulity or fiction, here their agreement with monumental testimony seems such as to go far toward settling an approximate date whereat long-settled Celtic kingdoms in Scotland had been visited by new Colchian migrations, either superior in civilisation or fresh from a perennial spring-head of knowledge, whose object was not conquest alone, but included that of reclaiming their kindred from mere heathenism to some purer creed. The statement, corresponding as it does with what little is recorded by Roman historians concerning North Britain, pretty clearly fixes this said period about three centuries before our era began.

Thus would literal fact appear to bear out old bards since Homer onward, when they sang of heroic life with its achievements, as if these had hunted without break from some primitive golden age. That the Ossianic fragments of a Fingaliad, however obscurely transmitted, are closer by far to truth than recent Stone Age dithyrambics from Ireland, few will doubt. Neglect has too long, indeed, obscured

> "The grass-covered road,
> Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
> To his hills that encircle the sea." [2]

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[1] See Boece's Cronicklis of Scotland, buke 2.

[2] Campbell.

Yet a very different tendency has set in, judging from the fresh interest in all things Celtic, led on by even the Teutonic philologists, who, it seems, have been so particular as to assign a special category for Ossianic or middle Celtic dialect; and ere long some of them may perhaps be heard chiming in with the words of that true modern poet, the Ulster Lyrist, when he referred to the main highest stock of the race as—

"These Scots, apart in ocean set
Since first from Shinar turning,
Preserve the simple wisdom yet
Of mankind's early morning,
While God with Adam's race
Still communed, face to face."[1]

A vulgar error, too much promoted nowadays by Stone Age literature, assumes that long intervals of ethnic darkness continued unbroken by any light from on high, or, if the phrase be preferred, from traditional sources already in human possession, and, in fact, never become extinct. On the contrary, there are numberless proofs for the veracity of the statement that "the Creator and Sovereign Ruler never left Himself without a witness, . . . being no respecter of persons, but in every nation those that feared Him, and worked righteousness, were accepted with Him; . . . for He would have all men come to a knowledge of the truth."[2] Not Cornelius alone, nor Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, and Mohammed, but many more, are by intelligent holders of Christianity, in even its straitest sense, recognised as belonging to the one true service, of all whom, it was well said—

"Quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt."—Lucretius.
(Like runners they hand onwards the torch of life.)

To the mass of mankind, that "torch of life" has never been altogether beyond view in the deepest of the night: there was

[1] In 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1878, by Sir Samuel Ferguson, author of "The Forging of the Anchor" (one of the most magnificent ballad lyrics ever written), and various other fine poems, including "Congal" (a poem of the Irish heroic age, in five books).

[2] Acts of the Apostles x. 34, *et alibi.*

always some one to take it from the hand of its bearer when he fell, spent with the charge, until it paled before the breaking of a new sunrise. Even among the detached bands and hordes whose relics look likest utter degradation, none have been proved so entirely shut out to exclusive stone manufacture, with fetichism or even deeper forlornness, but that their bones—if found—lay mixed with tokens that they had, at all events, clung to some memorial or other which had to do with a tradition of light. The fragments of pottery, the unaccountable perforated pebble, or the very flake of flint-like arrowhead, how forcibly does it tell that the "poor inhabitant below" was akin to our highest type of humanity. So far from ancient aboriginal skill having even shown an approach to coarse form, on the contrary the oldest are the most intellectually shaped, quite equal in that respect to the best average among modern men. Like one that clasps an extinguished lamp after the light is gone, when midnight calamity has long fallen down upon both lamp and bearer, so appears to us the little rudely-made urn, without any sign of incinerated contents, that has been often found folded within the skeleton arms, when the most primitive remains were discovered in anything like sufficient preservation. What did it mean, unless that some glimmer of a hope had been cherished with regard to immortality, if not in regard to bodily resurrection? To us it lightens down thus into the obscurest sleeping-place of them all, seeming to hold from Stone Age legends of a past day onward and onward under dawn of the great day to come. If ethnology has truth in its plain practical teachings, the silence of those primitive people is but a sleep, which has not lasted longer than consists with the idea that they belong to the one race—a sleep which will yet be broken by the archangel's trumpet-call.

PEDIGREE OF SCOTCH-HIGHLAND DEER-HOUNDS,

BRED BY GEORGE CUPPLES, Esq., EDINBURGH.

LUATH, BRAN, SHULACH, MAIDA, whelped 10th August 1883.

Bran[1]—sire	by (Mr Cupples's) *Luath*—(Mr Hickman's) *Morna.*
(Captain Graham's) *Maida*—dam	by (the Marquis of Bristol's) *Hector*—(Captain Graham's) *Clutha.*
(Mr Hickman's) *Morna*—gr.-dam	by (Mr Hickman's) Champion *Morni*[2]—(Mr Roland Allen's) *Brenda* (by Musters's Champion *Old Torrum*[3]).
(Mr Cupples's) *Lufra*—3d dam	by (Mr Wright's) *Gelert*[4]—(Mr Cupples's) *Sgeolan* (by Colonel Robertson's *Bran*,[5] son of his *Oscar*[6]).
(Mr Wright's) *Shulach*—4th dam	by (Mr Wright's) *Moscow*—(Lord H. Bentinck's) *Carrac.*
(Mr Cupples's) *Malvina*—5th dam	by (Lord Elphinstone's) *Turlem*—(Mr Cupples's) *May.*[7]
(Mr Cupples's) *May*—6th dam	by (Sir J. Ferguson's) *Byron*—(Mr Cupples's) *Puck.*
(Mr Cupples's) *Puck*—7th dam	by (Colonel Johnstone's) *Rob*—(Dr Price's) *Gipsey.*
(Dr Price's) *Gipsey*—8th dam	by (Lord Breadalbane's) *Oscar*—(Dr Price's) *Countess.*
(Dr Price's) *Countess*—9th dam	by (Lord Dudley's) *Forester*—(Dr Price's) *Spey.*
(Dr Price's) *Spey*—10th dam	by (Menzies of Chesthill's) *Bran*—(Dr Price's) *Moullie.*

[1] *Bran*, portrait by Gourlay Steell given as illustration.

[2] *Morni*, by (Colonel Robertson's) *Oscar* out of (Allen's) *Hylda*, was the chief prize-taker of his day.

[3] *Old Torrum*, bred by Lochiel, preceded *Morni* as Champion at the shows.

[4] *Gelert*, portrait taken from bronze figure given as illustration.

[5] *Bran*, by *Oscar* out of (Captain Morse's) *Maud*, daughter of (Dobell's) *Maida*, was—through the two latter—descended from Sir Walter Scott's celebrated dog *Maida.*

[6] *Oscar* (twice 1st prize at Birmingham Great National Show) was by (General Ross's, of Glenmoidart) *Torrum* out of a choice bitch from "Glengarry's" kennels.

[7] *May* was the dam of a dog (*Luath*) which was chosen as the model for two new stone figures of deer-hounds at Abbotsford House, and she was also grand-dam of *Spey* (figured in Cassell's 'Book of Dogs' as the model deer-hound bitch).

MEMOIR OF GEORGE CUPPLES.

By JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING, LL.D.

TOM CRINGLE relates that he found for his solace, when in his prison with the buccaneers at Cuba, two old numbers of 'Blackwood's Magazine' on a shelf. One such number of 'Maga' it was once my lot also to read, somewhere in some unexpected place abroad. It contained a single instalment of 'The Green Hand.' What was of most concern in it related to St Helena; and the writing on all points was so powerful that it deeply impressed me. One seemed actually to see "the smooth heavy swell floating the island up in one huge lump over our mast-head"—the gullies, bare and black, that "closed into a hubbub of red rocks," from which, ever and anon, the sudden blasts rushed, "with a savage thundering roar like the howl out of a lion's mouth"—above all, as though, spying from that rock ashore, one actually did see Napoleon's eyes, from below his wide white forehead, shoot sudden into our own, through the telescope which we could only on the instant, with a gasp, drop: so vivid the description was!

Being enabled so to do, I was glad, then, to call on Mr Cupples when on a visit to Edinburgh in 1859. He lived at that time, one

might almost say, directly below the Salisbury Crags, hard by where Davie Deans's cottage stood. A tall man, in a slouch hat and a long dark cloak, lame, beside a shorter one, with a medley of dogs at heel, passed me (who had gone too far) a little beyond his house in the lane that led to it; and, somehow, I could not help fancying that the man thus met was the man I sought, as proved in the event to be the case. Mr Cupples at that time was still suffering from the lingering *sequelæ* of hip-joint disease that had terminated in spontaneous luxation. He was sicklied over, consequently, with more than the pale cast of thought which still, no doubt, of itself had been his. A man of bulk and muscle, nevertheless, he had a grasp of iron, as I came afterwards to know. His features were good, with grey-blue eyes in a face sufficiently oval, surmounted by an excellent white forehead, over which there were dark, curl-like clusters on a well-sized, specially solid-looking head. I gathered the idea from our first meeting that it was much more in his way to listen than to speak. To speak indeed was, as I perceived afterwards, not usual with him. Nevertheless, he was not in the least morose, but only shy—shy to a peculiar helplessness, as it were, that was all his own: with me, as with other intimates, he came to speak in the end as any other human being might.

At a later period, when I came to Edinburgh again, Mr Cupples and I became before long simply close friends. He resided then, or shortly afterwards, at Portobello, in a house that had been occupied by Hugh Miller. Here the various simplicities and single-mindednesses that constituted the ἦθος, the sort of daily home-character of George Cupples, came very conspicuously to the surface. He himself had in some measure a liking for gardening, and both he and his brother (the "shorter man") dealt not a little in amateur carpentering: they really had an affection for planes, chisels, saws, and what not. With these tools there grew ever round the dwelling-place of Cupples what we may call a gipsy encampment. It was the novelist in him that led largely to this; his imagination had really a joy of its own in Robinson Crusoe shifts and erections. Peculiar woodwork

was to be seen all about. How innocently Cupples would answer when you asked, "What is this?"—"It was *meant to be* a rustic fence." "And that?"—a heap of stones from which the yelp of dogs proceeded.—"That was *meant to be* a Gothic cell," &c. When his puppies died he buried them in his grounds, with notices over them, on wood, at the head of their graves,—*Byron, Scott, Hector*, or *Bran*, as it might be. Perhaps the greatest peculiarity, and the most characteristic, was in his place at Portobello. Behind the house there was a good deal of ground in grass, that led towards a mound as a sort of look-out place for the sea. In all this there were the elements of a lawn; but the grass was coarse and untended, and a long, brown, most unmistakable beaten-out footpath, winding rather, led in an unsightly manner towards and up the mound. Looking with shining eyes here, Mr Cupples would say, "I do like a footpath!" He saw only before him what was romantic as in a novel—outdoors, or, indeed, indoors! It was his love of novels that took him at sixteen to sea, and made him a boy on a ship. On a voyage then to India, he was eighteen months out and in. The impression of the experience must have struck itself very deep into him. As we almost see from the slight quotation about St Helena, nothing without can have looked literal to him; all there, new and strange, must have loomed to him in a metaphor. The common natures on the deck beside him could not have understood him. How intense the impression of that voyage must have been is evident from this, that—at least to my surmise—it alone, this voyage, *with* his reading, underlies 'The Green Hand,' and all the rest of his writings that concern the sea. I almost fancy that it (the voyage) had, in fact, a physical effect on him—that, so to speak, it physically knocked the breath out of him, and made him quiet and still in every expression, in every externality of life afterwards. All at once, as it were, his brain teeming with romance, and in himself soft, simple, silent, smiling, only an all-expectant mother's boy —all at once to be actually cuffed and kicked by a great rough coarse monster who kept brutally asking him, in the most blasphem-

ous language, why he had not cleaned the grease from that brass candlestick better! It must have seemed as if he had been suddenly transported from his mother's lap into a perfect pandemonium of the most stony-hearted and unscrupulous devils. Cruelty, force, unrespecting violence, seemed simply the weather, the ship's weather. It was all a surprise, a horror. He lived through it; but when he returned home, not yet eighteen, "he petitioned my father," says his brother, "to get his indentures cancelled, and he would content himself for the future on land!"

So he took to his books again; and was eight years in Edinburgh University a student of Arts, and then of Theology.

And he was a good student. Both his Latin and his Greek, as again and again was shown, remained by him sufficiently serviceable throughout life. He was specially a good student in the classes of Wilson and Chalmers, the two professors whom, we may say, looking to the manner in which he writes of both, he almost worshipped. Actually fourteen sonnets, "by one of his students," were his on the death of Dr Chalmers—

> "Departed in the harvest of his days,
> When most his work had like his Master's grown."

While, as for Professor Wilson, he writes of him a long and special memoir. What helped to attract him to this latter—though Christopher North, as the renowned personality he was, would in himself have alone sufficed—was the accident of a visit of the Professor to Cupples's father in his manse.

It was even while still in his classes at college that Mr Cupples began to write; and on the part of his friend, the Rev. Thomas G. Clark, we have this memorial of him at that time:—

"All in all, he looked like no conventional student—or, rather, he had something about him which at first imparted to the figure the air of a sciolist, who might feel interested in all departments of academic inquiry, but who did not care for the badge belonging to any of them. . . . A forecastleman on land he might sometimes have been taken for, treading the thronged pave-

ments with a step formed on the ocean. . . . Uncontaminated by the experience, the quondam Tar was among the most modest of men in speech and action; indeed, in all my intercourse with him I was never sensible of the slightest taint at the bottom of his thoughts. . . . The bloom of health lay then over his whole person; a stamp of genius—rich, reflective, poetic—marked his expression; an attractive femininess of smile played around the mouth. . . . Mr Cupples, if enrolled as a theological student, could yet scarcely be deemed a theologian, whether actual or possible; but, what counts far more in the long-run, he was profoundly religious in temperament: he bowed to the Holy Scriptures, not obsequiously or superstitiously, but moved to the core by the divine majesty revealed within them. He had no capricious taste for heterodoxy of any kind, while acquainting himself none the less with the substance of all doctrinal controversies. . . . If the mild and liberal student was, in particular cases, 'a good hater,' after Dr Johnson's taste, the trait was in its exercise more a freak of fancy than of temper. . . . It was pleasant, on a summer's day between sermons, to meet him under the parental roof, the manse of Doune, showing only filial love and reverence to the venerable minister and his wife, and being their pride in turn."

More than one little characteristic peculiarity of Mr Cupples's may be recognised in this retrospect of Mr Clark's. That is most true that the intercourse at sea left never a taint on the purity and innocence of the man. It is true at the same time, also, that he never looked like a conventional student, never bore about his person the air of a formal theologian. Formal he never was in any respect; but, like most men of intellect, however deep their thinking, he remained natural, without a trace of pretension, youthful, almost boy-like, in expression, even to the end. Still, Mr Cupples was deeply religious, and had all the reverence which Mr Clark attributes to him. That is particularly well said, "He had no capricious taste for heterodoxy of any kind;" as also this, that hatred with him was "more a freak of fancy than of temper." That little sight we get of him in his father's last years at Doune, too, interests and pleases; for that father, as we shall presently have to see, was in the teaching of his son an even terrible father, and in his Covenanting, Calvinistic rigidity and strictness, a perfectly awful man. The smile which, with his "grey twinkling eyes," Mr Clark (elsewhere) attributes to him, was of Cupples a peculiarly characteristic feature. Mr Clark

calls it a smile of attractive femininenes that played "around the mouth": it was rather the caught, shy, deprecating smile of the man who had not been listening, but who, when looked to, would himself look back agreement. It, too, belonged to the youthfulness of the man on his own account.

It is pleasing to think that when the death of the worthy minister, the father, took place (in 1850), he (the father) had by that time the satisfaction of seeing several of his son's best productions, as the essay on Emerson and the series of 'The Green Hand' in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Considering what we may guess from the Calvinistic predilections of the Disruption minister, one is not apt to surmise that either work would have told very much on his sympathies. There was not precisely what could be called a certain sound of orthodoxy in the Transcendentalism of the Emerson; and it was not in the bond that novels should be approved of, even when their language, like that of the somewhat privileged Sir Walter's, was cleanly to irreproachableness. What he really felt on details it is impossible to say; but it comes from the son himself that the father was pleased to see his success in 'Blackwood.' One is glad to think that the emphatically good old man had so much solace as that in dying. If his son recoiled from the stairs of a Free Church pulpit, it was at least a consolation, as is the belief of Mr Joseph Cupples, that he would not look with any more favour on those of the other Church; and it was a blessed satisfaction at last that his wayward, somewhat mother-petted boy, was to be left only when come to years of discretion, and fairly entered into a course of lucrative and reputable literature.

And it was precisely in such a course of steady literary industry that Mr Cupples was always to be found during the remainder of his life. He was never idle: his MS., published or unpublished, was in perpetual growth around him. He kept up a considerable correspondence, too; and he never lost a letter, once it had come to him. Other things as well he seemed to have a liking to preserve. His collected pipes, for example, were a ghastly heap. He was not

always writing, then—he was sometimes smoking: and if neither writing nor smoking, he would be drawing, perhaps, or painting; for, though only an amateur, he had a decided talent both with the pencil and the brush. He never went at any time, by any chance, on an excursion, but he was to be found sedulously sketching.

At night he read—not wrote; and it was his habit to sit into the morning with the newspaper or a book. Nothing to the last gave him more pleasure than a good novel—indeed he was wont to date eras from the novels he read, as from 'Tom Cringle's Log,' say, or 'Lady Lee's Widowhood,' or the 'Woman in White.' His reading at the same time was wide enough and miscellaneous enough. New poetry, children's books, — nothing came amiss to him; but nothing more pleased him, perhaps, than philosophy; and all the more the more it was *deep!* Sermons also, however, and religious treatises. Of all writers, Scott, perhaps, was his greatest favourite; and he preferred Dickens to Thackeray. Milton was to him, of poets, the greatest. Shakespeare he could not but fully know; yet it was a fad with him to speak as though Shakespeare, from mere tradition and hearsay, were made a fetich of. Wilson he followed always, it may be with even exaggerated praise; and Wilson and Chalmers remained, as already said, almost specially his household gods to the last. Keeping his classics up, he would be found ever and anon going through the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey,' or, as it might be, only Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus again. For he would follow a fad in that respect too. How, once, he surprised the translator of Catullus by exclaiming to him that he only wished he could get hold of a good Ovid. Ovid! get hold of a good Ovid! Would not one of the cheap German ones do?

In regard to the Celts, Mr Cupples read enormously; and in every language that spoke of them, if he could only mine his way, with any satisfaction whatever, to what it relatively said. The older philologists, Meursius, the Scaligers, Heinsius, and especially Cluverius, were for ever on his lips. On the general topic he had come to some original theories of his own,—in regard to the earliest

Celtic settlements, and the various Celtic migrations, for example. He seemed to find the Celts everywhere. The Hyksos were Celts, and the Carthaginians were Celts, the ancient Iberi, the modern Berbers,—nay, even the Basques were Celts. It was in consequence of these peculiar theories that he undervalued and had no patience with most of the usual authorities; but he liked Whitney, Guest, and Latham. I do not think he could be said to have had much favour for the school of M'Lennan, or of Tylor, or Lubbock. He was pleased with Peschel; but he had an intense satisfaction in the support he got from Von Keltsch-Stein. Strabo was a great authority with him, and Grimm, and Wilhelm Humboldt, and Reuss, and Bopp. From the mention of his name in the 'Descent of Man,' Mr Cupples, doubtless, may be supposed by some to have been a Darwinian. Certainly it belonged to the very nature of Mr Cupples promptly, and as fully as he could, to assist such a man as Darwin with all the information he possessed on what canine facts lay within his reach. But there was no man more opposed to the theoretical conclusions of Darwin than George Cupples was.

In a literary direction it was, of course, the nineteenth century that far and away influenced Cupples most. Every novelist or tale-writer from Scott to Robert Douglas, and others later still, he loved to talk of with a judgment and an appreciation that only seldom fell short of their mark. Of historians, after Gibbon, he knew Napier well. Of poets, he was fairly fettered by Scott and Byron, Southey and Coleridge, but most of all, and very particularly perhaps, by Wordsworth; later, and in especial, by Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson. Browning he knew and admired, but he could not be said to like him. Carlyle, of course, acted on George Cupples just as he did on all young men of a generation that followed his own. One has heard of those who, if they had picked up a bit of white paper with the name Carlyle written on it, would have deemed it an amulet, a talisman. Cupples, probably, was never so far gone in Carlyle as that, but still he was intensely influenced by him. And yet, in a general way, no one would say that Cupples was, as most

similar young men then were, Carlyle-glamoured in his style. It was Emerson, no doubt, saved him from that; for, to say so, just in the bourgeoning of all his fresh young powers, at twenty-five, it was Emerson dominated him. He wrote then his remarkable article on "Emerson and his Visit to Scotland.—By a Student." Of all these literary heroes Mr Cupples loved much to talk; and he really had made the whole course of English literature very substantially his own. That he was a born literary genius he demonstrated by this, that all *loci*, literary *loci*, he "agnised" at once, and on true occasion pointedly reproduced. He knew Chaucer well, Spenser too; but Milton, when there was mutual talk of him, we were both equally ready to rave about, as the deepest, truest, greatest of all pure poets,—quoting, big-mouthed at times, the Hymn on the Nativity, say, or some grand bit of the all too few grand, grand sonnets.

Cupples's genius was apt to find the mysterious, the vague, the unknown, peculiarly congenial to it. With a *riant* green hillside before him, even gem-like in the sun, but having a colliery-stalk shooting up in it here and there, perhaps, from among the charming details of colour or of shape, he would point away to where one corner of it, in the distance—on the right, for example—lost itself in a mere monotony of blue-grey mist, and remark, "There is more promise in that!" Promise enough, certainly—there was nothing but promise! So it was that he was unusually open and susceptible to the weird and wild, as in 'Christabel' or 'Wuthering Heights.' Not but that he was quite ready at the same time to do due honour to good sense and more sober excellence—as of the judicious Southey, for example.

Mr Cupples knew nothing of mathematics; and in science, with much of the usual general information, he was no expert. In politics he was pleased to call himself stoutly a Tory, and not a Conservative. There was a good deal of the Walter Scott sentiment in that, however; for, no doubt, if staunch to a use, he would have been equally fell to an abuse: and neither the Liberal-Conservative

nor the Conservative-Liberal, as one or other of which professedly we all are, can in very truth and reality to any purpose say more. He did confine his intellect, on the whole, to the region of literature; and he did wish to have the reputation of a poet. As one's accomplishments nowadays are, almost every one can write respectable verse; and Mr Cupples, if he could do that, could certainly do no more than that. He wrote verse only unmusically, and with a struggle and a strain that confessed itself in every comma. But he was an excellent critic of poetry—generous, too, almost *in excelsis*. In fact, he had it in him to be an excellent, if all too generous, critic generally. Cupples was a man of the utmost moral rectitude, incapable of dissimulation, incapable of a lie. He had his prejudices; and, so to speak, as was almost said already, he kept always young. With a mother who was English, he was pleased to be himself so far English; but he was proud, erect, fire-eyed to call himself a Scot. A man of true fibre, he was, as has been said, simple in the extreme. He knew I praised his "Emerson"; and behind my back, to others, he would wonder what I saw in it! It was his simplicity we had to see in his dogs; and equally his simplicity which we had to see in his pipes—one for this time of day and another for that, one when he went out into the garden and another when he went up to town in the train. As touching as was his love for a footpath, so touching was his care, when he filled a new pipe, to cap it with the "dottle" from the old. It was his simplicity we saw when he played whist, with the suits all openly sorted between his fingers. As for dealing, that he would not, for the life of him, dare; and I am sure quite as little at any time would he, for the life of him, dare to carve. It was his simple novelist imagination that gilded all around him, throwing a prestige on the commonest. His smile, as we have seen, was so peculiar—disconcerted, shy, and bashful to awkwardness, almost to helplessness, and the eyes twinkling. A gentleman in his true feelings and generous impulses, he rather admired, consequently, than possessed, the external facilities of the gentleman so-called.

But withal—his simplicity and the rest—he could break out, on occasion, into white Berserker rage, and drive along,—a bark possessed by eloquent, rhapsodic justice, truth, and right!

But, with this general picture of the man, we must turn now to the few dates and other such particulars of his uneventful, merely literary life.

George Cupples was born in the parish manse of Legerwood on the 2d of August 1822. Like his countryman Reid, he may be said to have possessed, more or less, an ecclesiastical pedigree—father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having been all clergymen. It is to the credit of Mr Joseph E. Cupples (whom we here respectfully thank for the indispensable assistance of his book) that he has instituted express and persevering "researches" into this matter. With every effort, however, he has been unable to go further back than the great-grandfather, whose name on college rolls is found with the addition, "Scoto-Hibernus."

Mr Joseph seems exhaustively complete, not only in respect to his great-grandfather, but, further, as regards every single member of the family about whom he has been able to obtain any information since. We can follow the stem as fully in the collateral branches as in the direct. It will be enough for us here, however, to know that the great-grandfather of George Cupples was this Rev. William Cupples, "Scoto-Hibernus," born *c.* 1688, died minister of Kirkoswald, Ayrshire, in 1751. Mr Cupples's grandfather, again, was the Rev. George Cupples, minister of Swinton, born 1727, died 1798. The Rev. George Cupples, successively minister at Legerwood, Stirling, and Doune, born 15th July 1786, died 1st May 1850, was Mr Cupples's father. He himself, as has just been said, was born at Legerwood, August 2, 1822. He was the eldest of the family: he had one sister and two brothers, all three of whom survived, or have survived, into a full maturity of years.

In "Kyloe-Jock and the Weird of Wanton Walls" ('Macmillan's Magazine' for September 1860 and the two months following), Mr Cupples extends to us a series of very striking descriptions, incidental

or direct, that bring very vividly home to us the domestic constitution, so to say, whether of nature or of life generally, as, for fully his first eleven years, they offered themselves to the eyes of the boy at his birthplace. A scanty Border upland, with white roads hidden at times by dark fir-plantations, and leading away, away to higher distant hills, with glimpses of a ruined peel or two. A small village of cottars' houses, with a grocer's shop, a carpenter's yard, and a smith's shanty in it. A mile above it, and aside from it, a little old red church, with a churchyard, and adjoining both, a modest little manse. Kirsty in the kitchen, who in the small house and to the small family was nurse and cook and maid-of-all-work; and Andrew at the door, the minister's man, who was "bellman, bethral, sexton, and church-officer, officer to the kirk-session also;" the mother, a pretty little woman, English, with blue eyes and fair hair, who was nothing if not submission to her lord, and indulgence to his children; the father, very dark and high and stern, austere, rigid, as though *ironed* with Calvinism. In such a scene, and with such actors, we have a remarkable snowstorm, which leads to the catastrophe of the legend or little tale concerned, and in which all that is most momentous and characteristic occurs. The father is the chief in the piece—though, doubtless, Kyloe-Jock, a kind of natural, is the hero of it. Mr Joseph Cupples describes his father as tall—6 feet high. He also adds that he was "very dark—dark-eyed, with jet-black hair, combed back from a high forehead." He was "much respected," he says also, "and indeed a good deal feared." "Seldom familiar with us or with any one, we looked upon him with a good deal of awe." "My father was severe, and apt to punish with considerable vigour, which led our mother, as much more lenient, often to conceal from him offences for which we deserved punishment." As a preacher, he was distinguished by soundness and orthodoxy rather than by eloquence or imagination. At another time Mr Joseph says, "My father was an exacting teacher, and we *had to learn*."

What a revelation of a new world, a new life, Kyloe-Jock was to

the poor little boy so situated! "Compared with the knowledge he imparted, what was that of letters?" What delight to see this Jock on a slide,

"rushing upon it that glittered with him into a length beyond belief, until he well might hoot, and give a yell, turning slowly round, to show, perhaps, that he had not utterly vanished: then departing farther for another race, back did he come steadily, as if shot forth from a gun, his form a giant's, his breath like smoke, his face bright-red, shooting with incredible speed into ordinary view; yet was not the smooth ice swift enough for him, but he must post up and down upon it marvellously faster, as on horseback, then fly with his arms along it as with wings like an ostrich; inevitably overtaking in a moment the eagerest effort of that cowherd, whose silly presence could be no more than a stumbling-block and pillow to his magical career!"

But oh! if Jock on the slide was grand—oh, the chase of the fox that ran burrowing into the snow, with Jock's cunning rat-trap fast on his foot, and at last his death!

Of course it is only with the early experiences of young Cupples himself, the Hugh of the narrative, that we have at this moment to do; but they are all here in this legend of Wanton Walls, this chronicle of a Kyloe-Jock. It is rather in relation to Mr Cupples's literature, however, that we quote at all further from the piece, as of the fox story thus:—

"Here lay the ravished chicken; while in the distance below, round a knoll of purest white, still snuffed and searched and hovered the disappointed Bauldy. A snow-wrapped block of stone it seemed, or some miniature of an avalanche, that rested there as a centre of the dog's bewildered barking, of his circling, of his retreating for aid. But Kyloe-Jock spurned the fleecy ball with his foot, and Will the cowherd smote it into a powdery cloud, while through the powder rushed in Bauldy, snapping, struggling, yelling painfully in the struggle with a form more savage than himself. Fettered as was the fox, half-enveloped in a wreath around the snowball that clogged his hind-foot, his wicked eye gleamed out, as he gnashed his sharp muzzle into Bauldy's throat. Nay, Bauldy was so vanquished that he turned, dragging both with a convulsive spring upon his master, whose blow from a mighty bludgeon was imminently required. Blows rained upon the enemy then; a cow-cudgel wreaked its revenge upon him; there were stones from the

nearest dyke that mauled him, out of mere frantic impulse; Bauldy, taking fresh courage, ran in again, and bit and shook the motionless hind-leg of the helpless foe. He was silent still—dying, as it seemed, in grim silence; stretching himself out; muffling himself in his white mantle, as it were, and heaving the last breath, quite dead, so that the others would then have taken him up in triumph had not Kyloe-Jock pushed them back. He even gave Bauldy a kick away, as the dog shook the carcass. Yet raising a hedge-stake he had pulled close by, he came down with it one mighty stroke behind the head, like an executioner, and for a moment, as the blow descended, that small yellow eye might have been seen to open. It quivered, it shrank, but never closed again. It stared out wide from the attitude of a last snarling turn. Then a second time the blow fell, even a third: but all was quiet."

The probationer, too, that, in the absence of the minister himself, preaches in the little church, is the occasion of a very admirable description:—

"The people could still come, despite the snow, with ease to church on that Sabbath when the stranger preached; that tall, and gaunt, and elderly probationer—with one limb mysteriously different from the other, leaving a round print beside each single footstep to the church-door—who stayed two nights, and went up-stairs to bed with an iron sound, depositing but one giant shoe outside the best-bedroom door. A preacher whom, it was said, mysterious powers had bewildered. On former occasions he had come to fill the pulpit, with abstracted mien, and wandering, dreamlike habit; and had stood poring into a stray book by the hour, or been heard strangely in his chamber, stamping to and fro, rehearsing his sermon before unseen attentive audiences, or holding dialogue with fancied co-presbyters. . . . But the snow warned him to betake himself homeward. He swung his inflexible wooden limb over the back of his small pony, as if he had walked forward upon it, and then, one foot avoiding the snow with a pathetic stiffness, he was borne away, a Colossus, into the wastes."

With such descriptions as these, it can easily be understood that the whole relative writing is but a single admirable feast of cunning words, in which all the characters have their place. Kirsty, "that gaunt and stalwart virgin," enters every now and then, "as is her wont, with a sudden burst of the door"; but it is not often that we are allowed to lose sight of the minister himself, "that robust and solid intellect," preparing "its own graver lessons for the Sabbath"—"their *own* minister," as his man Andrew said, "who

was not given to changefulness of intent, being a firm man, and of authority, whereby he delayed not for ordinar' conveniencies."

Mr Cupples, as early as 1854, had already given a vivid picture of the Border manse and of the life there. Into his 'Professor Wilson: A Memorial and Estimate,' he had introduced an account of a visit to the manse (in April probably of the birth-year 1822) on the part of the Professor himself, to whom the minister must evidently have then appeared in all the "robust solidity of intellect" that has been recorded by his son. At least, no less seems to be implied in a question of the Professor's to the last when a student of his own, on the eve of the Disruption: "And what of my old friend, your father? I should take him as a good criterion of very many serious, firm, well-judging clergymen—none better, I think!" In fact, not otherwise than so—not otherwise than as in the 'Legend of Wanton Walls'—is the father ever referred to by the son in the Memorial:—

"The obscure country clergyman had all that grave personal dignity which belongs to the idea of his office. At no period disturbed by any poetic inclination, nor any aim beyond what his abilities plainly fitted him for, or circumstances appeared to warrant, he might have been thought to offer merely contrast to both the visitors; comparatively little repute was his, even in the district, for pulpit eloquence; and with no imagination, with no fancy, he was chiefly known for the clear, direct understanding which made doctrine clear, or earnestly enforced it."

No doubt here in this visit, and in the legends it left of itself, we have what specially attracted George Cupples to John Wilson; and it remained the same talismanic influence for him throughout his life. This 'Memorial' teems with enthusiasm. Wilson in it is in every respect great—poet, critic, fictionist, philosopher. To Cupples even his 'Burns' was grander and greater than the 'Burns' of Carlyle. That, indeed, was a favourite topic with him.

"Save as a fireside legend to the boy, with the sister and brother that followed, that visit, with its trivial incidents, would most likely have been forgotten," writes Mr Cupples here; "but it was natural for the first and most solitary of them, without companions or scenes, to feel the pressure of

the loneliness there like a palpable reality. Deeply did he fear ghosts and long for fairies. When the first nursery stories grew stale, when Gulliver and Aladdin were all exhausted, his very heart devoured other books, even to the dullest: imagination was to him a necessity, whether in mind or act. Already had the store accumulated of 'Maga,' with her brown cover and face of Buchanan" (for ever since the Professor's chance visit, each month the 'Magazine' began regularly to reach the manse). "It was by stealth that they were obtained, and in secrecy read. Dear grew the self-styled old Christopher. The truth is that in 'Blackwood' there were many stories of outward adventure, which, like the politics, the philosophy, the verse, everything else in the 'Magazine,' were attributed by our young reader to that one prolific source, Christopher himself: above all, in a country place far inland, was 'Tom Cringle's Log,' with its hairbreadth escapes, and wild fun, and vivid pictures, all redolent of the tropics, or dripping from the ocean. There the sea fixed itself, like an idea, in the boyish mind. So when sixteen years had rolled on with their own events, the youth found himself, despite every counsel or authority, actually at sea—apparently committed for life to it—in a rude calling,—away from books, away from the real impulses which books had awakened."

There is a good deal of excellent writing here on the part of Mr Cupples, and most felicitously descriptive of the effect of 'Maga' on his young imagination; but seeing him there at sea, we are reminded that we have passed from the manse to a period that is separated from it by years: and so we return.

The minister, we are told, was the sole teacher of his son for the first ten years of the latter's life. Ten years with the grave, stern, unstooping father, the soft indulgent mother, the whirlwind Kirsty, with her flannelled jaws, the deferential Andrew, Kyloe-Jock, the glebe cowboy Willie, the elders at the plate, and all the other men and women seen only of a Sunday; while, too, there were ever not far from his feet "the little sister and tiny brother, sprightly Hannah, and gravely-prattling Joey," not to mention, out of doors, the horse *Rutherford* and the dog *Bauldy*. Ruddiman's Rudiments, Cordery, and Cornelius Nepos, with an arithmetic, were the books, apparently, out of which he was taught. Cordery seems to have passed out of the world now, and one might be tempted to

think that Cupples must, out of ill-will to it, perhaps, very soon have neglected his Nepos; for it is of "Cornelius Nepos and his 'Romans'" that he speaks again and again, whereas the fact is that, in the book itself, besides "the kings," with one Sicilian and three barbarians, of all the rest there are only two Romans to actually nineteen Greeks.

The Rev. Mr Cupples was translated from Legerwood to Stirling when his son George was in his twelfth year. For somewhat less than two years before the removal, he (George) had been in the habit of walking, most days, with his brother Joey, to a school at Earlston. The distance to and fro was one of nine miles; evidently, then, attendance must, under stress of weather, &c., have been often interrupted. Indeed, it is hard to believe that boys of the age of either of these two were ever expected to undertake such a labour. While George was older by three years and as many months, poor little Joey could have been little more than seven years of age when he was asked to plod daily a weary four-and-a-half miles and back again—to lessons at home! Surely it was enough to kill him—and yet he grew to be 6 feet 2, and withal strong.

Mr Joseph tells of his brother's stubborn determination to go to sea, and of the penitential cowedness of his return. Of the life at Stirling otherwise we hear little. I have been told, however, even by George himself, of a good deal of *Ungestümheit* (turbulence—"throughitherness") on the part of both boys there. No doubt in that ancient stronghold, as in other Scottish towns at the same period, there were feuds between the "skuffies" and the "keelies," involving daily stone-battles, with other fights and flights of alternate ardour and panic. But of his brother at a later period, Mr Joseph proceeds to refer to the marriage. On the 18th of May 1858, Mr George Cupples was married to Ann Jane, second daughter of Archibald Douglas, Esquire, of the General Post-Office, Edinburgh, and grand-daughter of Major James Douglas. She was a little more than nineteen years of age, while her husband was already

thirty-six; yet, as is the testimony of Mr Joseph, this marriage has proved "a singularly happy union."

I know not that there remains much more to be added to the story, even as it is there left by Mr Joseph. George Cupples remained long in subjection to the *sequelæ* of the terrible sufferings which, about a year or more before his marriage, he had to endure for many months, in consequence of the *Morbus coxarius* already mentioned. His life continued to be the literary one which seems to have commenced with the termination of the eight years of his University curriculum. Even the ripe paper that his "Emerson" is, is dated as early as February 1848. I suppose after that date he might have had as much as eight years of the usual good health; but from about the termination of these eight years his life was passed with a burden of ill-health, under which I do not think it can be said that he was ever at any time quite the man he had been. Nevertheless, as Kyloe-Jock and other such writings show, he never was really, in the actual intellect itself, changed, though the wheels of it, perhaps, became somewhat more sluggish to turn. But to that there were, it may be, other causes than the illness itself—directly at least. It is strange how a man will be lost sight of, let him have done what he may beforehand, when he ceases to move forward among his fellows. Now before his illness, it might be said of Cupples that he was as much seen everywhere in society as any other of the literary men in Edinburgh of his own standing. Later, however, he kept very much to himself; and accordingly, indeed, being little seen abroad, was very much *left* to himself.

As regards events there is really nothing more to chronicle. Some changes of residence there were, but that was all. When he was absent in Callander or at Guardbridge we were regular correspondents; and when he was, as at last for upwards of ten years, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, we were seldom a week without a meeting with each other. If he was slow to speak with others, he

was not slow to speak with me; and on all the great interests of humanity our sympathies were in common.

George Cupples has left behind him a multitude of writings; but it is not my purpose to speak here of more than a few of them, and without exact criticism.

While connected with newspapers, the 'Edinburgh Guardian' and the 'Edinburgh Express,' both now long defunct, he was never idle, but continuously writing,—ever contriving at the same time to throw off interesting articles for other organs. In all such papers his criticism is remarkable for its insight, its generosity, and its felicitous expression. His generosity, in particular, is shown in this, that he seems to have been ever on the watch to bring forward what was neglected, or to encourage beginnings. This especially in poetry, where his taste, his appreciation, and his terms are always such as discover the critic to have been necessarily himself a poet. As much is signally shown in the papers that concern Tennyson, and very specially his "Maud." In these last Mr Cupples was in opposition to the most authoritative critics of the day; and so genially so, so truly so, that Tennyson himself wrote to him (though but a newspaper critic) in admiring thankfulness. Mr Cupples will be found to have exerted a similar critical faculty on the poetry of Alexander Smith. As for instance: "It is well conceived or well felt," he says, "the verse fluent, graceful, and melodious; the phrase constantly metaphorical; the language glows throughout with simile, allusion, symbol, picture, and epithet. The flush of imagery is indeed excessive, so as to leave no line or statement without tint from it. Tennyson himself could not be more voluptuous." And in this way, throughout a very long paper, Mr Cupples continues to show that he had the right and the power to use *graviori plectro*.

To notice all the critiques of Mr Cupples would be an endless matter. They are full of the most felicitous literary turns, often on materials that will never invite a look. But just another word on one or two of them. Borrow, with his 'Spain' and his 'Wild

Wales,' his 'Gipsies' and his Bibles, gave rise almost to a *furore* at one time. Mr Cupples seems specially happy in what he says of him; and it was bold, too, to speak so then: I can afford, of course, but the specimen of a phrase or two.

Borrow's book deserved attack for various reasons:—

"For its seeming mixture of the apocryphal with what had an air of truth, while apparently affecting the autobiographical; for its many startling inconsistencies with what might have been expected of an agent from a well-known evangelical missionary society, in which capacity the writer had first made himself known; for its perverse attachment to a predilection, already become rather tiresome, in favour of a set of vagabonds who, by his own showing, did not in the least deserve the partiality, and on whose origin, history, or language he could cast no new light, even if he gave distinctness to our ideas of a nuisance which county police were clearing away. It was marked, besides, by various absurd crotchets, as well as by occasional outbursts of a discontented, jaundiced humour against things generally considered respectable; while, as if to make up for sundry eccentricities of low companionship, equivocal situation, pugilism and invention, not to speak of the teaching Armenian to a buxom young Amazon with flaxen locks beside a fire at a tent-door in a lonely dingle of rural England,—it displayed a virulent animosity of zeal, in one quarter carrying its Protestantism to an indiscriminate excess, such as could scarce have been approved of by an escaped victim of the Inquisition."

Very extraordinary articles for a newspaper are those of Mr Cupples on Ferrier's 'Institutes of Metaphysic.' They are admirable in their insight into the theory concerned, and not less in their portrayal of it. The note struck, too, in regard to the insufficiency of it, is really so true that one thinks of it with surprise as though it were almost before its time. Ferrier surely must have felt, in regard to these articles, that there was at least one man in existence who understood his edifice and was able to pass an opinion on it.

Mr Cupples, on the death of his revered master, Dr Chalmers, wrote, as we have said, a series of no less than fourteen sonnets. In consideration of so much poetic reference on our part, and in respect to Mr Cupples's own, almost blushfully betrayed, wish to have been

the recipient of the relative name, I quote a single one of them, referring only to a comment that has been made already :—

> " But who shall speak of Chalmers as the Man,
> Friend, housemate, actor in this breathing life—
> That uprightness of thought which seemed at strife
> Only with mean or evil, yet outran
> No courteous form; that wise simplicity
> Which could not understand a double course,
> Though more profound by far,—the quiet eye,
> Betokening meditations from whose source
> At intervals broke forth the smile unapt
> Of some half-conscious kindness, like the sign
> Of presence from a spirit inly rapt.
> The character, in all, so large, benign,
> Behind all thought,—and each with that divine
> And holy air which high communion shaped."

But now I have to acknowledge that the works of Mr Cupples which are specially of consideration to me are, besides 'Kyloe-Jock,' of which we have seen so much, 'The Sunken Rock,' 'The Green Hand,' and the essay entitled 'Emerson and his Visit to Scotland.'

'The Sunken Rock' appeared in Chambers's 'Tracts,' and is a composition of the date 1850. What is remarkable in it is its success. It is so spirited, somehow, as to be unusually interesting and engaging. To quote at all from it would be necessarily to quote all.

'The Green Hand' was the charm of many successive numbers of 'Blackwood,' dating from the year 1848. It is one of the most successful of sea-novels, and has been frequently reprinted. I know not but that it is only the priority in time of the publication of 'Tom Cringle' prevents me claiming the palm of preference for 'The Green Hand.' If the latter work is misty at times, and at other times a little too melodramatic, the occasional extravagance of the former, its occasional piling up of the agony, may be allowed to contribute somewhat towards a restoration of the balance between; but certainly 'Tom Cringle' greatly excels in freshness and in the reality of life. I do not think it necessary to enlarge on 'The Green

Hand' here; I will only say that in conversation I have oftentimes pointed to the episode of "ugly Harry" in it, the tale that character tells, as a piece of writing which, whether in its conception or its expression, is positively, to the best of my belief, unique in the language. Often and often have I wondered that I have never by any chance seen it mentioned or remarked on.

It is really, however, the little essay on Emerson that has always the most fascinated me: among friends I have never been done calling attention to it. I have to say, too, that I never got any one to read it who did not come to me *en suite* with admiration in his eyes and the involuntary exclamation on his lips, "Ah yes, Cupples is a great genius!" It is doubtless the best essay ever written in this connection; and Dr Samuel Brown, an expert of trust, thought so too. Still it is not that there is anything specially very wonderful in it as said of Emerson. It is not even the admirably good, true, the perfectly temperate, but perfectly undisguised, as in fact perfectly inspired, state of mind religiously—it is not that in it, no, nor much excellence else, that arrests attention and that haunts. It is a peculiar breadth of flavour somehow that is spread over it throughout—a new *race*—a smack, a gust, a savour, that has never come upon one's spiritual palate before. It would be easy to quote paragraphs in proof; but it would be almost easier to read the whole essay, as certainly it would be infinitely more satisfactory, not only to it itself (the essay), but to every reader of it (it is to be found in Douglas Jerrold's 'Magazine' for April 1848).

Mr Cupples has all his life been perfectly well known, and always to a considerable public. Men of mark have written about him. John Wilson knew him, and he (Cupples) was one of his (Wilson's) "most distinguished students." Mr John Blackwood had a particularly soft side to him, and highly appreciated both his work and his character. Dr John Brown, the tender and the good, was his friend. Dr George Macdonald, long before he knew Mr Cupples, considered 'The Green Hand' "the best sea-novel he had ever read,"

and when he knew him, he knew him to be "a thorough workman, a man of rare and delicate imagination, as well as of plentiful invention." I have heard Professor Masson speak of "Kyloe-Jock" as the best thing that had been in the 'Magazine' in his time; and Mr Cupples's "peculiar imaginative prose reminds him," he writes, "of the German Jean Paul, and yet with differences." It is Clark Russell, however, who praises the work of George Cupples most; and that from the expert of experts is what is most to the point. It is the colours of 'The Green Hand,' he says, that he has nailed to his mast.

Its author died, œdematous from ankle to eyelid, of heart-disease, at Admiralty House, Newhaven, on the 17th of October 1891.

The inscription on the tombstone is this:—

TO
GEORGE CUPPLES,
NOVELIST, CRITIC, PHILOLOGIST,
WHO DIED OCTOBER 17TH, 1891, AGED 69.
THIS STONE IS ERECTED
BY A FEW OF HIS OLDEST FRIENDS
IN RECOGNITION OF THE VARIED LITERARY GIFTS AND ATTAINMENTS
OF THE AUTHOR,
AND
IN LOVING MEMORY OF
THE SIMPLE, UPRIGHT, AND REVERENT CHARACTER
OF THE MAN.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

It is with melancholy satisfaction that I have written this little memoir. Since my residence in Scotland, up till his death, I knew no man more intimately, and saw no man more frequently, than George Cupples. Would, as when we had planned some excursion—would that, by going up the street, I could see again his tall showy figure coming eagerly towards me, broad slouch hat on head, cloak flying open, stick flourishing, huge high-soled, high-heeled boot stumping, face beaming — gratified, alert with the thought of the expedition in hand.

We corresponded constantly when at a distance apart, and we saw each other, as I have said, seldom less than weekly when we were neighbourly near. We suited each other. In politics, poetry, fiction, criticism, history, character, religion, our sympathies largely, for the most part, came easily into accord; and, as might be the case with either, it was often a comfort and a consolation for the one to meet the other. Cupples was good, sound, true, mild; certainly the most single-minded, innocent-hearted man I ever met.

Sadly I lament his loss: how much he was to me—it is I only daily that know.

JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING.

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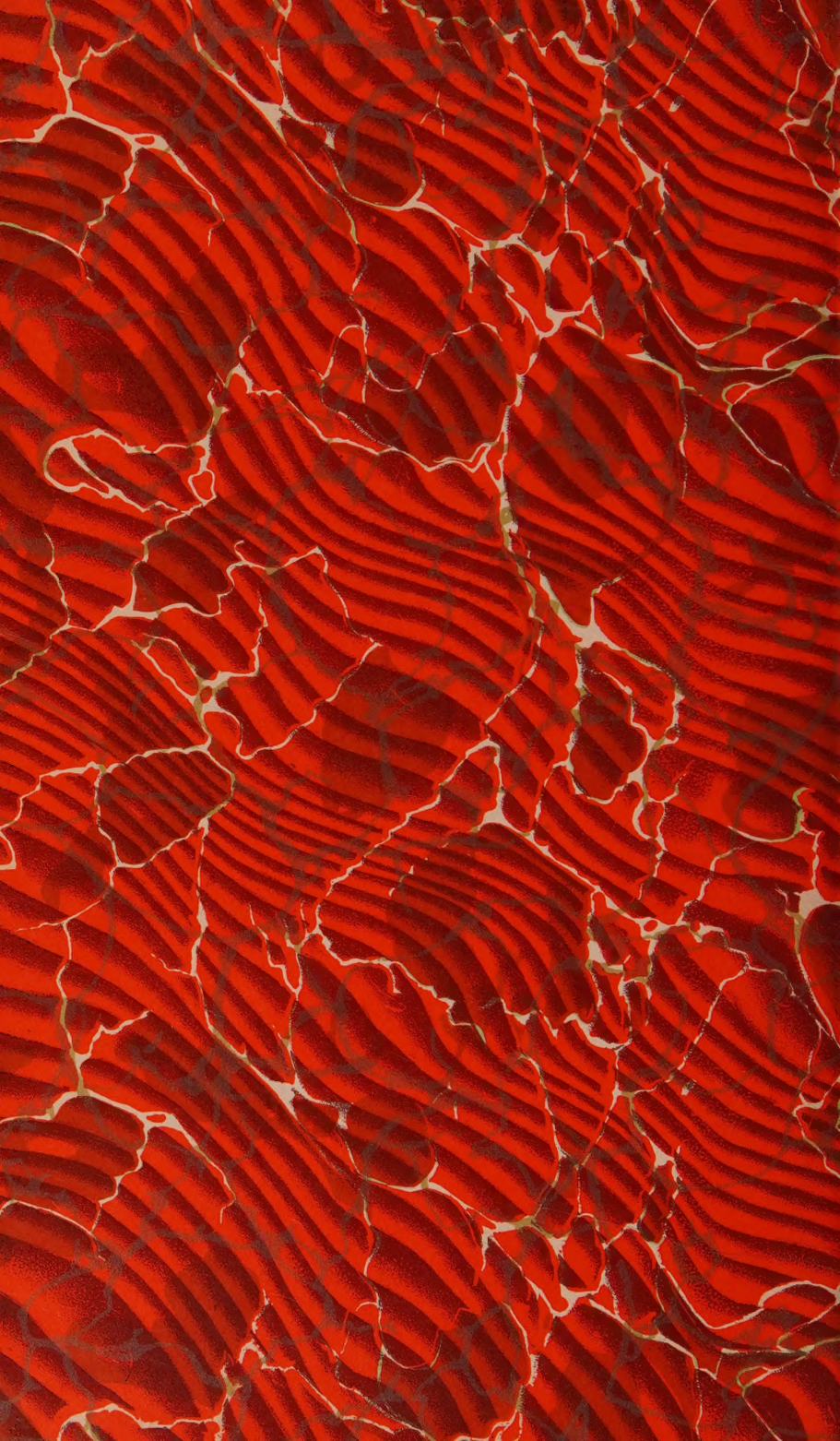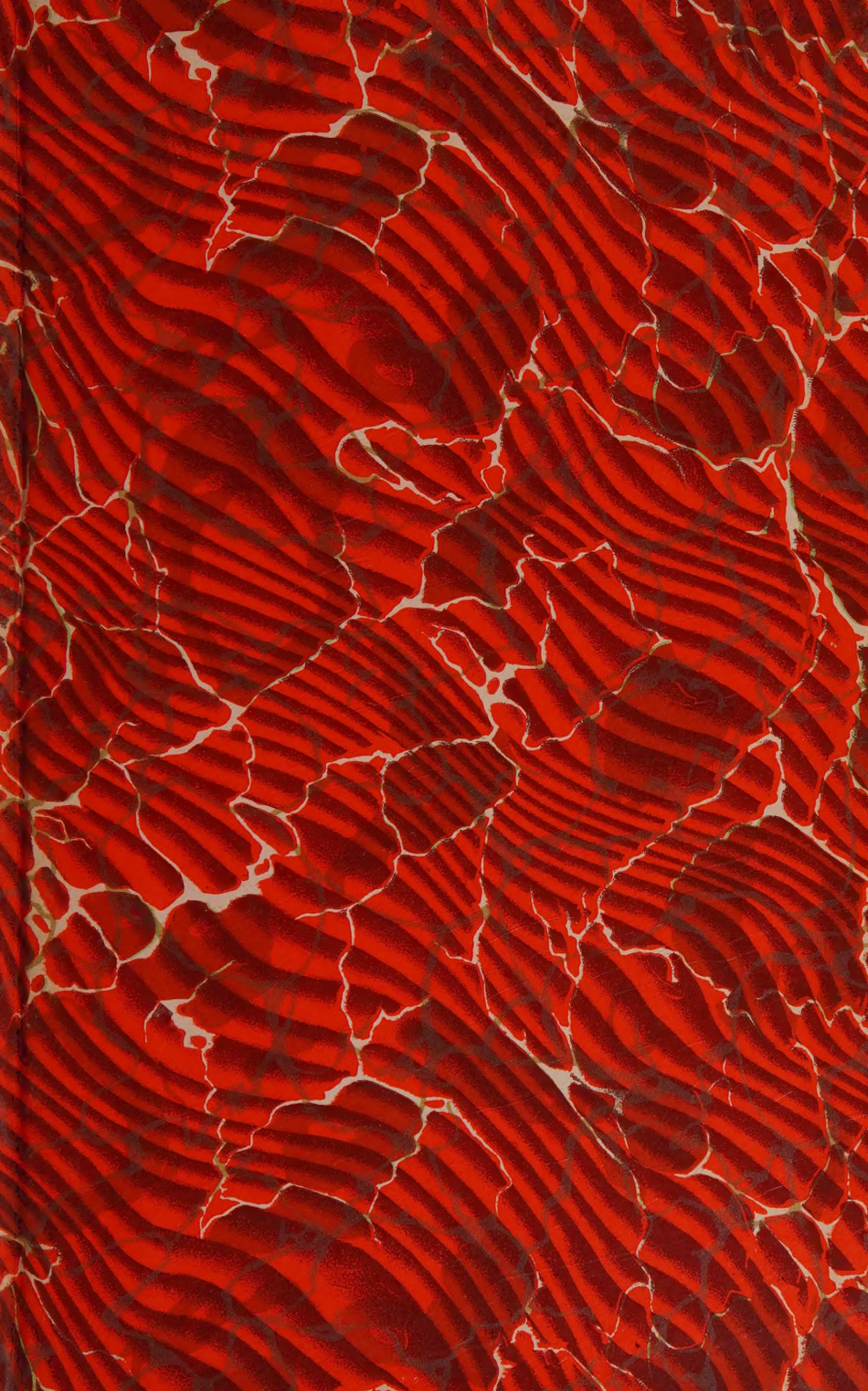
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